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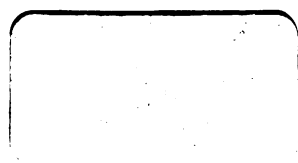
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John Matthews

COLLECTIONS
OF THE
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

VOLUME III.
[1870-1880.]



SAINT PAUL:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1880.

Harvard Depository

L.SOC.120 Mr 5

Gift of
The Society
Rec. 1890-81

PRINTED BY
JOHNSON, SMITH & HARRISON,
MINNEAPOLIS.

PREFACE.

The Committee on Publication are gratified in being able to send out another volume of Collections, one which they trust will be received with the same generous favor that the other publications of the Society have been accorded.

It is now ten years since the first part of the present volume, (pages 1—138) was issued. We had expected at that time to have sent out parts II and III more promptly, but circumstances which we could not control, such as want of means, etc., prevented the more prompt issue of the remaining portion of the volume. (Part II was issued in 1874). But it must not be supposed that these ten years was a period of inactivity on our part. During that time, in addition to completing the present volume, the Society published two other large volumes, viz: a republication of the parts composing Vol. I. of our Collections, a work of 519 pages, issued in 1872; and also, our Vol. IV., which is altogether devoted to the "History of Saint Paul, and County of Ramsey"—a large and finely illustrated volume, of 475 pages, published in 1876. Thus the Society has, within ten years, published three large volumes on the history of this State,—certainly an activity in this department of work, which we believe has been surpassed by but few societies in our country.

The designs of these "Collections" is to gather up all the historical facts regarding Minnesota, or its people, that we are able, from such writers as will contribute them, and by publishing the same, at once preserve and disseminate the information contained therein. As in our Vol's. I and II., the present volume is made up of papers and addresses on various subjects connected with our history, memoirs of pioneers of the State, and of its public men, and reminiscences of the old settlers of the same, still living. A miscellany of this kind seems to have been received with much favor in our former volumes, and we believe that Vol. III will be found quite as interesting and valuable, in that line, as either. In contents so varied, all can find something to interest them, or suit their taste, and the volumes form a sort of store-house of materials for history, where other writers can get information and facts to aid them. Most of the sketches have been contributed by writers of fine ability and high reputation as authors. It might be here noted by the committee, that all statements of fact made by the writers, are given over their own name and on their own authority, and the Society should not be held responsible for them.

It will be observed that a considerable portion of this volume relates to the Indian nations which once occupied all of our State, and to incidents of the "Indian period" of our history. The importance of securing all that we can, regarding this rapidly disappearing race, will be recognized. In a few years they will be so nearly extinct, or so changed in customs and religion, that the primitive Indian, as found by the early settlers of Minnesota, will be only a matter of history. We cannot too diligently collect and record all valuable and interesting facts regarding them, from those who can supply them. Succeeding generations will read of that people, and indeed most persons do now, with absorbing interest. The Indian period of our northwestern history will be the most romantic and thrilling chapter in the records of its discovery and settlement, and the history of the Red Race is so interwoven with that of our State, that it cannot be omitted, and therefore devolves on us the duty of chronicling whatever we can, regarding them.

Another considerable portion of the present volume is given to memoirs and obituary sketches of the pioneers of the State, and others, who have been prominently connected with its public affairs. The design was to properly record the part borne by the men who had in early days, helped to mould the "plastic elements of empire" in our commonwealth, or who had taken a leading part in public life more recently, and to do just honor to their memoirs. The value of biography as a study, is becoming more and more recognized, as all will observe who read much of the current literature of the day, and the committee hoped to have more of this class of contributions. In fact, several additional ones had been promised, but were not received in time. Only two or three complete, formally prepared memoirs, are given in this volume. The rest are collections, or groups of sketches, by different persons. It appeared to the committee that this form would be found valuable, as containing the estimates of the deceased, from his different associates, and thus giving a many-sided view of the subject, from different stand points.

Nor should it be supposed that any arbitrary rule governed the committee in the inclusion of the memoirs printed, or the exclusion of others not given. We have published *all* that we have been able to secure. It is our design to give in these collections, a well written memoir of every deceased prominent pioneer, or public man in our State, from the beginning of our history, down. And we urge our members and correspondents who may have the material and opportunity, to enable them to do so, to prepare full and complete memoirs of any deceased Minnesotian, in whose memory they may feel an interest, as soon as possible after his death, and forward the same to us. They will be printed as fast as possible in these Collections, and should any delay occur, the manuscript will be carefully preserved in our archives.

Materials for the biographies of the earlier settlers of our State, ought to be secured from the subjects themselves. These pioneers are rapidly passing away, and promptness and diligence is necessary to secure their

reminiscences of our early history. Much of that early history is as yet unrecorded, and exists only in the memory of these aged men, and must perish at their death. To collect and record these facts, is one of the most important objects of our Society, and we cannot admonish our members and correspondents to too much diligence in that field.

We had hoped to be able to illustrate this volume with portraits of several of the subjects of the memoirs contained therein, but were able to secure, in season to include in it, only one such engraving, that of REV. JOHN MATTOCKS, kindly furnished by his son, JOHN MATTOCKS, Esq., of Chicago, which is appropriately placed as a frontispiece of the volume. Diligent efforts will be made to secure for our succeeding volumes, engravings of all our pioneers and men prominently identified with our State history, which can be obtained.

In closing, we may justly be pardoned a word regarding the Society itself. It is now thirty years since it was organized, though it is only during the last half of that period that we have had means or opportunity to properly carry on our work. The Society now has commodious apartments, a fair income, and has accumulated a valuable and choice library of 9,000 bound and 12,000 unbound volumes, of which 700 are Minnesota newspapers; 400 maps, several hundred curiosities, pictures, manuscripts, etc., the whole valued at \$50,000, though it could not be replaced for much more than that sum. This collection, to a large extent, has been the gift of our friends; and in the hope that we are meriting by our diligence, and good management of the trust, those generous favors, we send out these "Collections." COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

St. Paul, July, 1880.

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RELATION OF M. PENICAUT.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

BY REV. EDWARD D. NEILL.

A friend of the navigator HUMPHREY GILBERT, a man of sanguine expectations, three centuries ago, remarked that he hoped to live to see the day when a letter mailed in London on the first of May, would reach China by midsummer, and that the Indians had asserted that a short and speedy route would be found between the 48d and 46th degrees of north latitude.¹

The coming event cast its shadow before, and year after year, explorers, propelled in frail canoes by hardy voyageurs, pushed up the rivers that ran into the Atlantic, and at last reached the shores of the great Mediterranean sea of North America, Lake Superior.

It is appropriate that the Minnesota Historical Society should gather every document that will throw light on the slow but sure progress of discovery west of Lake Superior toward the Pacific coast. Too little notice has been given to the Frenchmen, who in 1659 visited the Sioux of Mille Lacs. The name of one of whom, GROSELLIER, was retained for many years on the maps as the designation of a stream that flows into Lake Superior, and is a part of the northern boundary of Minnesota.² Learning the inland route to Hudson's Bay, GROSELLIER and his companion REDISSON returned to Quebec in the summer of 1660, and urged upon the French to open trade with the center of the continent, but the offer not being embraced, they tendered their services to the English, and piloted a New England Captain named GILLAM to the River Nemiscan, where Fort Rupert was built.

1. Col. State Papers. East India. London 1862, p. 86.

2. On a map of Canada by Jefferys, published in 1762, a part of which is found at page 300, History of Minnesota, Pigeon River is marked Nalouagan, or Grosillier River.

On the first of September, 1678, DANIEL GREYSOLON DuLUTH left Quebec to continue discovery in the region west of Lake Superior, and in 1680, met an expedition ascending the Mississippi, consisting of SIEUR DACAN and four Frenchmen, besides HENNEPIN, a Franciscan priest, that had been dispatched by LaSALLE.¹

When DuLUTH left Minnesota, and returned to Quebec, by way of the Wisconsin River, a Sioux chief drew on birch bark a map of the Mississippi. BELLIN says the earliest map of the region west of Lake Superior, in the Depot de la Marine, was drawn by OTCHAGA, an Indian.

PERROT, "habitant du Canada," who had been, in childhood, educated by the Jesuit missionaries, next appears as an explorer, building Fort St. Nicholas at the mouth of the Wisconsin, and another on the west side of the Mississippi just below Lake Pepin.

In 1687 the first map of the region west and north of Lake Superior, was drawn by FRANQUELIN, an experienced topographer, sent out for the purpose,² and in 1688 a map prepared at Paris by TILLEMONT was issued, and upon it appears Lake Buade (Mille Lacs,) Magdeline (St. Croix River) and Prophet (Snake River.)³

LESUEUR, who had come into the country in 1683, with PERROT, built a fort in 1695 above Lake Pepin, on Isle Pelee, a few miles from the mouth of the St. Croix River.

After visiting France, he accompanied BIENVILLE, with the colony for the settlement of Louisiana, and in 1700 ascended the Mississippi, arriving at the mouth of the Minnesota on the 19th of September, and following the course of the stream reached the Blue Earth river, and on the 14th of October had completed a stockade on a small creek called St. Remi, in 44 deg. 13 min. north latitude.

Among those who accompanied him was a shipwright named PENICAUD, a man of discernment, but little scholarship. Returning from the valley of the Minnesota, he passed many years among the tribes of the lower Mississippi. In 1721, leaving a wife in Louisiana, he visited France to receive medical attention for diseased eyes, and while there his adventures among the Choctaws, Natchez and other tribes were written out. CHARLEVOIX in his list of authorities used in writing the History of New France, mentions the manuscript and says that though the style is poor, it contained interesting information.

Early in 1869, the attention of MR. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, was called to the fact that MAISONNEUVE & Co. of Paris, offered a manuscript "Relation of Penicaud" for sale, and during the summer he procured the same. It is a small quarto of 452 pages, divided into 23 chapters, with convenient sub-sections, and relates to the period

1. Relation de la Louisiane, Vol. 5, Recueil de Voyages au Nord.

2. Bellini's "Remarques sur la carte de la Amerique Septentrionale."

3. A copy of this Map is in the New York State Library.

from 1698 to 1721. It appears to have been copied or written out by one FRANCIS BOUET, and that part which pertains to Minnesota is not as full or accurate as LESUEUR's description of the same region in La Harpe's Louisiana. Indeed, some of the statements are at variance with LESUEUR, and appear to be based on HENNEPIN's description.

HENNEPIN, in his "Louisiane," published in 1683 at Paris, speaking of the Saint Croix River, says it is called Tomb River, because the Issati deposited on its banks the remains of a warrior who had died from the poison of a snake. PENICAUD states that it was called the Saint Croix because of a cross planted over the remains of a voyageur, while LESUEUR, the leader of the expedition, asserts that the river was named Saint Croix because a Frenchman of that name was shipwrecked at its mouth.

Again, LESUEUR, according to his journal, did not ascend above the mouth of the Minnesota, and does not mention the Falls of St. Anthony; while PENICAUD, who was of the same party, says he visited them and found the "chute" sixty feet. HENNEPIN had stated that the fall was forty or fifty feet, divided by a pyramidal rock, in 1683; but if the manuscript is correct, in 1700 it was ten feet higher.

CHARLEVILLE, a Canadian and kinsman of GOVERNOR BIENVILLE, told DUPRATZ that he had visited the Falls with two Frenchmen and two Indians, and found the river flowing over a flat rock, and that the chute was only eight or ten feet, a more moderate and reliable statement. He also made a portage, and in a birch bark canoe ascended one hundred leagues beyond, and from information obtained from the Sioux, expressed the opinion that St. Anthony was about equi-distant from the sources and the mouth of the Mississippi.¹

But notwithstanding these seeming discrepancies, PENICAUD is generally accurate. He states, for instance, that in leaving Minnesota early in 1702, he met at the "Ouissconsin," JUSSERAT, a Lieutenant from Montreal, with a party on his way to the *Ouabache*, as the Ohio was called, to establish a tannery, and CHARLEVOIX² states that JUCHEREAU opened an establishment at that locality.

After LESUEUR and PENICAUD left the country, explorations ceased for some years, but in September, 1727, LAPERRIERE DU BOUCHER landed on the shore of Lake Pepin, opposite Maiden's Rock, and erected Fort Beauharnois. The next year VERANDERIE began his discoveries, and in 1784 reached Lake Bourbon, now Winnipeg. His son accompanied him in his explorations.

In 1750, LEGARDEUR DE ST. PIERRE,¹ who had been in command at Fort Beauharnois, was deputed to visit the region to the northwest opened up by the VERANDERIES, and conclude treaties of peace and

1. Le Page DuPratz. Histoire de la Louisiane, Vol. 1, pp. 142-3.

2. Nouvelle France, Vol. 2, p. 266.

commerce. The fort built by VERANDERIE on the Red River was afterwards abandoned because of its nearness to those on the chain of lakes between Winnipeg and Superior.¹ Following the suggestions of the Frenchmen, CARVER proposed to open a northern route to the Pacific through Minnesota, the valley of the Upper Missouri, over the slope of the Rocky Mountains, and then through the valley of a river which he called the Oregon. A century has elapsed since this Captain of Provincial troops, a native of Connecticut, was in Minnesota, and now the Northern Pacific Railway will soon follow the trail of the voyageur over the grazing grounds of the buffalo, into the defiles of the mountains, and beyond, to Puget's Sound. Whatever the development of the future, the pioneers GROSELLIER, DULUTH, LESUEUR, PENICAUD, and the VERANDERIES should never be forgotten. Towns already bear the name of DULUTH and LESUEUR, and how appropriate would VERANDERIE be for the railway crossing at Red River, or some place in that vicinity.

TRANSLATION OF THE MS.

BY A. J. HILL.

Leaving the fort of the Mississippi,² M. DE BIENVILLE made us row night and day, and the day after met the vessels, where he consulted with M. DE SURGERES upon the provisions remaining in them, and found that there was more than enough for three months. He then went to the fort at Biloxi to examine the goods and munitions of war in the magazines, and he increased the garrison by sixty Canadians, whom he added to the six hundred of us already there—he had brought them on his ship with M. LE SUEUR. After having embraced M. DE SAUVOLLE and M. DE BOISBRIANT, he left in the month of April of this year, 1700, on his second return to France. On his departure

-
1. In 1753, he was stationed in Erie Co., Pa., and held an interview with young Washington.
 2. Bellin also speaks of an abandoned fort near the portage between the St. Croix and Bois Brule' rivers.
 3. A post just established by him and situated eight leagues below English Bend.

he recommended M. DE SAUVOLLE to give M. LE SUEUR twenty men to go with him to a copper mine in the country of the Sioux, a nation of wandering savages living more than nine hundred leagues above the mouth of the Mississippi; and to ascend the river to the Falls of St. Anthony. M. LE SUEUR had heard of this mine some years before whilst traveling in the country of the Ioways, where he traded. I was ordered by M. DE SAUVOLLE to go on this expedition which M. LE SUEUR was going to make, because of my being a carpenter by trade, in the service of His Majesty, and necessary to make and repair shallops. I have always been with all the parties that I have spoken of, and shall speak of afterwards, and thus have been an eye witness. To return to M. LE SUEUR. After he had got together all the necessary provisions and tools and had taken leave of M. DE SAUVOLLE, he set out in the month of April of this year with a single shallop, in which we were but twenty-five persons.

Up to this time no one has discovered the source of the Missouri, any more than that of the Mississippi.

Opposite the mouth of the Wisconsin there are four islands in the Mississippi, and a very high mountain on the left, half a league long. One can go up this river to the portage of the Bay of the Foxes, sixty leagues distant from the Mississippi. This bay¹ comes within four leagues of Lake Michigan, and is the way that the French pass in going to Canada when they return from the Sioux. Above the mouth of the Wisconsin, and ten leagues' higher up on the same side, begins a great prairie extending for sixty leagues along the bank of the Mississippi on the right—this prairie is called Winged Prairie. The further ends of these prairies reach to the mountains, making a very fine prospect. Opposite to the Winged Prairie on the left there is another prairie facing it called *Paquitanel*,² which is not so long by a great deal. Twenty leagues above these prairies is found lake Good Help, which is seven leagues

1. ORIGINAL. Cette baye s'approche de quatre lieues du lac de Michigan.

2. The meaning of this word is not apparent. In Marquette's narrative the Missouri has a similar name, Pekitanoni or Pekitanoni. H.

long and one across, and through which the Mississippi passes. To the right and left of its shores there are also prairies. In that on the right, on the bank of the lake, there is a fort which was built by NICHOLAS PERROT, whose name it yet bears. At the end of the lake you come to Bald Island, so called because there are no trees on it. It is on this island that the French from Canada established their fort and store house when they come to trade for furs and other merchandise, and they also winter here because game is very abundant in the prairies on both shores of the river. In the month of September they bring their store of meat there, procured by hunting, and after having skinned and cleaned it, place it upon a sort of raised scaffold near the cabin, in order that the extreme cold which lasts from the month of September to the end of March, may hinder it from corrupting during the winter, which is very severe in that country. During the whole winter they do not go out except for water, when they have to break the ice every day, and the cabin is generally built on the bank, so as not to have to go far. When spring arrives the savages come to the island, bringing their merchandise, which consists of all kinds of furs, as beaver, otter, marten, lynx and many others—the bear skins are generally used to cover the canoes of the savages and Canadians. There are often savages who pillage the French Canadian traders, among others the savages of a village composed of the five different nations, and which have each their own name, that is the Sioux, the people of the big village, the *Mententons*, the *Mencouacantons*, the *Ouyatespony*, and other Sioux of the plains.

Three leagues higher up, after leaving this island, you meet on the right the river St. Croix, where there is a cross set at its mouth. Ten leagues further you come to the Falls of St. Anthony, which can be heard two leagues off. It is the entire Mississippi falling suddenly from a height of sixty feet, making a noise like that of thunder rolling in the air. Here one has to carry the canoes and shallops, and raise them by hand to the upper level in order to continue the route by the river. This we did not do, but having for some time looked at this fall of the whole Mississippi, we returned two leagues below the Falls of St. Anthony to a river coming in on the left of the Missis-

ssippi, which is called the river St. Peter. We took our route by its mouth and ascended it forty leagues, where we found another river on the left falling into the St. Peter, which we entered. We called this Green River, because it is of that color by reason of a green earth which, loosening itself from the copper mines, becomes dissolved in it and makes it green. A league up this river we found a point of land a quarter of a league distant from the woods, and it was upon this point that M. LE SUEUR resolved to build his fort, because we could not go any higher on account of the ice, it being the last day of September, when winter, which is very severe in that country, has already begun. Half of our people went hunting, whilst the others worked on the fort. We killed four hundred buffaloes, which were our provisions for the winter, and which we placed upon scaffolds in our fort, after having skinned and cleaned and then quartered them. We also made cabins in the fort, and a magazine to keep our goods. After having drawn up our shallop within the inclosure of the fort, we spent the winter in our cabins.

When we were working on our fort, in the beginning, seven French traders of Canada took refuge there. They had been pillaged and stripped naked by the Sioux, a wandering nation living only by hunting and rapine. Amongst these seven persons there was a Canadian gentleman of M. LE SUEUR's acquaintance, whom he recognized at once and gave him some clothes, as he did also to all the rest, and whatever else was necessary for them. They remained with us during the entire winter at our fort, where we had not food enough for all, except the flesh of our buffaloes, which we had not even salt to eat with. We had a good deal of trouble the first two weeks in getting used to it, having diarrhoea and fever, and being so tired of it that we hated the very smell. But little by little our bodies got adapted to it, so well that at the end of six weeks there was not one of us that could not eat six pounds of meat a day and drink four bowls of the broth. As soon as we were accustomed to this kind of living it made us very fat, and there was then no more sickness amongst us.

When spring arrived we went to work on the copper mine. This was in the beginning of April of this year, [1701.] We

took with us twelve laborers and four hunters. This mine was situated about three quarters of a league from our post. We took from the mine in twenty-two days more than thirty thousand pounds weight of ore, of which we only selected four thousand pounds of the finest, which M. LE SUEUR, who was a very good judge of it, had carried to the fort, and which has since been sent to France, though I have not learned the result.

This mine is situated at the beginning of a very long mountain which is upon the bank of the river, so that boats can go right to the mouth of the mine itself. At this place is the green earth, which is a foot and a half in thickness, and above it is a layer of earth as firm and hard as stone, and black and burnt like coal by the exhalation from the mine. The copper is scratched out with a knife. There are no trees upon this mountain. If this mine is good it will make a great trade, because the mountain contains more than ten leagues running of the same ground. It appears, according to our observations, that in the very finest weather there is continually a fog upon this mountain.

After twenty-two days' work we returned to our fort, where the Sioux, who belong to the nation of savages who pillaged the Canadians that came there, brought us merchandises of furs. They had more than four hundred beaver robes, each robe being made of nine skins sewed together. M. LE SUEUR purchased these and many other skins which he bargained for in the week he traded with the savages. He made them all come and camp near the fort, which they consented to very unwillingly; for this nation, which is very numerous, is always wandering, living only by hunting, and when they have stayed a few days in one place they have to go off more than ten leagues from it for game for their support. They have, however, a dwelling place, where they gather together the natural fruits of the country, which are very different from those of the lower Mississippi, as for instance cherries which are in clusters like our grapes of France, cranberries which are similar to our strawberries but larger and somewhat square in shape, nuts, chokeberries,¹ roots² which resemble our truffles,

1. The *altes*. 2. *Taupin ambours* in the original.

&c. There are also more kinds of trees than on the lower part of the river, as the birch,¹ maple, plane, and cottonwood, which last is a tree that grows so thick that there are some that are fifteen feet round. As to the trees called maple and plane it is usual at the beginning of March to make notches in them, and then placing tubes in the notches cause the liquid to run off into a vessel placed below to receive it. These trees will flow in abundance during three months, from the beginning of March to the end of May. The juice they yield is very sweet; it is boiled till it turns to syrup, and if it is boiled still more it becomes brown sugar.

The cold is still severer in these countries than it is in Canada. During the winter we passed in our fort we heard the trees exploding like musket shots, being cracked by the rigor of the cold. The ice is as thick as there is water in the river, and the snow is condensed in it. By the month of April all this snow and ice lies on the ground to the depth of five feet, which causes the overflowing of the Mississippi in the spring.

About the beginning of winter in this country, that is to say in the month of September, the bears climb trees that are hollow and hide themselves inside, where they remain from six to seven months without ever leaving, getting no other nourishment during the winter than by licking their paws. When they enter they are extremely lean, and when they go out they are so plump that they have half a foot of fat on them. It is almost always in the cottonwood or cypress that the bear hides himself, because these trees are generally hollow. In hunting them a tree is placed leaning against the tree where the bear is and reaching up to the hole by which he entered. The hunter climbs by this leaning tree to the other one, and throws into the hollow some pieces of dry wood all on fire, which obliges the animal to come out to save himself from being burned. When the bear leaves the hole of the tree he comes down backwards, as a man would do, and then they shoot him. This hunting is very dangerous, for though the animal may be wounded sometimes by three or four gun shots, he will still fall

1. The *marisier*.

upon the first persons he meets, and with a single blow of his teeth and claws will tear you up in a moment. There are some as large as carriage horses, so strong that they can easily break a tree as thick as one's thigh. The nation of the Sioux hunt them very much, using them for food and trading their skins with the French Canadians. We sell in return wares which come very dear to the buyers, especially tobacco from Brazil in the proportion of a hundred crowns the pound; two little horn-handled knives or four leaden bullets are equal to ten crowns in exchange for their merchandises of skins, and so with the rest.

In the beginning of May we launched our shallop in the water and loaded it with this green earth that had been taken out of the mines and with the furs we had traded for, of which we brought away three canoes full. M. LE SUEUR, before going, held council with M. d' ERAQUE, the Canadian gentleman, and the three great chiefs of the Sioux, three brothers, and told them that as he had to return to the sea he desired them to live in peace with M. d' ERAQUE, whom he left in command of Fort L' Huillier, with twelve Frenchmen. M. LE SUEUR made a considerable present to the three brothers, chiefs of the savages, desiring them never to abandon the French. After this we, the twelve men whom he had chosen to go down to the sea with him, embarked. In setting out M. LE SUEUR promised to M. d' ERAQUE and the twelve Frenchmen who remained with him to guard the fort, to send up munitions of war from the Illinois country as soon as he should arrive there; which he did, for on getting there he sent off to him a canoe loaded with two thousand pounds of lead and powder, with three of our people in charge of it.

* * * *

In this same time¹ M. d' IBERVILLE had sent a boat laden with munitions of war and provisions, to M. DE ST. DENIS, commanding the fort on the bank of the Mississippi. They found there M. d' ERAQUE, who had arrived with the twelve Frenchmen, who remained with him at fort L' Huillier. He came shortly after in the same boat to Mobile, where

¹ Spring of 1702.

M. D' ISEVILLE was, whom he saluted, and reported to him that M. LE SUEUR having left him at the fort L' Huillier, had promised him, in parting, to send him from the Illinois country, ammunition and provisions, and that having looked for them a long time without hearing any news of them, he had been attacked by the nations of the Maskoutins and Foxes, who had killed three of our Frenchmen whilst they were working in the woods but two gun shots beyond the fort; that when the savages had retreated he had been obliged, after having concealed the merchandises he had remaining, and seeing that he was out of powder and lead, to abandon the fort and descend with his people to the sea; that at the Wisconsin he had met M. JUCHEREAU, criminal judge of Montreal, in Canada, with thirty-five men, whom he had brought with him to establish a tannery at the Wabash; that he had descended with him to the Illinois where he had found the canoe M. DE BIENVILLE sent him; that he had arrived in this canoe at the post of M. DE ST. DENIS the night before the boat arrived there; and that having learned from M. DE ST. DENIS of the arrival of M. D' ISEVILLE he had taken advantage of that opportunity to pay his respects to him, and offer him at the same time his services.

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING.

Explorers and scientific men have searched for LE SUEUR's alleged "copper mine" without success, and pronounce it mythical. See NICOLLET, p. 18; KEATING, Vol. I, p. 355; FEATHERSTONHAUGH, Vol. I, pp. 2; 301-305. The account of the latter is so pertinent, we give it, somewhat abridged:

SEPT. 22. [1835.] Soon after 8 A. M. we came to the mouth of the *Makkatoh*, or "Blue Earth River." This was a bold stream, about 80 yards wide, loaded with mud of a bluish color, evidently the cause of the St. Peter's being so turbid. It was not far from the mouth of this river that M. LE SUEUR was asserted to have discovered in 1692 an immense deposit of copper ore. No traveller had ever entered the river to investigate his statement; I therefore directed the head of the canoe to be turned into the stream. Having ascended it about a mile, we found a Sisseton family established with their skin lodge

upon a sand bar. * * These people constantly asserted that they knew of no remains of any old fort or stone building in that part of the country. * * * Whilst we were negotiating this exchange, it began to snow for the first time this autumn. * * Pushing on, we passed a singular conical grassy hill on the right bank, which commanded all the vicinity, and appeared to be a likely situation for the site of LE SUEUR's Fort. * * About 12, we came to a fork or branch coming in on our right, about 45 yards broad, and we turned into it, having a well-wooded bluff on the right bank, about 90 feet high. We had not proceeded three-quarters of a mile when we reached the place which the Sissitons had described to us as being that to which the Indians resorted for their pigment. This was a bluff about 150 feet high, on the left bank, and from the slope being much trodden and worn away, I saw at once that it was a locality which for some purpose or other had been frequented from a very remote period. We accordingly stopped there, whilst I examined the place.

As soon as I had reached that part of the bluff whence the pigment had been taken, LE SUEUR's story lost all credit with me, for I instantly saw that it was nothing but a continuation of the seam which divided the sandstone from the limestone, and which I have before spoken of at the Myah Skah, as containing a silicate of iron of a bluish-green colour. The concurrent account of all the Indians we had spoken with, that this was the place the aborigines had always resorted to, to procure their pigment, and the total silence of everybody since LE SUEUR's visit respecting any deposit of copper ore, in this or any other part of the country, convinced me that the story of his copper mines was a fabulous one, most probably invented to raise himself in importance with the French government of that day. CHARLEVOIX having stated that the mine was only a league and three-quarters from the mouth of the Terre Bleu, made it certain that I was now at that locality, and the seam of coloured earth gave the key to the rest. LE SUEUR's account of the mine being at the foot of a mountain ten leagues long, was as idle as the assertion that he had obtained 30,000 lbs. of copper ore in 22 days, for there is nothing like a mountain in the neighborhood. The bluff, to be sure, rises to the height of 150 feet from the river; but when you have ascended it, you find yourself at the top of a level prairie. * * * Finding the copper mine to be a fable, I turned my attention—" &c., &c.—W.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MINNESOTA.

PREPARED BY THE LIBRARIAN OF THE SOCIETY.

NOTE.

While I have ventured to call this article a "Bibliography of Minnesota," its peculiar arrangement, departing as it does, somewhat from the usual rules of Bibliography, may weaken its claim to that title. It is little more, in reality, than a transcript of the Catalogue of that portion of the Library of the Minnesota Historical Society, which relates to this State. The collection of works and publications on that subject now in possession of the Society, is so nearly complete, that it contains almost every work which can be said to strictly belong to a Bibliography of Minnesota, in addition to a large number—(not, however, included in this paper)—which have such intimate relations to the subject, they might reasonably have been embraced in it, had not the list threatened to consume too much space.

I have arranged the titles by subjects, believing that this plan will best show at a glance what has been printed in any one class or division; while numerous cross-references, and an index of authors, will, I trust, remedy any defects which that plan may have. It will be remarked, also, that all works are arranged chronologically.

This is the first attempt to collect and publish a list of works relating to Minnesota. It will be a matter of surprise to many, even of our own citizens, that so much has been printed—here and elsewhere—relating to a State organized as a separate commonwealth only twenty-one years ago; and it is sent forth in the hope that it may prove some aid to Librarians and Bibliographers in other States, no less than to our own citizens.

J. F. W.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS AND TRAVELS,

Made prior to the organisation of Minnesota as a Territory in 1849.

VOYAGE OU NOUVELLE DECOUVERTE d'un Tres Grand Pays
dans L' Amerique, entre le nouveau Mexique et la mer glaciale,

par le R. P. Louis Hennepin ; Avec toutes les particularitez de ce Pais, & de celui connu sous le nom de LA LOUISIANE ; les avantages qui on en peut tirer par l'establisement des Colonies enrichie de Cartes Geographiques. Augmente de quelques figures en taille douce. Avec un voyage qui contient une Relation exacte de l'Origine, Mœurs, Coustumes, Religion, Guerres & Voyages des Caraïbes, Sauvages des Isles Antilles de L' AMERIQUE, Faite par le Sieur De La Borde, Tiree du Cabinet de Monsr. Blondel, Amsterdam. Chez Adriaan Braakman, Marchand Libraire pres le Dam, 1704, 16° : pp. xxxiv, 604, [2 maps, 6 engravings.]

MEMOIRE SUR LES MŒURS, Coustumes et Religion des Sauvages de L' Amerique Septentrionale, par Nicolas Perrot ; Publie pour la Premiere fois par le R. P. J. Tailhan, de la Compagnie de Jesus. Leipzig & Paris, Librairie A. Franck. Albert L. Herold, 1864, 12° : pp. viii, 341, xliii.

[See Collections of Minn. Histor. Soc., Pg. 22.]

NEW VOYAGES TO NORTH AMERICA, giving a full account of the Customs, Commerce, Religion, and Strange Opinions of the Savages of that Country, with POLITICAL REMARKS upon the Courts of *Portugal* and *Denmark*, and the present State of the Commerce of those Countries. The Second Edition, Written by the Baron LAHONTAN, Lord-Lieutenant of the *French* Colony at *Placentia* in *Newfoundland*; Now in *England*. LONDON : Printed for J. Walthoe, J. and J. Bonwicke, J. Osborn, S. Birt, T. Ward, and E. Wicksteed, 1735. Two vols., 12°. Vol. I, pp. xxiv, 280. [2 maps ; 4 plates.] Vol. II, pp. 302. [3 maps ; 9 plates.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST ; by Francis Parkman. Boston : Little, Brown & Co., 1869, 8° : pp. 425.

[This work covers the period from 1643 to 1689.]

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA AND FLORIDA, including Translations of original manuscripts relating to their Discovery and Settlement, with numerous Historical and Biographical Notes. By B. F. French. New Series. New York : J. Sabin & Sons, 84 Nassau street, 1869, 8° : pp. 362.

THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA, or of the Western Parts of Virginia and Carolina : Containing a Description of the

Countries that lye on both Sides of the River Mississippi : With an Account of the Settlements, Inhabitants, Soil, Climate and Products. Translated from the French, (lately published) by M. Le Page Du Pratz ; with some Notes and Observations relating to our Colonies. In Two Volumes. London: MDCC,-LXII, 16°. Vol. I, pp. vi, 368 ; [map.] Vol. II : pp. vi, 272 [map.]

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF LOUISIANA, embracing Translations of many rare and valuable Documents relating to the Natural, Civil and Political History of that State, etc. Part iv. Redfield, New York : 1852. 8° pp. 268. [Map.]

[Entitled "Discovery and Explorations of the Mississippi;" contains Original Narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membre, Hennepin and Douay.]

EARLY VOYAGES UP AND DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI. By Cavalier, St. Cosme, LeSueur, Gravier and Guignas. With an introduction and Notes. [By John G. Shea.] Albany : 1861, 4° : pp. 191.

HISTOIRE ET DESCRIPTION GENERALE DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE, avec le Journal Historique d'un Voyage fait par ordre du Roi dans L' Amerique Septentrionale. Par le P. De Charlevoix de la Compagnie de Jesus, a Paris, M. DCC. XLIV. Avec Approbation et Privilège du Roi. Three Volumes, 4° : pp. xxvi, 664 ; xvi, 582 and 56 ; xiv, 543.

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the Ohio. By J. C. Beltrami, Esq., formerly Judge of a Royal Court in the Ex-Kingdom of Italy. In two volumes. London: Printed for Hunt and Clarke, York Street, Covent Garden. 1828. 8°. Vol. I, Pp. LXXVI. 472. [2 maps, 1 engraving.] Vol. II, Pp. 546. [1 map, 3 engravings.]

A NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY AND ADVENTURES OF JOHN TANNER (U. S. Interpreter at the Sault de Ste. Marie,) during Thirty Years' Residence among the Indians in the Interior of North America. Prepared for the Press by Edwin James, M. D., Editor of an account of Major Long's Expedition from Pittsburg to the Rocky Mountains. New York: G. & C. & H. Carvill, 108 Broadway. 1830. 8°: pp. 426. [Portrait of Tanner and numerous wood cuts.]

[Tanner spent a number of years, during his captivity, in Minnesota, and some of his descendants yet live in the State.]

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REPORT OF A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota; and incidentally of a portion of Nebraska Territory. Made under instructions from the United States Treasury Department. By David Dale Owen, United States Geologist.

Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1852. 4°: pp. 638. [72 wood cuts; 27 steel plates; 18 colored maps, stone and copper.]

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THE HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD; Impressions of America. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. "Sing unto the Lord a new Song."—*Psalm xcvi*. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 329 and 331, Pearl street, Franklin Square. 1864. 12°. Vol. I, Pp. xii, 651. Vol. II, 654.

[Miss Bremer visited Minnesota in 1849; sixty-three pages of the 2d Vol. are devoted to it.]

SKETCHES OF MINNESOTA, the New England of the West. With Incidents of Travel in that Territory during the Summer of 1849. In two Parts. By E. S. Seymour. With a Map. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff street. 1850. 12°: pp. 281. [Map.]

[Mr. Seymour lived at Galena, and made a short trip through Minnesota in 1849. His work is interesting and well written, and for three or four years was the only work descriptive of Minnesota accessible to the public. He is said to have died in 1852.]

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[Originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*.]

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[This magnificent work contains hundreds of references, *passim*, to Minnesota and her Indian Tribes, while the illustrations of Capt. Eastman almost wholly refer to this State, its Indian population, and its scenery. The following papers relate entirely to Minnesota:]

VOL. I. Geographical Memoranda respecting the Discovery of the Mississippi River, with a Map of its Source, pp. 183-149; Minnesota, pp. 181-192; Dacotahs of the Mississippi, by Dr. Thos. S. Williamson, pp. 247-256; Census of Dakotahs, p. 498.

VOL. II. The Dacotah Tribe, p. 37; Natural Caves in the Mississippi River banks in the Sioux Country, by I. N. Nicollet, p. 95.

VOL. III. Sioux, or Dakota proper, by P. Prescott, pp. 225-247; The Gods of the Dakotas, by Capt. S. Eastman, p. 485; The Giant's Feast and Dance, do. p. 487; Indian Population of the Upper Mississippi, 1806, by Lieut. Z. M. Pike, pp. 562-570; Sioux Population in 1836, pp. 612-615.

VOL. IV. Manners, Customs, and Opinions of the Dakotas, by P. Prescott, pp. 59-72; Demoniacal Observances of the Dakotahs, by Capt. Eastman, pp. 495-501; Bibliography of Dakota Books, p. 546; Power and Influence of Dakota Medicine Men, by Rev. G. H. Pond, pp. 685-685.

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VOL. VI. War between the Chippewa and Sioux, p. 387; Cession of Territory in Minnesota by the Chippewas, p. 482; Religion and Mythological Opinions of the Mississippi Valley Tribes, p. 647.

"The Mound Builders, &c." By Geo. Gale.—See "Historical, Descriptive," &c.

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In preparing this list of Dakota works, (all of which were written in Minnesota, for missions located in this State, and a number of which were also printed here,) I must acknowledge my obligation to Rev. S. R. Riggs, now of Ft. Wadsworth, D. T., who kindly revised the list, adding interesting notes, and inserting in the proper chronological order some titles not on our catalogue, at the same time presenting us with copies of the works, thus making our collection on this subject very complete.

SIOUX SPELLING BOOK, designed for the use of native learners. By Rev. J. D. Stevens, Missionary. 12°: pp. 22. Boston: Crocker and Brewster, for the A. B. C. F. M. 1836.

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1 [The scene of this Epic is laid on Lake Pepin. The author says in his preface: "I offer this, my first endeavor as an author, to the public, hoping it may be received with favor; and will be content if I receive from my friends a kind thought in return for the many weary days and dreary nights I have spent trying to consummate this, my bloodless ambition. If I can be permitted to occupy the most secluded niche in the Temple of Calliope, and add but a single jewel to the casket of American Poetry, I will have gained the highest wish of my most ideal dreams. I entreat the favor of my many friends and fellow soldiers. I have a hope; must it be a hope of despair? I wait the revelations of the mysterious future."]

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 " XVIII, p. 169. The People of the Red River. Anon.
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 " do. p. 581. " " " "
 " XXII, p. 306. " " " "
 " XXVI, p. 186. Hole-in-the-Day. By I. G. Nicolay.
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8. ANNALS OF THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1852; containing the Annual Address by J. H. Simpson, First Lieut., Corps, U. S. Topographical Engineers, and other papers. Published by order of the Executive Council. St. Paul: Owens & Moore, Printers, Minnesotian Office. 8°: pp. 64.

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5. **MATERIALS FOR THE FUTURE HISTORY OF MINNESOTA**; being a Report of the Minnesota Historical Society to the Legislative Assembly, in accordance with a Joint Resolution. Fifteen hundred copies ordered to be printed for the use of the Legislature. St. Paul: Joseph R. Brown, Territorial Printer. Pioneer and Democrat Office. 1856. 8°: pp. 142. [7 illustrations.]

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6. **ADDRESS** delivered before the Minnesota Historical Society, at its Sixth Anniversary, Feb. 1st, 1856, by the Hon. H. H. Sibley. 8°: pp. 17.

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. The foregoing article was completed February, 1870, and includes only books issued up to that time.

Sioux and Chippewas

9

A REMINISCENCE OF FT. SNELLING.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE O. VAN CLEVE.

Like the old man in DICKENS' "Child's Story," "I am always remembering: come and remember with me."

I close my eyes and recall an evening some forty-two years ago, when, in one of the stone houses near Fort Snelling, which was our home at that time, a pleasant company of officers and their families were spending a social evening with my parents. The doors were thrown open, for the weather was warm, and one of the officers, Capt. CRUGER,¹ was walking on the piazza, when we were all startled by the sound of rapid firing very near us. The captain rushed into the house, much agitated, exclaiming, "That bullet almost grazed my ear!" What could it mean: were the Indians surrounding us?

Soon the loud yells and shrieks from the Indian camp near our house made it evident that the treaty of peace, made that afternoon between the Sioux and Chippewas, had ended, as all those treaties did, in treachery and bloodshed. The principal men of the two nations had met at the Indian Agency, and, in the presence of Maj. TALIAFERRO,² their "White Father," had

1. Capt. WM. E. CRUGER was a native of New York, and graduated at West Point in 1819. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the Fifth Infantry on July 12, 1820; and promoted to First Lieutenant, June, 1824; Adjutant in 1827; and Captain in October, 1833. He resigned under circumstances derogatory to his character, on Oct. 31, 1838, and died soon after in New York, where he had sunk to poverty and obscurity.—W.

2. LAWRENCE TALIAFERRO was born in Virginia, Feb. 28, 1794; enlisted in war of 1812, at age of 16; rose to the rank of First Lieutenant; and at close of war was retained, with that rank, in the regular service. In 1819 resigned, and was appointed Indian Agent at "Saint Peter's," which post he held 21 years, by successive reappointments, until January, 1840, when he resigned. He is now U. S. Military Storekeeper at Bedford, Pa.—W.

made a solemn treaty of peace. In the evening, at the wigwam of the Chippewa chief, they had ratified this treaty by smoking the pipe of peace together; and then, before the smoke of the emblematic pipe had cleared away, the treacherous Sioux had gone out and deliberately fired into the wigwam, killing and wounding several of the unsuspecting inmates. The Chippewas of course returned the fire, and this was what had startled us all and broken up the pleasant little gathering at my father's¹ house.

The Chippewas sought refuge and protection with their wounded within the walls of the fort, commanded at that time by Col. JOSIAH SNELLING,² for whom it was named. They were

1. Maj. NATHAN CLARK was born in May, 1789, near Worcester, Mass. He entered the service as a Second Lieutenant in the 37th Infantry in 1812. After serving with honor in the war, he was retained at its close, and appointed in the regular army, being assigned to the Fifth Infantry. He was stationed on recruiting service some time at Hartford, Conn., where he became acquainted with and married, in 1816, Miss CHARLOTTE ANN SEYMOUR, daughter of THOMAS SEYMOUR of that city. After about two years of service at various posts, Maj. CLARK returned to Hartford, whence he was, in 1819, ordered to join his regiment at Detroit, at which place it rendezvoused, previous to coming to St. Peter's (Mendota.) The march from Detroit to Prairie du Chien, through a wilderness, was one of hardship, especially to the ladies who accompanied the regiment. On arriving at Prairie du Chien, Mrs. VAN CLEVE, the authoress of this sketch, was born, on July 1, 1819. After a little stay at Prairie du Chien, Maj. CLARK and his family proceeded to St. Peter's, which was their home for nearly eight years. Maj. CLARK was, during this period, commissary of the post. In 1827 he was ordered to Fort Crawford, and after remaining there several months, was sent to Nashville on recruiting service. While at this post, the family became acquainted with Gen. JACKSON, then running for President (1828.) Some interesting reminiscences of "Old Hickory," as he was called at that period, were contributed by Mrs. VAN CLEVE to PARTON'S *Life of JACKSON*, Vol. III, p. 159. Maj. CLARK was next stationed at Smithland, Ky., and then at Cincinnati, where his family resided some three or four years. Meantime, he commanded Fort Howard during the Black Hawk War, and was joined by his family in 1838, at Fort Winnebago, Wis. Maj. CLARK died at that post, of disease induced by exposure and frontier service, on Feb. 18, 1836. His remains now repose in Spring Grove Cemetery, at Cincinnati. His widow, Mrs. CHARLOTTE A. CLARK, still survives, with faculties unimpaired by age. Her memory, and that of her daughter, Mrs. VAN CLEVE, is a storehouse of the most entertaining and valuable historical reminiscences of early days in the Northwest, most of which have never been recorded. I am glad to add, that on a recent visit to Mrs. VAN CLEVE, I found her engaged in writing up copious memoirs of the days of half a century ago, and secured a promise to have them placed, when completed, at the disposal of this Society.—W.

2. Col. JOSIAH SNELLING was born in Massachusetts in 1782. He was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry in 1808, Regimental Paymaster in April, 1809, and promoted to a Captaincy in June following. Brevetted Major for gallantry at Brownstown in August, 1812. In April, 1813,

kindly cared for, and the wounded were tenderly nursed in our hospital. One, a little girl, daughter of the chief, excited much sympathy, and I cannot forget the interest I felt in her, for she was but a year or two older than myself, and it seemed to me so cruel to ruthlessly put out her young life. I remember the ladies of the fort were very kind and tender to her, and since I have had little girls of my own, I know why. She lingered but a few days, in great agony, and then God took her out of her pain to that land where the poor little, wandering, wounded child should know sin or suffering no more.

Meanwhile our colonel, a prompt and efficient officer, demanded of the Sioux the murderers, and in a very few days, a body of Sioux were seen advancing towards the fort, as was supposed, to deliver up the criminals. Two companies of soldiers were sent to meet them and receive the murderers at their hands. Strange to say, although they had the men, they refused to give them up. Our interpreter, I cannot recall his name, stepped out from among our soldiers, and said :

“ If you do not yield up these men peaceably, then, as many leaves as there are on these trees, as many blades of grass as you see beneath your feet, so many white men will come upon you, burn your villages, and destroy your nation.”

was appointed Assistant Inspector General, and in February, 1848, commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Fourth Rifles. He served with honor at the battles of Tippecanoe, Maguaga, and Lyons Creek, and other engagements in the war of 1812, and at its close was retained as Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth Infantry. He was promoted to Colonel of the Fifth Infantry in 1819. The Fifth Infantry was ordered to St. Peter's (Mendota) in February of that year, and in August, 1820, Col. SNELLING arrived, took command of the post, and in September commenced to build "Fort St. Anthony." It was completed for occupancy in the fall of 1822. In 1824, Gen. SCOTT visited and inspected it. At his recommendation, the War Department changed the name to "Fort Snelling," in honor of its builder. In the summer of 1827, the Fifth Regiment was ordered to Jefferson Barracks. Col. SNELLING proceeded to Washington on official business, and while there was seized with inflammation of the brain and died on August 28th. Col. SNELLING had two sons who have been eminent. WM. JOSEPH SNELLING was an author of ability, and wrote a book entitled: "*Tales of the Northwest; or, Sketches of Indian Life and Character.*" By a Resident beyond the Frontier." (Boston, 1880.) CATLIN speaks in unbounded praise of the work as a faithful picture of Indian Life. The author, a man of genius, but unfortunate habits, died in Massachusetts in 1848, aged 44 years. The other son of Col. SNELLING, JAMES G. S. SNELLING, entered the army and served with distinction in the Mexican War. The widow of Col. SNELLING is still living in Cincinnati, O., at an advanced age, having remarried after the colonel's death.—W.

A few moments' consideration, a few hurried words of consultation, and the guilty men were handed over to our troops. The tribe followed as they were taken into the fort, and making a small fire within the walls, the condemned marched round and round it, singing their death songs, and then were given up to be put in irons and held in custody until time should determine how many lives should pay the forfeit, for it is well known that Indian revenge is literally a life for a life, and the colonel had decided to give them into the hands of the injured tribe to do with them as they would.

Some weeks passed and it was found that five lives were to be paid for in kind. A council of Chippewas decided that the five selected from the prisoners should run the gauntlet, and the decision was approved.

Back over the lapse of these many years I pass and seem to be a child again, standing beside my only brother¹ at the back door of my father's house.

The day is beautiful, the sun is so bright, the grass so green, all nature so smiling, it is hard to realize what is going on over yonder by the graveyard, in that crowd of men and women. For there are gathered together of the Chippewas, old and young men, women and children, who have come out to witness or take part in this act of retributive justice. There are blue coats too, and various badges of our U. S. uniform, for it is necessary to throw some restraint around these red men, or there may be wholesale murder; and, borne on the shoulders of his young men, we see the form of the wounded, dying chief, regarding all with calm satisfaction, and no doubt happy in the thought that his death, so near, will not go unavenged. And there stand the young braves who have been selected as the executioners: their rifles are loaded, the locks carefully examined, and all is ready when the word shall be given.

1. MALCOLM CLARK was the only son of Maj. NATHAN CLARK. He was born at Fort Wayne, Ind. (where his father was temporarily stationed) in 1817. His entire life was passed on the frontier—his early boyhood at Fort Snelling—and he became a proficient in several Indian tongues, and thoroughly acquainted with savage life and customs, ultimately becoming allied to them by marriage. He had many thrilling adventures during his long residence with the Indians, and after innumerable escapes finally met his death at the hands of the Blackfeet Indians, at his trading post near Helena, Montana Territory, Aug. 18, 1869, aged nearly 53 years.—W.

There too, under guard, are the five men who are to pay the forfeit for the five lives taken so wantonly and treacherously.

Away off, I cannot tell how many rods, but it seems to us children a long *run*, are stationed the Sioux tribe, and that is the goal for which the wretched men must run for their lives.

And now all seems ready; and we stand on tiptoe, while the balls and chains are knocked off and the captives are set free. At a word one of the doomed men starts, the rifles with unerring aim are fired, and under cover of the smoke a man falls dead. They reload, the word is given, another starts with a bound for *home*; but ah! the aim of those clear-sighted, blood-thirsty red men is too deadly; and so one after another until four are down.

And then the last, "Little Six"—whom at that distance, we children readily recognize, from his commanding height and graceful form; he is our friend, and we hope he will get *home*. He starts,—they fire,—the smoke clears away and still he is running,—we clap our hands, and say "he will get home;" but another volley and our favorite, almost at the goal, springs into the air and comes down—dead! I cover my face and shed tears of real sorrow for our friend. And now follows a scene that beggars description. The bodies, all warm and limp, are dragged to the brow of the hill. Men who at the sight of blood, become almost fiends, tear off the reeking scalps and hand them to the chief, who hangs them around his neck. Women and children with tomahawks and knives cut deep gashes in the poor dead bodies, and scooping up the hot blood with their hands, eagerly drink it; then, grown frantic, they dance, and yell, and sing their horrid scalp songs, recounting deeds of valor on the part of their brave men, and telling off the Sioux scalps, taken in different battles, until tired and satiated at last with their horrid feast, they leave the mutilated bodies—festering in the sun.

At nightfall they are thrown over the bluff into the river, and my brother and myself, awe struck and quiet, trace their hideous voyage down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. We lie awake that night talking of the dreadful sight we have seen, and we try to imagine what the people in New Orleans will think when they see those ghastly upturned faces;—and

we talk with quivering lips and tearful eyes of "Little Six," and of the many kind things he has done for us, the bows and arrows, the mocauks of sugar, the pretty beaded moccasins, he has given us; and we wish, oh! we wish, he could have run faster, or that the Chippewa rifles had missed fire. And we sleep and dream of scalps, and rifles, and war whoops, and frightful yells, and wake, wishing it had all been a dream.

Next day the dying chief sat up in bed, painted himself for death, sang his death song, and with those five fresh, bloody scalps about his neck lay down and died, calmly and peacefully, in the comfortable hope, no doubt, of a welcome in those "happy hunting grounds," prepared by the "Good Spirit," for all those Indians who are faithful to their friends, and avenge themselves upon their foes.

A few years ago I told this story to another "Little Six," "Old Shakopee," as he lay, with gyves upon his legs, in our guard house at Fort Snelling, awaiting execution, for almost numberless cold-blooded murders, perpetrated during the dreadful massacre of '62. He remembered it all, and his wicked old face lighted up with joy as he told me he was the son of that "Little Six" who made so brave a run for his life; and he showed as much pride and pleasure in listening to the recital of his father's treacherous conduct, as the children of our great generals will do some day, as they read or hear of deeds of bravery or daring that their fathers have done.

Saint Anthony, 1869.

NARRATIVE OF PAUL MAZAKOOTEMANE.

TRANSLATED BY REV. S. R. RIGGS.

The Declaration of PAUL MAZAKOOTEMANE, of the Dakota People.

I desire that the American people, who are my friends, should listen to this my personal narrative.¹

I was born an Indian, and consequently I did not know to distinguish between the good and the bad. I followed the Dakota customs alone,—and this I did until I was twenty-nine years old. Then the American *sacred men* came among my people and commenced to teach them. But I did not understand, and I thought if I should give my attention to it for ten years, I should still not understand it. But when I had learned to put two or three letters together, I began to comprehend the writing, from which I progressed until I was able to read a little. Then I began to read the sacred writing, but I did not still know that the great God would have mercy on me.

By and by I came to know this, and then the sacred writing showed me that for all my past evil deeds I must die. Afterwards came the conviction that I was even now dead, but the great God was merciful and had given His Son only Begotten to die for us; and He had died for sin, that through his sufferings we might live. So the question came up, "What shall I do to be saved?" and morning and night I sought by prayer to know how I could be saved.

1. Mr. Riggs says in a note accompanying this paper: "I received this personal narrative of PAUL, written by himself in the Dakota Language. Among other things, it gives an inside view of the late Sioux outbreak, by a loyal Dakota man. I think, therefore, it will be valuable." The MS. of PAUL is written in a neat and scholarly manner.—W.

After a while the great God my Father wrought in me great thanksgiving, and made me a member and an office-bearer in his church. Thus the good God brought to us wild men the way of life; and now the gospel has taken root and will grow among the Indians. For this we give great thanks.

Then the *sacred men* who came to us, counselled me and told me to put off my Dakota clothes and be like a white man: to cut off my hair and put on white man's clothes. This I thought was good advice, and I acted in accordance therewith. With a good number of my friends I changed my dress. Nearly forty of us at one time cut off our hair and put on the white man's dress and formed ourselves into a separate community, of which they elected me chief; and our separate band was at once recognized by the agent, Maj. MURPHY. This was in 1856. The agent was well pleased with our onward movement, and said, "If all the Dakotas would do so it would be well." It was well. I liked it.

The next year INKPADOOTA (Scarlet Point) killed a great many white people. And as I now considered myself a white man, my heart was sad for this thing. At this time Maj. FLANDRAU was agent. He called the Dakotas together; and when all the people had come, he asked them to go and rescue the women captives who were in the hands of INKPADOOTA. My heart was real bad about it, and I said I would seek them. I went and searched for them, and after twenty days I succeeded in bringing home Miss Abbe Gardner, the only remaining captive. We took her down immediately to St. Paul and delivered her to the Governor. "You are a brave man, and you have done a great deed. You have accomplished a great, good work through your bravery," he said to me. He said also he would write about it to the Great Father, who would like it also.

For this I gave thanks to the great God. I said, "O God, my Father, thou hast manifested thy mercy, and by this good work, thou hast made me glad, in that thou hast enabled me to do this good thing."

The year following this, four of the Leaf Villagers and four of the Sisseton Band were invited to go to see the Great Father. I was one of the delegation. They took us on, and we reached Washington in about a month. We went to the Great Father's

house and shook hands with him, when he said to me, "PAUL MAZAKOOTEMANE, I bless your name. When you go home, tell your people to follow the white man's customs alone." So when I returned I counselled my people according to the words of our Great Father. We planted larger fields, for the great God had mercy on us. We built also two *sacred houses* (churches) in my country. And when the chiefs of the Leaf and Marsh Villagers talked with the white people, they made me their spokesman. So I asked my Father the great God to give me wisdom, and I think he granted it to me.

Then suddenly came the outbreak of the Lower Indians (the Mdawakontonwans.) I heard they were fighting with the white people; and I hastened to the mission station at Hazelwood to keep my *sacred men* from being killed. By night and by day I guarded them. My young men were few, but we did a good work in saving the lives of all the mission families. In this I thought the good Lord had mercy on me, and I gave thanks. I said, "O God, my Father, thou hast shown to me thy favor, in that thou hast enabled me to save alive my friends."

This was in 1862. Then we were alone with the Dakotas; and I saw no opening for good. But I did not forget the word of the great God my Father, and I think He led me to a strong purpose.

As I went from tent to tent in the Dakota camp I saw a great many white women and children captives. On that account my heart was very sad, and I became almost sick. I considered what I could do to save these captives. And He who is merciful and strong helped me, and in answer to my prayers gave me strength. So I went into the assembly of all the Dakota braves, and I said to them, "If you will give me leave in your council, I will speak to you of a certain matter." They gave me leave to speak. Then I stood up and said, "When this people in times past have assembled in council I have been their speaker; but that time is past. I want to speak now to you of what is in my own heart. Give me all these white captives. I will deliver them up to their friends. You Dakotas are numerous—you can afford to give these captives to me, and I will go with them to the white people. Then, if you want to fight, when you see the white soldiers coming to fight, fight

with them, but don't fight with women and children. Or stop fighting. The Americans are a great people. They have much lead, powder, guns, and provisions. Stop fighting, and now gather up all the captives and give them to me. No one who fights with the white people ever becomes rich, or remains two days in one place, but is always fleeing and starving. You have said that whoever talks in this way shall not live—that you will kill him. Stop talking in that way, and if any one says what is good, listen to it."

Then White Lodge's son, who is called "STRIKE THE PAWNEES," arose and said, "If we are to die, these captives shall die with us"—and to this they all said "Yes."

I then returned home and made a great feast myself, to which I invited more than two hundred men. When they came together I again demanded the captives, and made a long speech. They had said they would fight the Americans and make friends with the British. To this I answered. "When you say you will fight the Americans and attach yourselves firmly to the British, you say what is not true. Forsake then your evil doings, for the British will dislike every one who is wicked and disobedient, even though he be a white man. This is my thought: listen to it, and deliver up to me the captives."

Then RATTLING RUNNER, one of the chief braves said to me, "The braves say they will not give you the captives. The Mdawakontonwans are men, and therefore as long as one of them lives they will not stop pointing their guns at the Americans."

Next to him a man who is called THE THUNDER THAT MAKES ITSELF BLUE said to me, "Although we shall die bravely, and though the captives die in the way, I don't care. Don't mention the captives any more."

When they had said these things, they arose and departed, and as they went home they sang a soldier's song:—

"Over the earth I come;
Over the earth I come;
A soldier I come;
Over the earth I am a ghost."

This is the song they sang. I disliked it very much; and although my young men were few, I said to them, "Take your

guns; this people have wrought a great wickedness which I will cut in two." So they took up their guns. I then gathered all the horses and wagons that had been taken from the half breeds and restored them to them. Then I called especially upon my friends among the Sissetons. After this I invited the Sissetons and the Mdawakontons all—and on the one side were Sissetons, and on the other side the Mdawakontons. I took my stand in the midst. They said they would kill me; but as I wished to die in the midst of a great multitude, I spoke thus: "Sissetons, the Mdawakontons have made war upon the white people, and have now fled up here. I have asked them why they did this, but I do not yet understand it. I have asked them to do me a favor, but they have refused. Now I will ask them again in your hearing. Mdawakontons, why have you made war on the white people? The Americans have given us money, food, clothing, ploughs, powder, tobacco, guns, knives, and all things by which we might live well; and they have nourished us even like a father his children. Why then have you made war upon them? You did not tell me you were going to fight with the white people; and how then should I approve it? No, I will go over to the white people. If they wish it they may kill me. If they don't wish to kill me, I shall live. So, all of you who do not want to fight with the white people, come over to me. I have now one hundred men. We are going over to the white people. Deliver up to me the captives. And as many of you as don't wish to fight with the whites, gather yourselves together to-day and come to me—all of you who are willing."

Having said these things to them, I removed my tent out to one side, the same day. Then His THUNDER, who had Mr. SPENCER, one of the captives, came and pitched his tent by mine. And all who valued the friendship of the Americans came also—such as SIMON and LORENZO of the Wahpetons. Also two Sissetons, viz., WAMDISUNTANKA (Great-tailed Eagle) and HAYOKISNA (Hayoka alone.) These were both good men, and each had a captive boy; but they took care of them as their own children. The captive that GREAT-TAILED EAGLE had was without clothes. He sold a horse and bought clothes

and dressed up the captive boy very well. And I thought he did a good deed.

After this they gathered up the captives and gave them to me. And now Gen. SIBLEY came with his army. I remained at our camp near the mouth of the Chippewa, while a great part of the Dakotas fled. When the white troops came near, I raised a white flag. Gen. SIBLEY came on and encamped near me, and so I shook hands with him and with all the officers. Then I said, "I have grown up like a child of yours. With what is yours, you have caused me to grow; and now I take your hand as a child takes the hand of his father. My hand is not bad. With a clean hand I take your hand. I know whence this blessing cometh. I have regarded all white people as my friends, and from this I understand this blessing has come. This is a good work we do to-day, whereof I am glad. Yes, before the great God I am glad."

Gen. SIBLEY said to me, "This is good. Henceforth I will take you into my service." Since that I and my children have lived well. And from that time more than ever I have regarded myself as a white man, and I have counselled my boys accordingly.

There was then a fort built at the head of the Coteau des Prairies; and the officer in command made known the will of the Great Father. He said that all the Dakotas who wished for good might come to the head of the Coteau and live. "Come, come," he said to the Dakotas, "the Great Father is merciful, and will have mercy on any one who is needy." This he said giving them the invitation. Then all the men who wished for the friendship of the white people came in, and with their people desired good. These are the chief men—WASUKIYE, WAMNAHIZE, WASUCIYAPA, WAMDISUNTANKA, ISAKIYE and HUPACOKAMAZA. These first shook hands with the white people and desired that they and their children might live.

I talked with these men, and said to them, "Why did you flee? You were not implicated in the war of the Lower Sioux with the white people. What did you fear, that you fled and did not come back for a long time?"

They said, "Indeed we knew that the Americans were furious,

and therefore we fled. But now our Great Father says we may live, and therefore we have come back."

I went with them to see the commanding officer of the fort, with whom they had a talk. He said to them, "The Great Father has commanded me to invite all the Indians to come back who do not want to fight. The Great Father wishes to have no more fighting; therefore he has commanded me to call in all the Indians, and he says you shall do no more fighting." To this they said "Yes."

Then GREAT-TAILED EAGLE, one of the Dakota chiefs, stood up and said, "The guns, and the tobacco, and the lead, and the knives which we have are all made by the Americans. If we fight the Americans we must use these things that we have of them, to fight with. Therefore we dislike the fighting. By the help of the Americans we live; and we do not wish to fight the Americans with the things they have made. I desire only that which is good, and therefore I have come to shake hands with you that I may live."

To this the commanding officer replied, "You have spoken well. Before the snow comes, I will send your name to the Great Father."

THE HAIL THAT STRIKES ITSELF, another Dakota chief, said, "Shall one who is a chief seek what is bad? I am a chief, and therefore I seek only the good."

To this the officer replied, "Yes, you speak well. Your Great Father seeks only that which is good."

After these words, when winter was coming on, another Dakota chief came in—this was SCARLET EAGLE TAIL and his people. Seven chiefs and their people were now here.

About this time the commanding officer employed them as scouts, and every Dakota that they saw, who came to the region of Fort Wadsworth on the war path, they killed. In all they killed thirteen. So the rebellion was stopped, and all the people desired to return to what was good.

During this time I was in the employ of the military and had charge of carrying the mails. A letter came to me which said, "We are going to Washington; if you wish you shall go along; if you don't wish to go you shall not go." But as the principal Dakota men were not going, I did not go. I said, "The Great

Father has been in the habit of calling the chief men. Why now has he not called the chiefs? Why has he not called one good man?"

When they had been to see the Great Father and returned, I heard them say that the Great Father had given us the country at the head of the Coteau. And I said to them, "I am glad that our Great Father has given us this country to be ours; so that here we may be the people of our Great Father—that in this land we may make known the *sacred writings*—that every one of us may have our own *sacred book*—that each man may have one wife—and that we may cease to hold the Dakota customs, but each one marry his wife, and thus the *sacred brotherhood* may grow."

I thought they all desired this. Moreover while I was absent the Dakotas all came together and said, "Since we desire to have a good community, we will make a good and believing man head chief." They said they would elect him for two years, and if he did well he should remain in for four years. But if he did not well they would put him out, although he had not been in one year. On this platform they chose SIMON ANAWANYMANK.

Then Bishop WHIFFLE and Dr. DANIELS came up with provisions and clothing. The Dakota people were glad. At that time HUPACOKAMAZA, one of the chiefs, stood up and said, "We Dakotas have made a head chief, of which I tell you." But the Bishop said, "No, I will talk with the one whom your Great Father has made chief."

The Dakotas wondered who it was he meant. Then GABRIEL RENVILLE stood up and talked with him. But the Dakota men said, "We are Dakotas, and it is not fit that a white man should be our chief. We want to have a chief from among ourselves. The Americans are wise—why did they do this without our knowledge? Behind GABRIEL RENVILLE there are four others who were made chiefs. Why did the Americans do this without our consent?" I heard these things said.

Then the blankets were given out. But to a part they gave no blankets. They gave only to those who had cut timber. And when to only a part of the people provisions were given by the braves, the *sacred man* said, "I have mercy upon them

and will give them a portion." But then four Dakota head men said, "These provisions are ours, and we alone will have them." Then the *sacred man's* heart was sad. When he saw the poverty and want of the Dakotas his heart was sad.

My heart also was sad on this account; and when I considered the hard times they would meet with this winter, and with what difficulty they would reach the spring, I went into their assembly and talked to them. I said, "The *sacred man* was merciful, but you did not do well. As the holy Jesus came to this earth and was merciful, so it is good that all men should have mercy one upon another. But you have not done well. Nevertheless, trust in the great God. If our Great Father gives the Dakotas only what he has sent by the hands of Bishop WHIPPLE, he will have done well. But the Dakota chiefs have not done well. This I know."

And now my friends of the great American people, I am *fifty-eight* years old when I write this which you hear.

My friends of the Great Nation, one and all, I shake hands with you.

PAUL.

March 19, 1869.

MEMOIR OF EX-GOV. HENRY A. SWIFT.

BY J. F. W.

HENRY ADONIRAM SWIFT was born in Ravenna, Ohio, March 23, 1823, and was the second son of Dr. ISAAC SWIFT and Mrs. ELIZA (THOMPSON) SWIFT, both of whom were among the early settlers of Ohio. The former, who has now reached the venerable age of eighty years, was a native of Cornwall, Litchfield County, Conn., and came to Ohio in 1815. Mrs. SWIFT was born in Stockbridge, Mass., and came to Ohio with her parents in 1814. The youth of Ex-Gov. SWIFT was one of unusual promise, which was well fulfilled by his maturer years. After a course of academic study, he entered Western Reserve College, at Hudson, O., and graduated about the year 1842, with high honors in his class. He spent the next winter in Mississippi, as a teacher. The events of his residence in that State were such as to give him an abhorrence for the "accursed institution," and ever afterwards during his life he conscientiously labored for its overthrow. Indeed, at one time he became obnoxious to parties in the neighborhood on account of his free-soil views, and his life was threatened, but he returned safely to his former home. He at once began the study of law in the office of Messrs. TILDEN & RANNEY, Ravenna, and in October, 1845, was admitted to practice. The winter of 1846-7 he passed at Columbus, as Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives. The succeeding winters of 1847-8 and 1848-9 he also passed at Columbus, being chosen Chief Clerk of the House, for the sessions of those years. In this position he acquitted himself well, and especially during the protracted dead-lock in the House at the opening of the Session of Decem

ber, 1848, over the election of speaker, an important and delicate duty devolved upon the clerk, and in this matter that officer so bore himself as to receive the approbation and confidence of the entire body.

In September, 1851, Mr. SWIFT was married to Miss RUTH LIVINGSTON, of Gettysburg, Pa. He now devoted his time assiduously to his profession, and the affairs of the Portage Farmer's Insurance Company, of which he was secretary. In 1853, however, feeling anxious to have a more extended field for his abilities, he resolved to emigrate to Minnesota. Placing all his worldly effects upon a steamboat at Pittsburg, with his wife and infant daughter, he made the entire trip by river, landing at St. Paul, then a town of a few hundred inhabitants, early in the spring of 1853. Here he at once opened an office as a real estate and insurance agent, and soon after built a residence on College Avenue, now occupied by E. S. EDGERTON, Esq.

He remained a resident of St. Paul about three years, devoting all his abilities in various ways to the good of the young commonwealth in which he had made his home. In 1856 he sold his St. Paul property and invested his means in the "Saint Peter Company," which had laid out a new town of that name, then coming into notice, though as yet almost without population. The town grew very rapidly during the next two years, however, and his investments proved quite profitable. The crash of 1857 almost wrecked him, (as it did all other extensive land owners,) but by prudent management he finally recovered from the shock, and before his death had again placed himself in easy circumstances. The early years of his residence at St. Peter were years of hardship and privation incident to frontier life, but he bore them all patiently. He threw his whole energy into the task of building up and benefitting the town in every way possible, and lived to see it grow from the little hamlet to a flourishing busy city, and himself become almost "the idol of the community," so universally was he beloved and esteemed.

Gov. SWIFT first came prominently before the people of Minnesota in the fall of 1857, when he was a candidate for Congress, during a heated and exciting canvass. He appeared frequently on the stump, and gained much admiration even

from his opponents, for his clear and comprehensive statements of the political issues of the hour, and his fair, candid, and dignified treatment of the opposite party. In debate he was eloquent, logical, and conclusive, despising all clap-trap and the usual tricks of demagoguery. Gov. SWIFT's party were not successful in the campaign, but he won the respect of all who met him, and stood higher at its close than before.

In the fall of 1861, Gov. SWIFT was elected from his district a member of the State Senate, and served during the two sessions of 1862 and 1863. One who was associated with him as a fellow member says: "He was always courteous, genial, and manly—as careful of the rights of others as he was jealous of his own. He never addressed the Senate, except when important matters were under discussion, but then his matter and manner impressed every listener with a profound conviction of his earnestness." Most acceptably and ably he represented his district during these two sessions, and not the people of his district merely, but of the whole State, for he ever labored faithfully for its welfare, and many of the measures of those sessions bear the impress of his watchful care and anxiety to advance the prosperity of the State.

When the terrible news of the Indian massacre reached St. Peter, on Aug. 18, 1862, Gov. SWIFT was one of the party that promptly formed and marched to the relief of the town of New Ulm, about 30 miles distant. They arrived there the next day about noon, in time to repulse the Indians after a hot action. Gov. SWIFT was also in the battle of Aug. 23d, and acted with conspicuous coolness and bravery. Mr. BRYANT says, in his *History of the Massacre*:

"At one time H. A. SWIFT went up on the side of the first table land adjoining the town, to make observations, when he was fired upon from a log building only a few rods off, which was full of Indians. He instantly dropped down behind a slight elevation of ground. While lying there, Indian balls plowed up the ground all around him. During this time Judge FLANDRAU and S. A. BUELL came dashing up on horseback, and but for the timely warning of Mr. SWIFT, both would, undoubtedly, have been shot, as they were not aware of the near proximity of the savages."

He remained in the town doing what he could for its defence, until it was abandoned, and all the inhabitants and property removed. He was everywhere active in assisting the poor fugitives who had fled from the murderous savages and sought refuge in the town—many of them wounded and sick, and to the wants of the latter he personally ministered, assisting the needy liberally from his own purse. One who knew him well has written: "He shouldered his musket and took his turn at guard duty at night in the midst of rain and exposure to which he was wholly unaccustomed. It brought upon him a disease, from the effects of which his delicate constitution never recovered. He sacrificed his life for others, and is as truly a victim of the Sioux War, as if he had fallen before an Indian bullet in the battle of New Ulm."

During the second term of his service in the State Senate, Lieutenant-Governor DONNELLY resigned his seat, having been elected Congressman, his term commencing March 4th, 1863. On March 5th, Gov. SWIFT was elected by the Senate to fill the vacancy. Gov. ALEX. RAMSEY having been elected as U. S. Senator during the same session, resigned the Governorship during the following month, and Gov. SWIFT being his legal successor, was installed in the gubernatorial chair, thus by rapid promotion assuming the chief office of the commonwealth for the balance of the term.

The following summer, when the matter of the incumbent of the next term was agitated, he was strongly urged to accept the nomination. This he firmly declined to do, as it would require either a protracted absence from his domestic circle, which he loved so well, or a residence in St. Paul, for which the salary of Governor was inadequate. He did, however, at the solicitation of his fellow citizens of St. Peter, consent to run again for Senator from that district, and was re-elected for the sessions of 1864 and 1865, both of which he attended, and "did the State some service" on important and responsible committees.

During the session of 1865, a United States Senator was chosen, and Ex-Gov. SWIFT was urged to be a candidate for this position, but with his instinctive delicacy and modesty, he shrank from entering the lists, as he knew there were many

unpleasant duties connected with the position in the scramble for office where he would be expected to satisfy all, and only incur the enmity of many. He finally yielded to the importunities of his friends, and but a few days before the nominating caucus consented to the use of his name, but even then put forth no efforts on his own behalf. Another person, however, was chosen. It has always been conceded that had he made any effort to secure the office, he would have been elected. Speaking of it to a friend subsequently, he said he was glad he was not elected, "for," he continued, "I shall be ten times happier with my family at St. Peter, than as Senator at Washington." Perhaps there never was a man more tenderly or devotedly attached to his family than Gov. SWIFT, and the above is only an instance of the sacrifices he made that he might not be compelled to forego their society.

During the year 1865 he received the appointment of Registrar at the St. Peter Land Office, which position he held at the time of his death. The appointment was entirely unsolicited, but it was the only public position he ever really enjoyed, as it enabled him to remain in that quiet home that to him was the Eden of Earth.

In 1864 he had lost a daughter of eight years, and a son of four years, and in 1866, another child was snatched away. These bereavements afflicted him deeply, as he was tenderly attached to his children. His friends assert that it cast an ineffable shadow upon his life, and probably added to his dislike of public office, or any position that would deprive him of the society of his wife and two remaining daughters who survive him. On them his whole affections now centered.

In February last, he was taken very ill with typhoid fever, and for some days his life was threatened. He then seemed to rally, and it was thought had passed the critical point and would recover. His friends throughout the State received this intelligence with much joy. It was of brief duration, however. On the evening of Wednesday, February 24, he suffered a relapse, and rapidly grew worse until ten o'clock the next morning, when he peacefully and calmly expired, surrounded by his heart-broken family and friends.

The intelligence of his death was received throughout the

State with universal tokens of sorrow, evincing the high respect felt for him by men of all parties, and eulogies of the warmest character were published in almost every Minnesota journal. Perhaps never has the death of a citizen of our State excited more general regret, or called forth more spontaneous tributes to his past life and character. Governor MARSHALL, on February 25th, promptly transmitted to both houses of the Legislature, a copy of the telegram received by him announcing Ex-Gov. SWIFT's death, whereupon both houses at once adjourned, as a token of respect to his memory. On the 26th, Gov. MARSHALL sent in the following message :

STATE OF MINNESOTA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SAINT PAUL, February 26, 1869.

To the Senate and House of Representatives :

A brief telegram transmitted to you yesterday conveyed the sorrowful news of the death of Ex-Governor HENRY A. SWIFT, which occurred at his home in St. Peter, Thursday morning, the 25th instant.

No such sad and painful duty has before fallen to me, during my public service, as this announcement of the death of one who had so honorably occupied the highest office in the State, and who was respected and beloved by our whole people.

The death of Governor SWIFT is indeed a public loss, and it is fitting that you should, by appropriate official action, testify the public sorrow. Possessed as he was of rare capacity for public usefulness and of eminent public virtues, it was not too much to hope that in the coming years—for he had scarcely reached the meridian of life—his mature powers would be of further eminent service to the State.

This profoundly afflictive providence falls with crushing weight upon the family of the deceased. While *our sorrow* is that of the public, mourning the loss of one who had been eminent in the public service, and whom many of us had loved as a personal friend, it is to his wife and children an altogether irreparable and life-overshadowing loss. I know it will be your wish to testify to those sorrowing ones, who were nearest and dearest to the departed, the public appreciation of their loss, in such terms as may possibly mitigate, in some slight degree, the grief which God alone can assuage.

I recommend the joint action of the two houses of the Legislature in honor of the memory of the deceased, and in condolence with his afflicted family.

Respectfully,

WM. R. MARSHALL.

The following concurrent resolutions were, on March 1st, adopted by both bodies :

Resolved, By the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, That this Legislature has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Ex-Governor HENRY A. SWIFT, notice of which event has been communicated by a special message of his Excellency the Governor of this State.

Resolved, That by this dispensation, the State has lost a useful and honored citizen, whose life was without guile, and whose public and private career was illustrated and adorned by every manly virtue, his past services constitute a bright chapter in the history of the State, and gave promise of still

greater usefulness to the public service, and of higher honors in a wider and more extended sphere of action.

Resolved, That this Legislature tenders to the family and friends of the deceased, its sympathy and condolence in this hour of their supreme affliction, and conveys to them the assurance that while they mourn the loss of a tender husband, an affectionate father, and a constant friend, the State regards his death in the midst of his years and at the maturity of his powers, as a great public calamity, and will ever cherish the memory of HENRY A. SWIFT as one of the most honored, trusted, and useful servants of the commonwealth.

Resolved, That the resolutions be entered upon the journal of either house of the Legislature, and that a copy of the same be sent to the widow of the deceased, by the Secretary of the Senate.

In his own community, where he was so well known and so universally and warmly beloved, his death produced a sadness that seemed to indicate that some calamity had befallen the town. Indeed, it was so regarded by all, as for years the deceased had been so active and prominent in every measure for the prosperity of the place, all classes felt they had lost a friend. On the day of his funeral, which took place on Feb. 26, all business was suspended, and the public schools closed. Notwithstanding it was one of the severest days of the winter, almost the entire community attended his obsequies, which were held at his late residence. Rev. A. H. KERR read a touching tribute to his virtues, which all present felt to be true and more than deserved. The aged parents of Gov. SWIFT, who had arrived that morning from their distant home, were in attendance, almost prostrated with grief. The scene at parting with the remains was one that brought tears to the eyes of all present. The remains were then borne to their last resting place, in a beautiful grove near his own residence, and side by side with the graves of his children, under the evergreens which he had planted with his own hands.¹

The memory of Ex-Gov. SWIFT must always be respected by the people of the State for his integrity and fidelity as a public officer, his exemplary and upright conduct as a citizen, and his many rare, social, and personal excellencies of character. Not a breath of detraction ever sullied his reputation. He was unambitious and unselfish in everything, with a natural reserve and modesty that seemed almost to shrink from public gaze.

1. Since the above memoir was written, the remains of Gov. SWIFT and his children have been removed to Ohio, and deposited in a cemetery at Ravenna, by request of his parents.

His high sense of honor was manifest in all his public and private dealings. In him the domestic virtues excelled. As a friend he was ever generous, warm-hearted, and true. As a business man prompt and energetic. In his character all these virtues were so blended and harmonized, as to make a man "of rare mould." His whole life affords a noble example to the young men of the State.

Ex-Gov. SWIFT was a member of the Minnesota Historical Society, and one of the Executive Council of 1864-5-6. He always took a deep interest in the success of the Society, aiding it whenever in his power. His death was appropriately noticed at the meeting on March 8th, and at a subsequent meeting resolutions to his memory adopted.

SKETCH OF JOHN OTHER DAY.

BY GEN. H. H. SIBLEY.

AMPE-TU-TO-KIT-CHAH, or OTHER DAY, whose death was announced in the newspapers as having occurred in the hospital at Fort Wadsworth, Dakota Territory, on the 30th day of October, 1869, was the son of ZIT-KAH-DOO-TAH, or RED BIRD, a Wakpaton Dakota or Sioux Indian, who was noted among his people as a war partizan. RED BIRD was a brother of BIG CURLY, formerly chief of the Wakpaton Band, whose village was at Lac qui Parle on the Upper Minnesota River.

OTHER DAY was about fifty years old when he died. He had been distinguished as a hunter, and was classed by the fur traders among those who could safely be trusted when goods were given out on credit to those Indians who were considered reliable and honest. When a young man he was passionate and revengeful, and withal addicted to intemperance as often as ardent spirits could be obtained, and he lived to lament that he had slain three or four of his fellows in his drunken orgies. In fact he was a determined and desperate man, although generous to a fault in his better moods; and previous to his conversion to Christianity, with no sense of moral obligation to restrain the exhibitions of his wild and wayward temper, he was an object of fear rather than of love to those with whom he was brought in contact. Nevertheless he was capable of the same heroic devotion to his red brethren at times, as he afterwards manifested to the whites, having on one occasion borne from the field of battle with the Chippewas on the St. Croix River, ONE-LEGGED JIM, well known to the old settlers, who was so desperately wounded that he was unable to escape. He also

saved the life of an Indian named FRESNIERE'S SON in the same action, but he partially cancelled the obligation subsequently, by biting off a portion of the nose of the same individual in a drunken frolic.

With that independence which was characteristic of the man, OTHER DAY was among the first of his band to adopt the habits and dress of the whites, a step which met with bitter opposition from LITTLE CROW, who was the leader of the pagan Indians, and exerted all his influence to the last to thwart missionary operations and to prevent any innovation upon the established customs and superstitious observances of the Dakotas. The decided attitude assumed by so prominent a person as OTHER DAY, produced a most salutary impression, inasmuch that many of the young men followed his example, submitted to receive religious instruction from the missionaries, and abandoning to a great extent the precarious occupation of the chase, they applied themselves to the cultivation of the soil.

Subsequent to the massacre at Spirit Lake by INK-PAH-DOO-TAH's band of Sioux, OTHER DAY manifested his attachment to the whites by accompanying the government forces in pursuit of the murderers, one of whom, a son of the chief, he killed with his own hand. He volunteered, with two other friendly Indians, to attempt the ransom of Miss GARDNER, who was held captive by INK-PAH-DOO-TAH's people, and they succeeded in effecting her release by the exercise of courage and tact, for which the trio received high commendation.

At the time of the outbreak of 1862, OTHER DAY resided on the reservation near the Minnesota River, in a comfortable dwelling built by the U. S. Indian Agent, in accordance with treaty stipulations, and he had quite a creditable amount of land well fenced, and good crops of corn and potatoes. When information reached him that the Indians at the Lower Agency were engaged in the indiscriminate murder of the whites at that point, he took instant measures to save the lives of the missionaries and other whites within his reach. By his advice they assembled together without delay, to the number of sixty-two men, women and children, and leaving all their property to the mercy of the savages, they were conducted by their heroic guide through unfrequented routes to a place of safety

within the settlements, a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles. There was of necessity, much suffering among the young and feeble from exposure and want of proper food during the long and toilsome march. The self-sacrificing devotion of OTHER DAY in rescuing so many lives from impending destruction, was the more signal and remarkable, when one takes into account the certainty that his action in that regard would be followed by the loss of all his worldly possessions. His house, with all its contents, was soon after burned by the enraged savages, and he was but poorly remunerated by the appropriation of \$2,500 for his benefit by Congress at its next session. Like many others who showed their friendship to our government and people during the fearful scenes of 1862, by the performance of brave deeds against their own kindred in battle, OTHER DAY was left without any adequate provision for his own support and that of his family, in fact, his widow, a white woman, is now destitute of the necessities of life at her home, on the reservation near Fort Wadsworth.

During the campaign of 1862, OTHER DAY was employed by me as a scout, and he rendered good service in that capacity, as I advanced with my column of troops in search of the hostile Indians. At the crossing of the Red Wood River, OTHER DAY being some distance to the front, dismounted from his horse to examine the inside of a deserted house. After gratifying his curiosity, he issued from the building just in time to perceive his horse, bestrode by two savages, disappearing in the woods. He fired an ineffectual shot at the daring thieves, and rejoined the command on foot, in a very unenviable state of mind. I remarked to him, that I little expected any of my chosen scouts to allow themselves to be outwitted as he had been, and the quiet rebuke mortified him exceedingly, but he said he deserved it, and would endeavor to regain my good opinion whenever opportunity should offer. The pledge was promptly redeemed, for at the battle of Wood Lake, a few days afterwards, which broke the power of the enemy, OTHER DAY was conspicuous for his daring, and incurred great danger, not only from the fire of the savages, but from our own troops, who repeatedly discharged their muskets at him, mistaking him for one of the hostile Indians. He brought to me, with a

triumphant air, two horses which he had taken during the action.

With the money he received from the government, OTHER DAY purchased a farm, a few miles distant from Henderson, in Sibley county, where he resided for three or four years, but his knowledge of husbandry was too limited to enable him to succeed unaided. He finally sold his land at a sacrifice, and removed to the Sisseton and Wakpaton reservation, a few miles from Fort Wadsworth, where the U. S. Agent, Major THOMPSON, kindly built for him a commodious log house. The pre-disposition to pulmonary affections, so common among the aborigines of the Northwest, developed itself in him more than a year prior to his decease, and during the last summer he continued to decline in health, until it was deemed advisable to procure for him admission into the hospital at the Fort, if practicable. Fortunately, the warm intercession of the agent was successful in obtaining the requisite permit, and the subject of this memoir was speedily transported to the hospital, where he was placed under the professional care of Surgeon KNICKERBOCKER, of the army, who exhausted all the resources of medical skill to prolong his life. But consumption was too firmly fixed to be arrested, and OTHER DAY died from hemorrhage on the day before stated, his wife and many sympathising friends being present at his bedside. He met his fate calmly and without apprehension. Christianity had transformed him from a wild and blood-thirsty savage into a sincere and humble believer. OTHER DAY has gone to his reward, and we may indulge the confident hope, that after a long and eventful life, marked with much of both good and evil, he has been received into the rest of that Saviour in whom he had placed his trust.

I am happy to acknowledge my obligations to Major FORBES, Major THOMPSON and Dr. DANIELS, for materials furnished by them in the preparation of this memoir.

St. Paul, January 27th, 1870.

A COINCIDENCE.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE O. VAN CLEVE.

"Backward! turn backward, Oh Time! in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Take me to my early home at Fort Snelling, and help me to live over again that happy time when I knew nothing of care and sorrow, and when the sight of the dear old flag, run up each morning, to the roll of the drum, and the sentinels' call at night, "*All's well around,*" made me feel secure, and at home, even in what was then a wilderness.

Many pleasant scenes, and many startling ones, come at my call. Some are more vivid than others, and perhaps the very first distinct remembrance is the arrival of the first steamboat.¹

It had been talked of and expected for a long time; it is hard to realize in this age of rapid travelling how much interested and excited every one felt in anticipation of what was then a great event. It was to bring us into more direct and easy communication with the world, and small wonder that the prospect of being at the head of steamboat navigation should have caused excitement and rejoicing to those who had been receiving their mails at intervals of *months* instead of *hours*.

To me of course, child that I was, it only meant a sight never before witnessed, a something heard of and seen in pictures, but never realized. But even we children felt in listening to our elders, that something great was about to happen.

1. The *Virginia*, commanded by Capt. CRAWFORD, was the first steamboat which arrived at Fort Snelling. The exact date was May 10, 1823. The *Virginia* was 118 feet in length and 23 in width. Among her passengers was the Italian refugee and traveller, BELTRAMI.—W.

At last one bright summer morning, when amusing myself on the piazza in the rear of the officers' quarters, there came a sound, new and very strange! All listened a moment in awe and gratitude, and then broke out from many voices, "The steamboat is coming! the steamboat is coming!" And look! there is the smoke curling gracefully through the trees: hark! to the puffing of the steam, startling the echoes from a sleep coeval with creation. Now she rounds the point and comes into full view. I stand on tip-toe and strain my eyes, but cannot see all I long to, until Lieutenant (now General) DAVID HUNTER, my special favorite, catches me up and holds me on the balustrade; and now I clap my hands and almost cry with delight, for there she is, just landing, in all her pride and beauty, as if she felt herself the Pioneer Steamboat, and knew she would become historic.

Officers and soldiers, women and children, are hurrying down the hill; terrified Indians rush from their wigwams and look on in amazement, utterly confounded, refusing to go near what they call, the "*Bad Spirit*."

Greetings and congratulations warm and heart-felt are exchanged; and speedily the mail is opened, papers and letters are distributed; all search eagerly for news from home, and my joy is turned into grief for my friend Lieut. HUNTER, who

1. In a communication to the *St. Paul Chronicle and Register*, of April 6, 1850, the late PHILANDER PRESCOTT describes the fright of the Indians at the first steamboat:

"The Indians say they had dreamed of seeing some monster of the deep the night before, which frightened them very much. It appears they did not discover the boat until it had got into the mouth of the St. Peter's, below Mr. SIBLER'S. They stood and gazed with astonishment at what they saw approaching, taking the boat to be some angry god of the water, coughing and spouting water upwards, sideways and forward. They had not courage enough to stand until the boat came near them. The women and children took to the woods, with their hair floating behind them in the breeze, from the speed they were going, in running from supposed danger. Some of the men had a little more courage, and only moved off to a short distance from the shore, and the boat passed along and landed. Everything being quiet for a moment, the Indians came up to the boat again, and stood looking at the monster of the deep. All at once the boat began to blow off steam, and the bravest warriors could not stand this awful roaring, but took to the woods, men, women and children, with their blankets flying in the wind; some tumbling in the brush which entangled their feet as they ran away—some hallooing, some crying, to the great amusement of the people on board the steamboat."—W.

learns by the very boat, whose coming he hailed with so much pleasure, that he is fatherless. All sympathize deeply with him; few know how closely drawn together are the occupants of a frontier post, how, like one family, they hear each other's griefs and share each other's joys. But the common joy, although dampened was not destroyed, and civilities were tendered to the captain and officers of the boat, who were real gentlemen, and became great favorites at the fort.

They came again the next year, perhaps more than once, and pleasant excursion parties on the boat relieved the monotony of fort life.

The steamboat was the topic of conversation for a long time. The day of its arrival became an era from which we reckoned, and those of the first occupants of Fort Snelling who still survive, can scarcely recall a more delightful reminiscence, than the arrival of the first steamboat, in the summer of 1823.

Years passed away, childhood, with its lightheartedness, gave way to youth, and that again to womanhood; and then came middle life with its many cares, its griefs, its joys too, and its unnumbered mercies, with bright anticipations of a blessed rest from toil and pain,—when on one pleasant summer day in 1864 I find myself with a party of friends, who have come to visit Fort Snelling and its many interesting surroundings, standing side by side with my mother on the bastion of the fort, recalling days and scenes long gone by.

Leaning against the railing and contemplating the river, so beautiful from that height, she remarked to me, "Can you remember, my child, when the first steamboat came up this river?" I answered "Yes, oh! yes, most distinctly do I remember it." And then we talk of the event and recall the many pleasant things connected with it; when lo! a whistle, and the loud puffing and snorting of the iron horse! Capt. Newson standing near and listening to our conversation, exclaimed, pointing over to Mendota, "And there goes the first train of cars that ever started out from Fort Snelling!"

Hushed and breathless we gaze at the fast vanishing train, feeling, as we stand there, we two alone, of all who saw that other great event, *over forty years ago*, like links connecting the buried past with the living present.

And we would fain weep, as we think of those who stood beside us then, now long since passed away—but living, loving friends are about us, and we will not let our sadness mar their pleasure, so down in the depths of our hearts we hide these tender recollections to indulge in when we are alone.

I look long at the beautiful river, and think as it ripples and laughs in the sun-light, that, could our ears catch the language of its murmurings, we should hear,

“Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.”

St. Anthony, 1869.

MEMOIR OF HON. JAS. W. LYND.

BY REV. S. R. RIGGS.

In compliance with a request from the Executive Council of the Minnesota Historical Society, I have arranged the following imperfect sketch of Mr. LYND.

A letter from his father, Rev. S. W. LYND, now of Cincinnati, Ohio, together with what appears to be an editorial "In Memoriam," which appeared in the *Louisville Journal* of October, 1862, contains all the information concerning Mr. LYND's early life that I have been able to obtain.

JAMES W. LYND was born on the 25th of November, 1830. His father was Rev. S. W. LYND, D. D., an eminent Baptist clergyman. His birthplace was Baltimore, Maryland; but afterwards the family removed to Kentucky; for the next we hear of him he is a youth in Covington.

"There was nothing peculiar in him in his boyhood, except an obvious love of the beautiful in nature and art, and a mind of more than ordinary delicacy and taste. But he was not fond of school, and was at an early age, having acquired a tolerable English education, placed in a store, where he obtained a knowledge of business, and subsequently became a clerk in the office of an insurance company, with quite a large salary for a young man not twenty years of age, and with the promise of an annual increase."

Another chronicle says, "Inheriting equally from his learned and now venerable father, and his noble and accomplished mother, a *physique* at once vigorous and refined, and a native spirit correspondingly dauntless and susceptible, he was constitutionally a pioneer, a scholar, and a poet."

The following is given as a sample of his poetical abilities as developed during his school life :

HERODOTUS.

The graces on a summer day
Were sporting merrily at play,
When thus, the sporting o'er, did say
 The fair Euphrosyne :
" Sisters mine, sisters mine,
 By brook and bower, dale and dell,
Sisters mine, sisters mine,
 I have a pleasant tale to tell :
As o'er the fields I chanced to stray,
Singing of our frolics gay,
And tripping softly on my way,
 As light as light could be,
Sisters mine, sisters mine,
What think you that I saw,
Beneath the creeping eglantine,
 And stately dahlia?—
A youth of golden locks, and brow
Whiter than purest crystal snow,
The shady trees and vines below,
 Smiling in slumber lay ;
His locks strayed o'er his glowing cheek,
His lips apart seemed most to speak ;
What did I to the blooming Greek?
 Fair sisters shall I say ?
I crowned his brows with myrtles green,
His parted lips my rod between
I placed, and well endowed I ween,
 The youth with eloquence ;
I touched the bosom of the youth,
And in his inmost heart, forsooth,
Arose that burning love of truth
 That burns without pretence ;
I kissed his brow as he reclined,
And made him, as the gods designed,
A mighty and immortal mind !
 Say, sisters, did I well?"

Of Mr. LYND's education it is said he received it "under his father's excellent auspices." From his father's statement it appears that, although "not fond of school when a boy," after being engaged as clerk in the insurance office for a year or more, he woke up to the importance of learning, and "resolved

to educate himself." He now commenced his studies under the supervision of the professors in the Western Baptist Institute in Covington, Kentucky. "Here he made himself quite a good Latin scholar and a mathematician." He excelled especially in geometry. "His professor in geometry regarded him as the best geometrician he had ever met with in his teaching." This was not unmeaning praise.

In the spring of 1857, I think it was, I first met with Mr. LYND, under somewhat singular circumstances. I was returning home to Hazlewood from Saint Peter, in the month of April, in company with Mr. W. W. ELLISON and his sister. We found the Redwood stream so swollen by recent rains that it was impossible to effect a crossing that afternoon. It was still raining and we had a fine prospect for a wet night. We sought shelter from the storm at the government mill then at the falls of the Redwood. Sometime after night "WE-CHA-HA-NA-PIN,"—*Raccoon Collar*,—as the Dakotas called Mr. LYND, sought the same shelter. And as he and others slept in the loft above, we heard him discussing mathematical questions until a late hour of the night.

But to return to his school days:—His father says, "During this time he gave much of his attention to literary acquirements, intending to devote his life to literary pursuits. He became, through his own untiring industry, and almost entirely self-taught, a very fine performer on the piano." While the *Louisville Journal* says, he was "deeply and naturally imbued with an unpretending, but soul-absorbing love of all that is romantic and beautiful in life; he was a worshipper of art, a proficient in music, and not only a *connoisseur* of polite letters, but himself, although he had published little, a gifted and industrious producer."

He is said to have taken "peculiar pleasure in studying the character" of the Indians. With an enthusiasm for the wild and picturesque that knew no bounds, he became, long before his removal to Minnesota, singularly interested in the Indian character, and constantly availed himself of every opportunity and resource to acquaint himself with the legends, traditions, languages and ethnology of the aborigines. He covered the walls of his apartments in college with Indian words." The

writer goes on to say; "and learned to speak the language, or rather languages of the Dakotas, with the fluency and idiomatic intonations of the natives themselves."

This seems to refer to the time previous to his coming to Minnesota; but even referring it to his attainments in after years, it must be regarded as the judgment of a friend who had never learned to speak an Indian language. I have heard a great many white men talk Dakota, but I have yet to hear one, in all respects, talk it "with the fluency and idiomatic intonations of the natives." Mr. LYND, previous to his death, spoke the language too well to have made such a claim for himself. But it is proper for me to say, that he did speak the Dakota language very fluently, and doubtless understood its grammatical construction better than most white men in the country.

"He was always of a retiring disposition, keeping his own counsel, and tender and kind in all his intercourse with others." This is the father's testimony. It seems that he did not keep his friends very well informed of his circumstances after he left home.

There is some difficulty in determining the exact time when Mr. LYND came to Minnesota. His father gives 1850. But that must be a mistake, as he was then only twenty years old, and it was in his twentieth year he commenced to obtain his education. The writer in the *Louisville Journal*, says: "With all the enthusiasm of a voyageur, and the indefatigableness of an antiquary, he removed nine years ago directly into the midst of those whom he so much loved to study." This would place his arrival in Minnesota in the year 1853, which better agrees with the statements made in regard to his education.

"Settling at *Traverse des Sioux*," says the *Journal*, "he renewed his investigations with more ardor than ever, mingling constantly with the Indians. Systematically gathering and arranging the varied and abundant materials thus accumulated, he at length condensed his laborious researches into a most interesting and carefully-prepared manuscript volume, which we have had the pleasure of examining, and which, if published, would, we have no doubt, prove a very valuable contribution to

our obscure knowledge of this disinherited and vanishing race."

As the Indians were removed from the Traverse des Sioux country about this time of 1853, Mr. LYND probably did not remain long there. For several years he was, to some extent, engaged in the fur trade, and was connected with the BROWNS. My understanding was that he was a partner with NATHANIEL BROWN. While in this business he resided at various points, but chiefly at the Lower Sioux Agency and at Henderson.

Following the example of others in the trade, and especially of those with whom he was more especially connected, Mr. LYND, soon after he came into the country, took MARY NAPAYSHUE, a very respectable and educated Indian girl. She had been raised in one of the mission families, and could read and speak English quite well. By this connection she has two beautiful, light-haired, fair-skinned girls, the eldest of which must be now eight or nine years old. Mr. LYND was frequently urged to marry this woman, and at times he expressed his wish and determination to do so, but he did not do it. It is believed that this course commended itself to his better nature, but the influence of others was against it. Some time before the outbreak, he abandoned MARY and attached himself to another woman, by whom also he had a child. This boy betrayed his paternity, and the mother was proud of it. While the Indian camp was at Fort Snelling, during the winter after the outbreak, this boy was baptized JAMES LYND.

I need hardly say that this custom of taking Indian girls by white men never received our countenance; and if I could conscientiously have done it, it would have been more pleasant for me to ignore these facts rather than record them. But however censurable this course was, it certainly gave him advantages of learning the Dakota inner and outer life superior, in some respect, to those enjoyed by us missionaries.

Under the auspices of Mr. J. R. BROWN, a weekly paper was, for several years, published at Henderson, Minn., called the *Henderson Democrat*. As its name indicates it was on the Democratic side in politics as opposed to the Republican. Of this paper Mr. LYND acted as editor for nearly a year I believe, and conducted it with more ability than ordinarily characterized

it. But in the preparation for the great struggle of 1860, which terminated in the ascendancy of the Republican party both in the State and nation, Mr. LYND changed his politics, and came out on the winning side. Soon after the declaration of this change in his political faith, he retired from the editor's chair, and being taken up by his new friends, he was elected to the State Senate, from the district in which are Sibley and Nicollet counties.

During his senatorial term of two years, Mr. LYND is understood to have applied himself to the interests of his constituents in such a manner as to give general satisfaction. In the first winter a law was enacted enfranchising educated Indians, which obtained Mr. LYND's cordial and energetic support. Of his labors during this period, some of Mr. LYND's co-legislators could give a much more worthy account than it is possible for me to do.

One of these winters he was invited to deliver the annual address before the Historical Society of Minnesota. On this occasion [Jan. 21, 1861] he entertained his audience with the substance of one of the chapters in his then nearly finished work on the "History, Legends, Traditions, Language, and Religion of the Dakotas."

This work, it appears, was projected by Mr. LYND before he came to Minnesota; and his coming among the Dakotas was for the purpose of carrying out this life-plan.

In our circle at Yellow Medicine, it was understood that it was finished and ready for the press, in the spring before the outbreak. But for some reasons not known to us, his mission to the East, as we supposed for the purpose of finding a publisher, was not then successful.

At the time of the outbreak, this manuscript appears to have been in the store of N. MYRICK & Co., where Mr. LYND was then stopping. Before the store was burned it was plundered by the Indians. These rolls of manuscript were probably carried out in some trunk, and then thrown away in the ravine, as being of no value to them. Many months afterwards they were found by some soldiers who were employed at the saw-mill in that neighborhood. Already greatly mutilated, and some of the chapters lost, they suffered still more in the hands

of the soldiers, who commenced using them for gun-wadding. This process of destruction was stopped by Captain SHEPHERD, then of Fort Ridgely, and after a correspondence with the writer of this notice, the remaining part of the manuscript, containing some chapters almost entire and also valuable portions of chapters, was placed in the keeping of the Historical Society.

On the morning of August the 18th, 1862, at the Lower Sioux Agency, was commenced that fearful burst of savage fury which swept over the border land of Minnesota, and depopulated for a time twenty counties. And JAMES W. LYND was the first man killed that morning. As we have already said, he was then making his headquarters at the store of N. MYRICK & Co., awaiting the payment. The sun had scarcely risen on the morning of that bloody day, when the Indians from LITTLE SIX's band on the Redwood, from LITTLE CROW's and the other villages between that and the agency, commenced gathering, all painted, and ready for their contemplated work. It was to commence at MYRICK's store. In front of that was the principal gathering.

To account to white men for their being *painted and armed*, they said there were Chippewas in the country, and they were going to hunt them. It is believed that the deception was perfect. Until the attack commenced the white men did not suspect it. Some Indians also were deceived in the same way.

According to testimony given before a military commission, the killing was commenced in this way: Mr. DIVOL, MYRICK's clerk, was out in the stable yard, coming towards the house. Mr. LYND was standing in the end door of the store, looking out towards the stables. Two Indians, with double-barrelled guns, entered the store by the front door, and shot Mr. LYND in the back. He fell out of the door, and is supposed to have died in a few minutes.

This was the end of his earthly life. Many others suffered more on that day than he did. The firing of these guns was the signal for commencing the work of death at all the stores and at the agency buildings.

Mr. LYND's being the first victim is not supposed to have been the result of any special hatred towards him on the part of the

Indians. According to the testimony of Indians and half-breeds, ANDREW MYRICK had recently made himself peculiarly obnoxious, and this was the reason why they had agreed to commence at that store. And as they had before determined to kill all white men, Mr. LYND was shot first because he presented the first and best mark.

As a gentlemanly man, as a kind and accommodating friend and neighbor, as an intelligent and interesting companion, and as one really enthusiastic in his interest in the Indians' present and future, JAMES W. LYND will be remembered by many in his adopted State of Minnesota.

St. Anthony, Jun. 27, 1865.

THE DAKOTA MISSION.

BY REV. S. R. RIGGS.

In the chronicles of Fort Snelling, published by the Minnesota Historical Society in 1865, mention is made of a visit to that post on the 1st of September, 1829, by the Rev. ALVIN COE, accompanied by Mr. J. D. STEVENS. They came on an exploring tour, with the view of establishing Protestant missions among the Chippewas and Dakotas.

But the Dakota mission was not commenced until several years afterwards.

In this same Fort Snelling chronicle it is recorded that, "in the year 1834, SAMUEL W. and GIDEON H. POND arrived, and offered their services for the benefit of the Sioux, and were sent out to the Agent's agricultural colony at Lake Calhoun." These brothers POND were young men from Washington, Conn., and are still honored residents of Minnesota. They built a log cabin near the Indian village, on a high bluff on the lake shore.

During this summer of 1834, THOS. S. WILLIAMSON, of Ripley, Ohio, received from the Am. Board a commission "to proceed on an exploring tour among the Indians of the Upper Mississippi."

In the spring following, Doctor WILLIAMSON, with Mrs. WILLIAMSON and one child, left Ripley to remove to the land of the Dakotas. He was accompanied by Mr. ALEX. G. HUGGINS, as missionary farmer, with his wife and two children. Miss SARAH POAGE, a sister of Mrs. WILLIAMSON, who afterwards became the first Mrs. G. H. POND, made one of the party, as teacher. They reached Fort Snelling on the 16th of May, 1835.

On the 30th of the same month, JEDEDIAH D. STEVENS, now a minister of the gospel, who was here with Mr. COE, nearly six years before, arrived with his family. A niece of Mr. STEVENS, Miss LUCY CORNELIA STEVENS, accompanied them as teacher. She was afterwards married to Mr. GAVIN, one of the Swiss missionaries.

On the second Sabbath of June, a Presbyterian church was organized in one of the company rooms of the fort, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered. Of this church, Captain, now Colonel GUSTAVUS LOOMIS, and (now) Gen. H. H. SIBLEY, were elected ruling elders.

Mr. STEVENS commenced a mission station at Lake Harriet; and on the 23d of June, Dr. WILLIAMSON and his party left the fort for Lac qui Parle, in company with JOSEPH RENVILLE, the trader at that place.

The first years of the mission at both stations were spent in erecting buildings, in acquiring the language, and in teaching such as were at first found willing to learn.

At Lake Harriet, Mr. STEVENS commenced and carried on for several years a small boarding school, which resulted in educating and preparing for greater usefulness several half-breed girls.

At Lac qui Parle some were taught in the English language, but more learned to read in the Dakota. Some progress was made in collecting words for a vocabulary and in obtaining translations of portions of Scripture. These were obtained by Dr. WILLIAMSON through Mr. RENVILLE. The process was by reading the French and then writing down the Dakota as given by Mr. R.

In the spring of 1836, Mr. GIDEON H. POND went to Lac qui Parle to assist in manual labor and teaching. In the autumn of that year, Mr. S. W. POND returned to his native place in Connecticut, where he was licensed and ordained as an evangelist to preach to the Indians. In the following spring he returned and again took up his abode chiefly with the Lake Calhoun Indians, residing at the Lake Harriet Station.

On the first day of June, 1837, S. R. RIGGS and his wife MARY A. L. RIGGS, reached Fort Snelling, and were kindly received by Lieut. OGDEN and his wife, who was the daughter

of then Maj. LOOMIS. For the next three months they were domiciled in an upper room of the school house at the Lake Harriet Station.

"The situation of the mission houses is very beautiful, on a little eminence just upon the shore of a lovely lake skirted with trees. Beyond, towards the fort, commences a finely undulating prairie which reaches to the rivers. About a mile north of us is Lake Calhoun, on the margin of which is an Indian village of about twenty *teepees*. Most of these are bark houses twenty feet square, and others are tents of skins."

The following extract from a letter written at the time will show something of first impressions:

"The most singular ornament I have seen was a large striped snake fastened among the painted hair, feathers and ribbons of an Indian's head dress, in such a manner that it could coil around in front, and dart out its snaky head or creep down the back at pleasure. The Indian sat perfectly at ease, apparently enjoying the astonishment and fear manifested by some of the family."

An interesting fact is related of Mrs. PERSIS DENTAN as having occurred early in this spring of 1887. Mrs. DENTAN was formerly Miss SKINNER, of the Mackinaw mission, but married Mr. DENTAN, one of the Swiss missionaries, who came to preach the gospel to the Dakotas.

Mr. DENTAN was taken sick at Fort Snelling. Mrs. D. heard of it, and as soon as the ice was out of the Mississippi, she procured a canoe, and with two Indian women to paddle, came up a hundred miles, sleeping on the snow-covered ground two nights.

About the first of September, Doctor WILLIAMSON and Mr. POND came down from Lac qui Parle; and Mr. and Mrs. RIGGS returned with them, reaching the mission band at the "Lake that Speaks," on the thirteenth.

On Thursday, the 2d day of November, Mr. G. H. POND and Miss SARAH POAGE were married. Mr. POND on this occasion followed the injunction of the Saviour: "When thou makest a feast call not thy friends and thy rich neighbors, but call the poor and the lame and the blind." It was a novel wedding

supper, and with glad hearts they dished out and ate the potatoes and turnips and pork.

A native mission church had been organized nearly two years before by Dr. WILLIAMSON, and at this time numbered about fifteen, with A. G. HUGGINS, G. H. POND, and Mr. RENVILLE, as ruling elders. For many years the majority of the native church members were women. Some time after, this fact was brought up by the Indian men as an objection, that our church was an assembly of women. We ought to have waited and taken the men in first.

Late in October of 1838, Dr. WILLIAMSON and his wife started for Ohio. He had obtained the Gospel of Mark in the Dakota language, together with fugitive chapters from other parts of the Bible. Also he took with him the manuscript for a school book. Although not exactly the first printing done in the language, these were the first books that did much service in the mission. Heretofore teaching had been done chiefly by means of lessons printed by hand.

At Lake Harriet mission station, on the 22d of November, 1838, SAMUEL WILLIAM POND was married to Miss CORDELIA EGGLESTON, who was a sister of Mrs. J. D. STEVENS. And in the spring of 1839, Miss LUCY CORNELIA STEVENS was married to Rev. DANIEL GAVIN. For a while Mr. and Mrs. GAVIN resided at Red Wing and then removed to East Canada, where they labored for the French population.

Early in the spring of 1839, Mr. G. H. POND removed with his family from Lac qui Parle, making a canoe voyage down the Minnesota, and established himself in connection with his brother at Lake Harriet, to labor again with the Lake Calhoun band. About this time Mr. STEVENS left the service of the board and removed to Wabashaw, and then to Prairie du Chien.

The winter of 1838 and '39 was remarkable for a religious excitement. More than usual interest was felt and manifested—the meetings were larger than before—and ten women were added to the church at Lac qui Parle. The next summer was somewhat noted for an unsuccessful war party which *made a path* to the Chippewa country; and coming home without *scalps*, they laid the blame to the prayers of the mission, and *took vengeance on our cattle*.

Protestant missions carry with them the plough and the loom. From the beginning it had been a part of our work to make more than two stalks of corn grow where one grew before. And the Indians themselves being witnesses, we had helped them to raise a much more plentiful supply of corn and afterwards of potatoes.

Mrs. HUGGINS was mistress of the spinning wheel, and introduced the Dakota women and girls into the mysteries of twisting flax and wool. In the autumn of 1838 they commenced to knit socks and stockings. But not until a year later, or towards the close of 1839, did they try their skill in weaving. On a loom made and put into operation by Mr. HUGGINS, two Dakota women and two girls wove for themselves each enough of *linsey* for a *short gown*—in all ten or twelve yards. *This was doubtless the first cloth made in Minnesota.* For several years education in domestic manufactures was continued, more for the purpose of showing the Indians how such things were done, than with the expectation of getting the wheel and the loom domiciled among them.

During the first years of the mission at Lac qui Parle, "the church" was literally "in the house." Dr. WILLIAMSON had built a story and a half log house, one end of the lower part of which was devoted to school and Sabbath meetings. When the congregations increased, the partition between this and Doctor W.'s living rooms, was made into doors, and so a larger assembly was accommodated.

In the summer of 1841, a church was built of unburnt bricks, which stood for thirteen years, until the station was removed to Hazlewood. This building was surmounted by a bell, which was the first bell so used in Minnesota.

About this time we received our first male members from the full-blood Dakotas. By this our people there were subjected to a species of persecution which is difficult to bear. When SIMON ANA-WANYMANE, after professing Christianity, put on the white man's dress and went to work, he had in the estimation and language of the Indians, "made himself a woman."

Owing to the war with the Chippewas and the exposed position of the Indians at Lake Calhoun, they abandoned this

place and removed over to the Minnesota. But for some time they were unsettled. The Mr. PONDs accordingly left Lake Harriet in the spring of 1840, and for a while lived in the stone house near Fort Snelling, known as the "Baker House." It was not until 1843 that they were able to build at Oak Grove and again reside among the same Indians. With these lower Indians there were always many opposing forces, and God's truth made but little progress.

In the summer of 1842, Mr. and Mrs. RIGGS "visited the States," as we called it then. What we regarded then as a very good translation of the Gospel of John had been procured through MR. RENVILLE. Mr. G. H. POND had translated Luke, and Mr. RIGGS had translated The Acts and Paul's Epistles with the Revelation of John. Added to this we had a portion of the Psalms and Dr. WILLIAMSON's translation of Genesis. Besides, our hymns in the Dakota Language had now accumulated so as to be quite a work to write off. Then we needed some school books. All of these being prepared for the press, the object of this visit on East was to have the books printed. The printing was done partly in Boston and partly in Cincinnati.

In this year Mr. S. W. POND removed up to Lac qui Parle and Dr. WILLIAMSON came down to the stone house, which places they continued to occupy until the year following, when they both returned.

About this time the contest on the *polygamy question* was at its height. It was quite a common thing for the principal Dakota men to have more than one wife. In several instances two wives of one man had been received to the church at Lac qui Parle. It was not perceived that we could adopt any rule excluding either of them. And when the man came he pleaded that he had done this in a state of ignorance—that to put one away would subject the woman to difficulties and expose her to temptations, and that he wished to keep the mother for the sake of the children. He pleaded also the example of Solomon and David and Jacob and Abraham. The question had its difficulties. The missionaries did not exactly harmonize in their views. But finally it was worked out, and no man having

more than one woman was recognized as a member of the mission church.

The spring of 1843 was marked by an addition to the working force of the mission. Several years before, Miss FANNY HUGGINS had joined the family of her brother at Lac qui Parle, and had actively engaged in teaching. Now Miss JANE S. WILLIAMSON joined her brother's family, for the same purpose. Mr. ROBERT HOPKINS also and his then youthful wife joined the mission, and were associated with Mr. RIGGS and family in the formation of a new station at Traverse des Sioux.

Here was experienced our first great sorrow. THOMAS L. LONGLEY, a brother of Mrs. RIGGS, who had come out, in the strength of his opening manhood, to assist in erecting buildings at the new station, was drowned in the Minnesota River on the 15th day of July. And by a strange coincidence, in July eight years afterwards, Mr. HOPKINS was to be drowned not far from the same place.

About this time and for eight years afterwards the influence of St. Paul town became great over the Dakota Indians; but it was in the way of furnishing them with *fire water*. And the new station at Traverse des Sioux felt the effects of this more than other villages, being on the great route westward.

Also in these years, as they passed, the opposition to schools seemed to increase. The provision for education which had been inserted in the treaty of 1837-8, proved only an obstacle in the way of education; as unprincipled white men could persuade the Indians that if they sent their children to school, the missionaries would get their money. It was evident that there were men among them who desired, for some reason, to keep the Indians in ignorance. The *wakan* men among the Indians also were afraid for the supremacy of their *stone gods*. They were willing to entertain the Great Spirit or the white man's God, and give him a place *among* the gods; but he must not assume the first place even. On the other hand Christianity could make no compromise. It required the whole heart and the whole life for Jesus.

So the mission worked on; sometimes in gladness and sometimes in sadness. There were times at Lac qui Parle when the soldiers (Dakotas) stopped the children from coming to school

and the women from coming to church. But at every such time some one was raised up to withstand the power of heathenism. Sometimes a portion of the Indians would determine on sending away the missionaries; but another party was sure to rise, in a few days, to withstand them. Thus JEHOVAH brought to nought the counsels of the heathen.

In the mean time His word was taking root. Some were learning to read and write. The number of native church members was increased slowly; and there were many who were feeling their way up to a higher civilization.

In the autumn of 1846 the mission held its annual meeting at Traverse des Sioux. This was one of the most important gatherings of the mission. A few months before LITTLE CROW had made application to Dr. WILLIAMSON, through the agent, to come and live at his village of Kaposia a few miles below St. Paul. After several days' discussion of that and kindred subjects connected with the mission, it was decided that Dr. WILLIAMSON accept the invitation and remove down immediately. This change made it necessary to send Mr. RIGGS and family back to Lac qui Parle. Mr. HUGGINS was to come down to the Traverse and Mr. JONAS PETTJOHN, who had joined the mission that year and married Miss FANNY HUGGINS, was to remain at Lac qui Parle as missionary farmer.

Previous to this time Mr. JOSEPH RENVILLE¹ had died. He had been of great service to the mission in many ways. Could it prosper without him?

In the spring following, that is the spring of 1847, at a meeting of the Dakota Presbytery held at Oak Grove, our preaching force was increased by the licensure of G. H. POND and ROBERT HOPKINS. They both talked the Dakota language and understood Dakota customs. Mr. POND had now been among them thirteen years.

In the summer of 1848 our force was further increased by the arrival of Rev. MOSES N. ADAMS and JOHN F. AITON with their wives. JOSEPH W. HANCOCK also came to the Red Wing station, and was afterwards licensed by the Dakota Presbytery. Rev. JOSHUA POTTER also was transferred to this field from the

1. A biographical sketch of Mr. RENVILLE is given in the *Annals of the Minnesota Historical Society* for 1856, page 104.—W.

Choctaws. Mr. POND and Mr. HOPKINS were ordained. Mr. S. W. POND had before this commenced a station at LITTLE SIX's village at Shakopee. We were now occupying six stations, and strong in men. Mr. ADAMS went to Lac qui Parle to learn the language, and Mr. AITON was placed at Red Wing, while Mr. POTTER spent a year at Traverse des Sioux.

Still although strong in laborers and occupying so many stations, the progress was slow, and the opposition great. There was no point where the gospel took root as it did at Lac qui Parle. There were a few church members at each of the stations, and occasionally a man who was not ashamed to be, partly at least, identified with the new religion; but heathenism was everywhere the ruling element; and nowhere, except at Lac qui Parle, was there any considerable front of opposition against it. Many of the Dakotas desired to have a missionary resident at their village, because it brought them temporal advantages in various ways, but they sought not as yet the higher blessings which the gospel brings.

By and by came the year 1851. This was memorable for various things—chiefly for the treaties that were made that year with the Dakotas and the results that followed. While they were gathering at Traverse des Sioux to make the first treaty of the summer, Mr. HOPKINS was drowned. He went out to bathe on the morning of the 4th of July, and returned not again.

Before this time Mr. POTTER had left the Dakotas and gone to the New York Indians.

The treaties of this year resulted in the removal of all the lower villages of Dakotas up the Minnesota River. Both the Mr. PONDS remained where they were, and preached to the white people who came in. So also did Mr. HANCOCK. Mr. ADAMS removed from Lac qui Parle to Traverse des Sioux in 1853, and organized a church there among the white people. Mr. HUGGINS and Mr. PETTICORN also withdrew from the service of the board. While Dr. WILLIAMSON and his family removed up to the Yellow Medicine and commenced there a new station.

In the fall of 1851, Mr. RIGGS visited New York city to superintend the printing of the Dakota Grammar and Diction-

ary, which was done by Smithsonian Institute, "under the patronage of the Historical Society of Minnesota."

In the spring of 1854, the mission buildings at Lac qui Parle were burned to the ground. Thereupon the station was removed to Hazlewood, in the neighborhood of the Yellow Medicine. The preaching force was now reduced to Doctor WILLIAMSON and Mr. RIGGS. But the changed circumstances of the Indians and the gathering of the civilized element together, now conspired to growth and development. The seeds which had been sown in previous years now commenced to germinate and to show themselves in a new life. The number of men who had changed their dress and adopted the white man's had so increased, that by forming a coalition with certain half-breeds they formed an independent band and elected their own president, who was recognized as a chief by the agent.

The churches of Hazlewood and Pajutaze both grew in numbers and in character. At the new station at Hazlewood a neat church building was erected in the year 1855, costing about \$700—more than two-thirds of which was raised by the Indians and their friends in the county. Many of these men, who constituted the Hazlewood Republic, built for themselves, with some assistance, comfortable frame and log houses.

The Government came in now and encouraged agriculture and the change of dress in the men. It required a good deal of courage, and some outside pressure also to get a man up to the point of parting with his hair and putting on pantaloons. But steadily the work went on, not without opposition it is true. Even LITTLE CROW often talked of becoming a white man, but there were always reasons which prevented.

The Christian element among the Dakotas was chiefly gathered into the churches of Pajutaze and Hazlewood. A few were at the Lower Sioux Agency, and a few at the villages higher up on the Minnesota.

In the summer of 1859, JOHN P. WILLIAMSON, then a student of Lane Seminary, Ohio, was licensed to preach the gospel by the Dakota Presbytery. And in the autumn of the next year he returned to Dakota land and commenced a station at the Lower Agency. A small church was organized there during the two years that followed, and a neat church building erected.

So the work progressed until the time of the outbreak in 1862. We then had three church organizations, containing an aggregate of about sixty-five native members, more than a third of whom were males. We had also commodious houses of worship, which were generally well filled on the Sabbath. We had been educating them in benevolent effort, and for several years their contributions to foreign missions would compare favorably with those of churches in Christian lands.

We had also at this time a boarding school, at the Hazlewood Station, in which and in the other mission families were from eighteen to twenty scholars. Many of these had already learned to read and write and talk English. Mr. H. D. CUNNINGHAM was the steward of the boarding school.

This was the state of the mission when in an unexpected hour the outbreak of August, 1862, burst upon us. There had been murmurings and surgings—there had been difficulties which were hardly quite overcome. And perhaps we ought to have foreseen the storm. But we did not. Providentially Mr. JOHN P. WILLIAMSON had ten days before started on to Ohio. Being stationed at the Lower Agency, where the killing commenced, he might have been in more danger than we were up at the Yellow Medicine. But we all escaped safely—protected by the shield of God. Mr. AMOS W. HUGGINS, a son of the associate of Dr. WILLIAMSON at Lac qui Parle, was killed by the Indians at that same Lac qui Parle. He was employed as a government teacher. A good man, who had a heart and a hand to labor for the Dakotas, he has gone to his reward.

The weeks that followed the 18th of August, 1862, were dark weeks. The Dakota mission was broken up—the missionaries had been obliged to flee, and they had escaped only with the skin of their teeth—the mission houses and churches all plundered and burned to the ground—and the native church members scattered, perhaps worse than that—drawn or forced into the rebellion. White men said the Dakota mission was a failure—that if our teachings had been right, they would have prevented such an outbreak. We were dumb, because thou, LORD, didst it!

But the vindication was coming. Even now JOHN OTHER DAY, a member of Dr. WILLIAMSON's church had helped away *sixty-two* persons from the Agency at the Yellow Medicine.

Our missionary party of *forty-three* were indebted for our escape to our Christian Indians, to an extent that we did not know of then. And while the troops under Gen. SIBLEY were at Fort Ridgely, making preparations to advance, SIMON ANAWANYMANE came into our lines with a white woman and three children who had been taken captive by the hostile Sioux. SIMON was an elder in the Hazlewood church. A few days after this LORENZO LAWRENCE, a member of the same church, brought down by canoes Mrs. DECAMP and her children and also a half-breed family. And when the battle of Wood Lake had been fought and our troops reached "Camp Release," nearly one hundred captive white women and children were delivered up. The majority of these were in the hands of the Christian Indians—having been procured from the hostile party by purchase or otherwise. It further appeared that the members of our churches had, with but a few exceptions, kept themselves aloof from participation in the uprising. But that was not all. It was moreover satisfactorily established that they had, from the beginning, resisted and withstood the rebellion, and they were the nucleus around which gathered and strengthened the counter revolution, which gave success to our campaign.

So God's word and work were vindicated. But He had mercies along with the judgments, in store for the Dakotas. And these mercies could come to them only by breaking down their pride and casting them down to the ground.

Of the men who came into our hands by the surrender at Camp Release, more than three-fourths were Mdewakantonwans or Lower Sioux, who had generally refused education and the new religion. But now in their distress, they not only acknowledged the superior power of the white man, but their religion had been at fault—the gods had failed them. The education which they had before despised, they now gladly accepted. The prison at Mankato in the winter of 1862-3, was turned into a great school room. Among the prisoners were a few who had learned to read and write their own language. These became the teachers of the more than three hundred men confined there. In a few weeks two-thirds of these men had so far learned to read and write that they were writing letters

to their families and friends at Fort Snelling. And what was done in the prison was done also in the camp. But the educational movement in the camp, among the women and children at Fort Snelling, was not so universal and absorbing as at Mankato. More readers of the word of God were made during this one winter, than had been made by the combined efforts of the mission for more than a quarter of a century. We looked on and said, "How easy it is for God to work."

Along with this educational movement was another still more remarkable. Dr. WILLIAMSON had commenced visiting and preaching to the convicts immediately after they were brought down to Mankato. A good deal of interest was manifested. Some individuals indicated a determination to change their religion. But it was not until after the executions that any general and deep interest was manifested. The Sabbath after the executions was the first time the prisoners were let out into the prison yard. They were still chained two and two together, except a few who had been for special reasons unchained. There was snow on the ground. But in that prison yard they gathered around Mr. RIGGS, and stood a great congregation to praise Jehovah and to pray unto him and hear his word.

The interest increased. Dr. WILLIAMSON continued to visit them. About mid-winter Mr. G. H. POND received an invitation, from Indians with whom he was acquainted years before, to visit them in prison. He went up and spent a week or ten days at Mankato. During this time frequent daily meetings were held in the prison by Dr. WILLIAMSON and Mr. POND. The whole multitude then and there abdicated their old religion and embraced the gospel. They wished to be baptized. And the brethren, after consultation with Mr. HICKS, the Presbyterian minister in Mankato, and subjecting them to such examination and instruction as was possible with such a number, proceeded to baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, about two hundred and fifty persons. Some, who preferred the Episcopal service, preferred to be baptized by Mr. HINMAN. A few others were afterwards baptized by us.

During the winter there was a somewhat similar religious movement in the camp at Fort Snelling. JOHN P. WILLIAMSON

was with them constantly and Mr. Riggs occasionally. Nearly one hundred persons were duly examined and received to the sealing ordinances of the church in the camp. A number also became connected with the Episcopalians.

"So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

In the spring of 1863, the camp at Fort Snelling were, with the exception of about twenty families, removed to the Missouri River and located at Fort Thompson. The families exempted from removal to the Missouri were taken up to the frontier—the men to be employed as scouts for the military. In this company are PAUL and SIMON and A. RENVILLE and NAPA-SHNE-DOOTE, four of the six elders of our mission churches. JOHN B. RENVILLE, another elder, removed with his family to St. Anthony.

The prisoners at Mankato were transferred to Camp McClellan, at Davenport, Iowa.

Within the nearly two years that have since passed about one hundred more have, at various places, but chiefly at the prison and at Fort Thompson, been received to church fellowship. So that now, deducting for deaths and backsliders, there are about four hundred Dakotas who are connected with our mission church.

Young Mr. WILLIAMSON has identified himself with the work on the Missouri, and has for his assistants at Fort Thompson, Mr. EDWARD POND, son of Mr. G. H. POND, who married MARY FRANCES HOPKINS, daughter of Mr. R. HOPKINS, who was drowned at Traverse des Sioux.

The wonderful progress in education made since the outbreak has created a large demand for books, which for a time we could poorly meet. But several books have recently been prepared and electrotyped, which will give them a better supply than they have had before.

There are, first, a new School Primer; second, a Dakota Catechism; third, Precept upon Precept, translated by Mr. JOHN RENVILLE; and lastly, The New Testament, with the books of Genesis and Proverbs from the Old.

What the future will be we cannot tell. But we can safely say, thus far the Dakota mission has not been a failure. The LORD has wrought wonderfully for His own Name's sake.

St. Anthony, February, 1865.

INDIAN WARFARE IN MINNESOTA.

BY REV. S. W. POND.

The following is a brief account of the battles fought between the Dakotas of the Mississippi and Minnesota and their enemies, and the numbers killed on both sides in the course of ten years, commencing in 1835. It is not a relation of events of great importance in themselves, but it is a fragment of Minnesota history, and may, at some future time be read with more interest than at present. I consider it of little value except as it may afford some help to any who may hereafter wish to form a correct idea of the nature and ordinary results of Indian warfare.

This paper is little more than a copy of a record which I kept for many years, of the number of Dakotas killed by their enemies, and the number of their enemies killed by them, so far as it could be ascertained. There may have been some killed of whom I have no account,—probably there were,—but not many. Whenever an Indian was killed by a war party, the event, with the attending circumstances, was soon reported throughout the country, and for a long time furnished an interesting topic of conversation. And the report was generally correct, for the Indians were not in the habit of concealing their own loss, nor of exaggerating that of the enemy.

The memorandum which I kept would have been made more full and interesting, if I had had any thoughts of making it public. Some defects in it I must supply from memory, and there may be some inaccuracies in this paper. I do not intend to have it contain any grave errors, and shall not draw on my imagination for the sake of making it interesting.

In recording the losses by war I shall give the number killed in each year by itself, beginning with

1835.—In June, a party of Chippewas coming down the Mississippi on a peaceable visit to Fort Snelling, were waylaid and one of their number killed by the Dakotas. The murderers were arrested the next spring by the military at Fort Snelling.

1836.—In March, a war party from Red Wing killed one Chippewa. About the same time a Sac Indian was killed by JACK FRAZIER, a half-breed from Red Wing.

1837.—Thirteen Warpekute Dakotas were killed by the Sacs.

1838.—In the spring, a Dakota of WABASHA's band was killed on the Chippewa River in Wisconsin, by the Chippewas. They were pursued by the Dakotas and five of them killed. In April, eleven Dakotas were treacherously slain near the Chippewa River, about thirty miles from Lac qui Parle, by the Chippewas, led by the celebrated HOLE-IN-THE-DAY. The Chippewas pretended to be on a friendly visit to the Dakotas, and lay down with them in their tents, but rose on them in the night and killed them. The next day, my brother, G. H. POND, aided by an Indian named TATE-MIME, gathered the scattered fragments of their mutilated bodies and buried them.

In July, about three months after the massacre, HOLE-IN-THE-DAY, with two or three others, made a visit to Fort Snelling. He went first to PATRICK QUINN's, who lived by the Mississippi, about a mile above Fort Snelling, and whose wife was a half-breed Chippewa. The Dakotas of the Lake Calhoun band heard of his arrival, and started out in a body to kill him, but the agent, Maj. TALIAFERRO, persuaded them to turn back, giving them leave to kill him, if they could, on his way home. The Dakotas seemed disposed to take the agent's advice and started for home, but two of them whose relatives had been killed a short time before near Lac qui Parle, hid themselves near QUINN's, and in the evening, as HOLE-IN-THE-DAY was passing with his companions from QUINN's house to another near by, they killed one of them and wounded another, but the chief escaped, having exchanged some of his clothes or ornaments with another of his party who was mistaken for him. One of the Dakotas was badly wounded. They were both

confined in the fort a while, but were finally released on condition that their friends should chastise them severely in the presence of the garrison.

1839.—July 2nd, a son-in-law of the chief of the Lake Calhoun band was waylaid and killed near Lake Harriet by two Chippewas, said to be sons or step-sons of the man who was shot at QUINN's the summer before. They belonged to HOLE-IN-THE-DAY's band.

A few days before this man was killed, several bands of Chippewas, consisting of men, women and children, met at Fort Snelling to transact business with the officers of the garrison. HOLE-IN-THE-DAY and his people came down the Mississippi in canoes. The Mille Lacs band came across by land, and others came down the St. Croix and up the Mississippi. They all started for home at the same time, each party returning by the way it came.

The Mille Lacs Indians and those who came down the Mississippi, encamped the first night at the Falls of St. Anthony, and some of the Dakotas who paid them a visit there complained to Maj. TALIAFERRO that the Chippewas treated them in a rude, unfriendly manner. He advised them not to retaliate, but gave them permission to avenge themselves in case any of their number were killed. The report of the insulting and injurious manner in which some of the Dakotas had been treated by the Chippewas at the falls, spread rapidly among them, producing much excitement and preparing them for what followed.

The day after the Chippewas left the falls on their return home, two men belonging to the party which came down the Mississippi, lay in ambush by the side of a path near Lake Harriet, and killed a Dakota as before stated. While the Chippewas were at the fort, two of them belonging to the band of HOLE-IN-THE-DAY, were seen wailing over the grave of the Chippewa who was killed at QUINN's the year before. The Dakotas had no doubt that these two men had killed the Dakota at Lake Harriet. They also believed, and were right in their belief, that none of the Chippewas, except those who came down the Mississippi, knew that these men had remained behind. They determined, therefore, not to follow HOLE-IN-THE-DAY, who would be watching and probably ready for them, but to

pursue the Mille Lacs and St. Croix Indians, who would suspect no danger. The agent had already given them permission to retaliate in case any of them should be killed. The military at Fort Snelling had no time to interfere, and such an opportunity as they now had for taking a terrible vengeance does not often offer itself in the course of Indian warfare. When the chief, whose son-in-law was killed, told me that he should follow the Mille Lacs party because they would be ignorant of the danger and unprepared for the encounter, he expressed some regret that the innocent should die for the guilty, but probably neither he nor any who went with him were less active or cruel in the work of destruction on account of any scruples of conscience. They were violating no rules of Indian warfare. The Mille Lacs Indians were Chippewas, and they were Chippewas who two years before had been guilty of the treacherous and cowardly massacre of the Dakotas near Lac qui Parle.

The same day that the man was killed at Lake Harriet, nearly all the able-bodied men of the Shakopee, Eagle Head, Good Road, Black Dog and Lake Calhoun bands assembled at the Falls of St. Anthony, and orders were there given by the leaders that no captives should be taken.

They overtook the Chippewas on the morning of the Fourth of July before daylight, but kept themselves concealed, and did not commence the attack until some time after sunrise. They knew the Chippewas had no provisions, and that the hunters would be under the necessity of leaving the rest of the party to hunt for food.

They therefore waited until some time after the hunters had left the camp, and until the women and the few men who were with them had started on their journey with their baggage on their backs before they attacked them.

The Dakotas raised the war-whoop, but they said the Chippewas did not at first seem to realize their danger; they stood a while with their burdens on their backs gazing on their pursuers as though they did not know what to think of them. The Chippewas were thus taken by surprise, wholly unprepared, and about seventy of them were killed. The slain were most of them women and children. The few men who were present defended the women and children bravely, and sold their lives

dearly. After discharging their pieces they would retreat far enough to reload, and then stand again on the defensive, and continued to do so till they were killed. The Dakotas lost more *men* in that attack than they killed.

Most of the young women escaped, the Dakotas being too much exhausted by their forced march to overtake them. The Chippewa hunters did not get to the scene of action soon enough to take any part in the fight, and the Dakotas avoided a conflict with them by a hasty retreat.

At the same time the Kaposia band pursued the Chippewas who returned by the way of the Mississippi and St. Croix, and found them engaged in a drunken revel. Mr. ATKIN, a well known trader, was with them. They killed about twenty-five of them. At first there seemed likely to be a great slaughter among the drunken Chippewas, but the excitement and alarm seemed to sober them, and they finally repulsed the assailants, and pursued them some distance on their retreat. In both these attacks the Dakotas lost twenty-three men; the Chippewas nearly a hundred—most of them women and children.

1840.—In March, seven Dakotas from Red Wing killed a Chippewa woman and her two sons.

June 17th, a Dakota named Longroor and his wife were killed by Chippewas on the right bank of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the brook between Mendota and St. Paul. This year the Potawatomes killed two Dakota women near the Blue Earth River, and carried off two children.

During the summer a war party from Wabasha fell in with a war party of Chippewas, and two were killed on each side.

1841.—April 8th, three Chippewas came down the Mississippi in a canoe which they left between the Falls of St. Anthony and Minnehaha, and hid themselves in the night, in some bushes, on the bank of the river, near a foot path, about a mile above Fort Snelling. The next morning as KAI-BO-KAH, a Dakota chief, with his son and another Indian, was passing by the place where the Chippewas lay in ambush, they killed his son and mortally wounded him. The Chippewas did not stay to take their scalps. I was on the spot before either of the men were dead, and saw the Chippewas leave the place loading their guns as they ran.

May 11th, a war party from Kaposia fell in with two Chippewas and killed one of them, but lost two of BIG THUNDER's sons. BIG THUNDER was the chief of the Kaposia Indians and father of LITTLE CROW.

May 16th, a large war party from the Lake Calhoun, Good Road and Black Dog bands killed two Chippewa girls at Pokegama and lost two of their own men. In July a war party from Kaposia killed a Chippewa below the mouth of the St. Croix. In the course of the summer, five Dakotas who went out against the Potawatomies, were all killed.

In the fall, the Dakotas from Petit Rocher (near Fort Ridgely) killed thirteen Potawatomies. About the same time two Dakotas from Lac qui Parle were killed by Chippewas in the night while they were out on a hunting expedition.

Near the same time a war party from Lac qui Parle had one of their number killed.

1842.—March 14th, a war party from Kaposia killed one Chippewa and lost one Dakota, a son of EAGLE HEAD, a chief.

In June, the Chippewas made an attack on BIG THUNDER's band at Kaposia and killed ten men, two women and one child. They lost four in the fight. In the fall the Chippewas killed one Dakota near Lac Travers.

1843.—In April, the Chippewas killed a Dakota child near Kandiyohi.

In June, a Chippewa war party killed two Dakotas at the fording place of the Chippewa River, near Lac qui Parle.

About the same time the Dakotas killed a Chippewa on Rum River, and lost one of their own men.

1844.—In the winter, HOLE-IN-THE-DAY's band killed a Lac qui Parle Indian.

In April, four Dakotas from Little Rapids (Carver) killed a Chippewa opposite the mouth of Rum River.

I continued to keep a record of the numbers slain on both sides so long as the Indians remained in this region; but what I have here given is sufficient to show the nature and ordinary results of Indian warfare as it was carried on in Minnesota. The Indians spent a great deal of time in war, but their attempts to kill their enemies were not often very successful.

A very large majority of war parties returned without scalps, and of such parties I have kept no record.

Small parties were usually more successful than large ones, as they could move with more celerity and secrecy. If the party was small it generally withdrew precipitately, after striking a single blow, or as soon as the enemy was alarmed whether it had succeeded in taking a scalp or not. If the party was a very strong one, and supplied with provisions, it might, after killing one or more, wait a while for an attack, but it was not the practice of the Indians, after having taken one or more scalps, to go on farther in quest of more, or remain in the enemies' country after being discovered.

No matter how many were in a war party, nor how far they had traveled in pursuit of the enemy, if a single scalp was taken the expedition was not considered a failure. Dakota war parties were seldom led by the chiefs, though they some times accompanied them. They were led by volunteers, who claimed to receive their commission by revelation from some superior being who commanded them to make war, and promised them success. When such a leader offered himself, the warriors could do as they pleased about following him. If they had confidence in his abilities, or credentials, he could raise a large party. If not, he could get few followers. His office lasted only during the time of the expedition. Sometimes a few young men started off to look for scalps without the usual formalities and without a leader. Such small unauthorized parties were quite as likely to be successful as any.

It will be seen by the above record that the Indians seldom fought sanguinary battles. They had no desire to fight battles where the forces on both sides were nearly equal. Such battles they carefully avoided. If two war parties met, as they sometimes did, the meeting was accidental. In such a case there might be a little skirmishing, but seldom severe fighting. It was not their custom to look for armed men who were prepared to receive them.

Since I have lived at Shakopee, the Chippewas killed a Dakota as he was in his canoe fishing in the river near my house. The event was immediately known, but though this was a strong band, much stronger than any war party of Chippewas

was likely to be, they did not venture to attack them. The Chippewas spent the night not far from here, and though the Dakotas followed them a little way the next day, they were careful not to overtake them.

At another time two men went over the river to hunt, and one of them soon returned and reported that his companion had been killed very near here by the Chippewas, yet they all waited twenty-four hours before they ventured to bring home the dead body. In both these cases they were afraid of being drawn into ambush by a strong party of the enemy.

They behaved differently when they were attacked here by Chippewas in the spring of 1858, but they were then encouraged by the presence of many white men, and perhaps were ashamed to refuse to cross the river and attack the enemy while so many spectators were looking on.

When the Dakota was killed at Lake Harriet, I was there a few minutes after he was killed, and saw in the tall grass the trail of the Chippewas leading to a small cluster of young poplars. There were no tracks leading from the grove, and all knew that they were there. We afterwards learned that they remained there till dark. I urged the Indians to try to kill them, but though there were as many as fifty armed Dakotas, they refused to go near them, and leaving them to escape, started off in pursuit of the Mille Lacs Indians.

Indeed Indians consider it foolhardiness to make an attack where it is certain that some of them will be killed.

Bloody battles were seldom fought by them except when the party attacked rallied and made an unexpected resistance. They occasionally performed exploits which none but brave men would undertake, and often fought with desperate valor in self-defence or in defence of their families.

From the list of the slain which I have given, it will appear that the Indian warfare in this region for ten years, commencing in 1835, was not attended with any very great destruction of human life, yet from what could be gathered from their own traditions it was a fair specimen of what their wars had been from time immemorial. Both Chippewas and Dakotas complained that the efforts of our Government to promote peace between the two tribes, rendered their condition more insecure

than when each one was left to take care of himself. That precarious peace often exposed them to dangers which in a state of open war they would have avoided.

When Col. SNELLING was in command at the fort he inflicted summary punishment on several Dakotas who had fired on a company of Chippewas who were encamped under the walls of Fort Snelling. They were arrested and handed over to the Chippewas, who shot them by the river, just above the fort. and their dead bodies were thrown over the precipice by the soldiers of the garrison.

This prompt and severe act of Col. SNELLING's made a salutary impression on the minds of both Chippewas and Dakotas, and for a time there was a suspension of hostilities, at least among those Indians who lived at no great distance from the fort. But the war was gradually renewed, and from 1835 onward there were probably, including the massacre on Rum River, quite as many killed as there would have been if there had been no United States troops in the country.

Such a slaughter as that of the Mille Lacs Indians could hardly have been in the ordinary course of Indian warfare. The Chippewas would not have brought their women and children into the heart of the enemies' country and left them unprotected, if they had not depended on the garrison at the fort for protection. There was another thing which caused the death of many whose lives would have been spared, if our Government had left the Indians to prosecute their wars in their own way. They were compelled to restore all captives taken in war, and they preferred scalps around which they could dance, to captives whom they could not retain. This was the avowed reason, and doubtless the true reason why none of the Mille Lacs Indians were captured. For many years, with very few exceptions, neither Dakotas nor Chippewas spared any of their enemies who fell into their hands, and this indiscriminate slaughter of all women and children would materially increase the number of the slain.

I think we may reasonably conclude that the loss of life in the war carried on between the Dakotas and their enemies, was not much, if any less, most of the time after Fort Snelling was built, than it was before. We know that Indian wars have

sometimes been very destructive of human life. Weak tribes have been nearly exterminated. But these cases were rare. Indian wars are prosecuted with the utmost caution on both sides. Even war parties are very careful to keep out of danger, and every child is taught from infancy to be always on guard against the wiles of the enemy. This constant watchfulness renders it very difficult to take them by surprise. No indication of the proximity of an enemy is unheeded. Every unusual alarm among beasts or birds is noticed, and every suspicious track is carefully examined. Such suspicious, incessant watchfulness is the source of many false alarms, but it tends greatly to their security, so that though the Indians spend much time in war, they spend most of that time in vain, and as I have said before, a large majority of war parties return without scalps.

The Dakotas had traditionary accounts of very few battles where many were killed, yet such an event, if it occurred, would not be soon forgotten. They often spoke of an attack made by the Chippewas long ago, on a party of Dakotas who were encamped by the Mississippi, where Prescott now stands, in which many Dakotas were killed. Also of a very successful winter campaign made by them against the Chippewas some seventy or eighty years ago. But they told of very few great battles or great slaughters, and had preserved no definite account of the number killed. It is probable that some years, perhaps often, they lost more by murder and suicide than by war.

Some persons who have resided in this country during the last thirty-five or forty years, will remember many interesting incidents connected with Indian hostilities, and if any of them read this paper they may wonder why so many of these events are passed over in silence. But to relate them all with any particularity would require a large volume, and my purpose was only to write a short article.

Shakopes, March, 1870.

FORT SNELLING.

COL. LEAVENWORTH'S EXPEDITION TO ESTABLISH IT, IN 1819.

BY MAJ. THOMAS FORSYTH, INDIAN AGENT.

NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

The accompanying valuable and interesting narrative was first published in the Wisconsin Historical Collections in 1872, but as it closely relates to Minnesota History, it is too important to pass by without including it in the publications of this Society. We have retained most of the foot notes of Dr. LYMAN C. DRAPER, the editor of the publications of the Wisconsin Historical Society (whose research and learning in the department of Western history are perhaps unequalled,) and have added some additional notes that seemed necessary.

Concerning the author of the narrative, Dr. DRAPER says:

Maj. THOMAS FORSYTH was born in Detroit, Dec. 5, 1771. His father, WM. FORSYTH, was from Blackwater town, Ireland; the family was originally Scotch, and Presbyterians. WM. FORSYTH migrated to New York about 1750, and was under Gen. WOLFE at the capture of Quebec in 1759, and was twice wounded in the conflict, and was subsequently stationed in Detroit. On the expiration of his term of service, he settled there, and married the widow KINZIE, grandmother of the late JOHN H. KINZIE, of Chicago. He long kept a tavern, and engaged in trading; and during the Revolution, sympathising with the Americans, he was for a long time imprisoned, with JAMES ABBOT, but finally liberated. He died at Detroit about 1790, leaving several children, among them the subject of this sketch. THOMAS FORSYTH engaged while yet young in the Indian trade, and spent several winters on Saginaw Bay, and, as early as 1798, wintered on an island in the Mississippi, four or five miles below Quincy, near the mouth of the Fabius. His first partner in trading was one RICHARDSON, and then his step-son, JOHN KINZIE, and ROBERT FORSYTH; and about 1802, they established a trading post at Chicago. About 1804, he was united in marriage to Miss KEZIAH MALOTTE, near Malden, and subsequently settled as a trader at Peoria. Maj. FORSYTH, in his Journal, speaks with honest indignation against the capture of himself, family and the French people of Peoria, in 1812, by Capt. CRAIG.

After the war, Maj. FORSYTH was many years Indian Agent for the Sauks and Foxes; and had he been continued over them, it is believed, the Sauk war of 1832 would never have occurred. He died at St. Louis, Oct. 29, 1833, in the sixty-second year of his age, his wife

having four years preceded him to the grave. They had three sons and one daughter; only the second child, Col. ROBERT FORSYTH, survives, on his fine farm near St. Louis. From him the Journal now published, and many important documents concerning the Sauks and Foxes, were obtained. Maj. THOMAS FORSYTH, in his long connection with Indian affairs, and by his writings on the history of Indian tribes of the North West, rendered his country important service.

Having received instructions from the Department of War, to ship on board a steamboat destined to transport provisions, etc., for an establishment to be made at the mouth of St. Peter's river, a certain quantity of goods, say \$2,000 worth, to be delivered by me to the Sioux Indians residing on the Mississippi above Prairie du Chien, and those who reside on the lower part of river St. Peter's, in payment of lands ceded by the Sioux Indians to the late Gen. PIKE for the United States. The owners of the steamboats, finding it was impracticable to navigate such craft on the upper parts of the Mississippi river, changed their plans, and commenced transporting the provisions in keel boats. Finding that no steamboats could get up the different rapids, and that the contractor had commenced to employ keels, I hired a boat and crew, bought provisions, and was ready by the third of June, but some of my men having received some money in advance, they thought proper to go out of the way, by which means I was detained until the seventh, when I got a crew together, and sent them out of town to be prepared for next morning.

Tuesday, 8th June. About sunset I hoisted sail, and had a fine breeze all day; found the water uncommonly high for the season, the current strong, yet we made an excellent day's journey, having come 27 miles.

Wednesday, 9th. Called at Portage des Sioux to enquire of Mr. LE CLAIRE if he had heard from A. B.¹; breakfasted with him and proceeded on, encamped about three miles above mouth of Illinois river; distance to-day 18 miles.

Thursday, 10th. Met six discharged soldiers from the Rifle Regiment at Prairie du Chien, descending the Mississippi in a

¹ Probably the Mr. BROWN who joined the party on the 18th.

canoe; wind fair but light; encamped at sundown above Cap au Gre; distance to-day 30 miles.

Friday, 11th. Set out early this morning with a fair wind; it soon came around ahead; we encamped within 15 miles of Clarksville; distance to-day 24 miles.

Saturday, 12th. The water continues high, and current strong; no bottom for poles in places; arrived at Clarksville in the afternoon; remained there all night. Came to-day fifteen miles.

Sunday, 13th. Mr. BROWN embarked on board to go up to Fort Edwards; wind fair; saw several lodges of Indians at Louisianaville; some followed us and came on board, insisted on getting some liquor, they being already half drunk. Distance to-day, thirty-six miles.

Monday, 14th. Visited Hannibal in passing; a fair wind sprung up. Pleasant in the forenoon; thunder, with rain in the afternoon. Stopped at Two Rivers. Saw some Iowas; got some venison from them. Encamped at Wa-con-daw Prairie. Distance to-day thirty-six miles.

Tuesday, 15th. Thunder and rain; wind fair occasionally, but light. Encamped within nine miles of Fort Edwards; came about forty miles to-day.

Wednesday, 16th. Arrived at Fort Edwards. Delivered several articles to Mr. BERR and others, brought up from St. Louis for them; stayed there about three hours, and was much disappointed in not being a magistrate, there being a couple very anxious of being married. I really pitied their case. Some Sacs and Iowa Indians have planted corn near the Fort where they reside, and they go occasionally down to the settlements, bring up whisky, get drunk and insult those who reside in the fort. A few troops would be well stationed at this place, as it would keep the Indians in awe, and might be the occasion of preventing many accidents. Understood that many Sacs had gone to Detroit; encamped at sundown about the middle of the Rapids. Distance to-day eighteen miles.

Thursday, 17th. Set out early; met Madam BOILVIN¹ near upper end of Rapids; she is going down to St. Louis for her

¹ NICHOLAS BOILVIN was Indian Agent and Magistrate at Prairie du Chien at that time. He died in May, 1837. W.

health. Wind fair part of the day; encamped opposite the Arrowstone Prairie. Thirty-two miles to-day.

Friday, 18th. Wind hard against us; made only 15 miles to-day.

Saturday, 19th. The waters apparently higher here than below; weather very warm; wind light but ahead; mosquitoes worse than I ever saw them. Made only 21 miles to-day; encamped above the first Yellow Banks.

Sunday, 20th. Weather still very warm; had the sail up and down several times. Met Mr. DAVENPORT's men returning home to St. Louis. Met the BLACK THUNDER and some followers, all Foxes, going down to St. Louis in three canoes; they immediately returned when they met me; encamped a little above the Iowa river; 18 miles was this day's progress.

Monday, 21st. We were off by time this morning; three Saukies overtook us on their way from hunting, bound up to their village on Rocky river; current strong to-day—made only 24 miles; encamped at upper end of Grand Mascoutin.

Tuesday, 22d. The men have been complaining of the length of the days. I told them that this was the longest day of the year, and of course every day afterwards would be shorter. They said they were glad to hear such good news, and wished to know how I knew this. Made 27 miles to-day.

Wednesday, 23d. Being detained yesterday awhile by a head wind, I was not able to reach Fort Armstrong, and one of the men still being sick retarded the progress of the boat; indeed a strong current to stem, a bad going boat, and one man sick, makes tedious work. I arrived at Fort Armstrong about 12 o'clock, and sent for the Fox and Sac chiefs to meet me next morning to receive their annuities.

Thursday, 24th. The chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes arrived this morning, and delivered their annuities. I then informed them that the white man, who killed the Indians near Bear Creek last winter, was committed to jail for trial, yet I had no objection to make a present to the relatives of the deceased Indians. The chiefs were much pleased with all this. Towards evening the whole began to disperse, and what astonished me much, not a soul asked for a dram, as I well knew there were

many wet souls among them, particularly my old acquaintance QUASH-QUA-MIE.

Friday, 25th. Early this morning two Indians, accompanied by the LANCE¹ and QUASH-QUA-MIE,² came to me, and were pointed out by the latter as being the brothers of the Indian who was killed near Bear Creek last winter by S. THOMPSON, to whom I gave some goods, observing to them that those goods now lying before them were to cover their dead brother, and if they thought they could not forget the death of their brother, not to accept of the goods; if, on the contrary, they accepted the goods, they must forever forget the injury, and not to say hereafter, "an American killed my brother." This they agreed to in presence of their chiefs, the LANCE and QUASH-QUA-MIE. Immediately embarked and set out; the old LANCE came a few miles with me, and I gave the old man a few little things for his own family, for which he was very thankful. Several other canoes with Indians on board of them followed me a considerable distance, asking for every thing they could think of. To each I had to give a little—they were principally Foxes; by which means I was much retarded, and as the Mississippi was raising, the current was very strong and the boatmen labored very hard, and at sundown I had got half way up the Rapids—distance 9 miles.

Saturday, 26th. We set out early and found the upper part

1 SHAM-GA, or *The Lance* of the Missouri band of Sauks.

L. C. D.

2 QUASH-QUA-MIE, or the *Jumping Fish*, was a chief of some note among the Sauks, of the Missouri band. He signed the treaty of 1804 at St. Louis, by which a large tract of country of the Sauks east of the Mississippi, comprehending about fifty millions of acres, were ceded to the United States. BLACK HAWK and others of the Rock River bands stoutly protested that the chiefs were drunk and knew not what they did, and the nation was not properly represented, and proved the origin of many difficulties, and probably of the alienation of the Rock river Sauks in the war of 1812. QUASH-QUA-MIE's band aimed to remain neutral during the war, but it is probable that some of the young warriors got drawn into it. QUASH-QUA-MIE signed the treaties at Portage Des Sioux, in September, 1815; that at Fort Armstrong, in September, 1822; and at Prairie du Chien, in August, 1825. The last charge of distributing rations to him by Maj. FORSYTH, the Indian agent, was in 1830; and he died opposite Clarksville, Missouri, about the commencement of 1830. He evidently was not living in July of that year, when the treaty with his people was held at Prairie du Chien, as his name does not appear among the signatures. He is represented by those who knew him as not tall, but heavily formed; not intellectual, nor did he appear to possess any of the traits of a noble warrior. He was a great beggar, of little influence among his people, with a character not always free from tarnish.

L. C. D.

of the Rapids very difficult to ascend. I stopped a while at the Little Fox village, 9 miles above the Rapids, gave them a few goods; they pressed me much for some whisky, but I refused them, saying I did not mean to give any Indians any liquor, as it occasioned them to do mischief. Came to-day about 22 miles.

Sunday, 27th. Yesterday being the warmest day I had experienced since I left St. Louis, last night was equally bad for mosquitoes, for I did not sleep half an hour all night. We set out early this morning, and with the assistance of a side wind a few hours in the afternoon, we encamped at the lower end of Ground Apple Prairie—distance to-day, 24 miles.

Monday, 28th. I set out as usual early, but the water close along shore becoming too deep for the poles, the men had to pull along by the bushes, which was slow traveling; we made out, however, to come to-day eighteen miles, which is well employing the time, considering the heavy gusts of rain we experienced almost all the forenoon.

Tuesday, 29th. Much rain fell last night and this morning. I had the sail hoisted, but the wind being quartering, assisted us but little, but gradually came around ahead; took in our sail, wind blew so hard ahead that we were compelled to put on shore, and lay by until late in the afternoon. Two men sick to-day, which makes the work come harder on the others. We came only twelve miles to-day.

Wednesday, 30th. The wind blowing hard down the river all night. I supposed it would fall by sunrise. In this I was mistaken, for the wind blew harder as the sun rose, yet we got a few miles to a safe shelter when we were completely wind-bound.

My interpreter, G. LUCRE, has been upwards of twenty-five years from Canada, and has passed most of his time about the different lead mines and Prairie du Chien, but principally in the employ of a Mr. DUBUQUE, who died some years ago at what is called *Dubuque mines*. We made only twelve miles to-day, being wind bound most of the time.

Thursday, 1st July. Arose early; appearance of a fine day. About nine o'clock an air of wind ahead. Saw two Indians hunting turtle eggs on a small sandy island. The wind began

to blow hard. Made out to get to Death's-Head creek, where we waited three or four hours until the wind abated. Set out, and encamped within two miles of DUBUQUE's mines, having come to-day 28 miles, which is good work after losing much time from head winds. While laying at Death's-Head creek, a Fox Indian came to my boat, and told me two boats lashed together had passed down the river last night. I suppose these must be the contractors' boats returning from Prairie du Chien, and going down to St. Louis.

Friday, 2d. I set out early, in hopes of having a calm day ; wind ahead almost all day, with a strong current. Met four discharged soldiers, from Prairie du Chien, going down to St. Louis in a skiff. They enquired how far it was to the mines. Told them 10 to 12 miles. They said they had left Prairie du Chien yesterday, and that the 5th regiment arrived there on Wednesday from Green Bay.

Saturday, 3d. The Mississippi continues to be very high. Our progress was much impeded to-day, owing to the men not being able to find bottom with their poles. Encamped about three miles above Turkey river. Distance to-day 24 miles, which was a good day's journey, as I was detained about an hour at the Fox village giving the Indians some presents.

Sunday, 4th. Yesterday evening I saw a comet similar to the one of 1811. It appeared to me to be in the same quarter, N. N. W. The sight of this comet brought to my memory the disasters that befel many the following year, myself being one among the many. Never shall I forget the disasters of the poor and unfortunate people of Peoria, a small village of French, on the Illinois river. After their property was taken by the Indians, and a banditti of ruffians from Shawanoe town under the command of Captain THOMAS E. CRAIG, we were taken down (as malefactors) prisoners, and set adrift on the shore of the Mississippi at SAVAGE's ferry. Many poor unfortunates, with wives and three and four children, had not a blanket to cover them, nor a second change to their back. Many of their kettles and pots were seen among CRAIG's men, yet they would not give them up. A fellow by the name of HITCHCOCK, with two or three other armed men, went into a house, which was in charge of an old man of upwards of fifty

years of age, and took away a quantity of sugar. Indeed, I could fill pages with the atrocities committed by this banditti at Peoria.

I set out this morning with a view, if possible, to reach Prairie du Chien, but having no wind in our favor, and current strong, we could get no further than the mouth of the Ouiskonsin. Distance to-day 24 miles.

Monday, 5th. I arrived to-day about nine o'clock A. M., at Prairie du Chien, and immediately the wind sprang up and blew a fresh breeze. This was vexing, as I had experienced five days of head winds successively. I found here waiting my arrival, the RED WING's son, a Sioux Indian, who wished to be considered something, with a band of followers. He invited me to a talk, and after relating the loss of one of his young men who was killed by the Chippewas, he expressed a wish that I would take pity on all present, and give them some goods. All this was a begging speech. I told him that I meant to go up with the troops to the river St. Peter's, and on my way up I would stop at their different villages where I would speak to them, and give them a few goods. Here I had nothing to say, as I could not give any goods at this place, because it required goods to give weight to words, and make them understand me well. Yet he is such a beggar, that he would not take any refusal. I got up in an abrupt manner, and left him and band, to study awhile. The LEAF,¹ the principal chief of the Sioux, arrived this evening.

Tuesday, 6th. The KITTLE chief, with a band of Foxes, arrived here to-day, to make arrangements with Mr. PARTNER about selling him the ashes at the different mines. A boat belonging to the contractor, arrived to-day, loaded with provisions for the troops, in 25 days from Wood river.

Wednesday, 7th. The contractor's boat left this day, to return to Wood river.

Thursday, 8th. A young Folle Avoine² stabbed a young Sioux in a fit of jealousy to-day, near the fort. He was in liquor.

Friday, 9th. The Sioux Indians yesterday seized on the

¹ WABASHA.

² Menomonee, or Wild Rice, tribe.

Folle Avoine Indian who had stabbed the young Sioux, and kept him in confinement, well tied and guarded by a few young Sioux; but the Sioux chiefs sent for the Folle Avoine, and made him a present of a blanket and some other articles of clothing, and made him and the young Sioux whom he had stabbed, eat out of the same dish together, thus forgiving and forgetting the past.

Sunday, 11. Every day since my arrival at this place, the wind has blown up the river; to-day it came around south and with rain—wind settled at northwest.

Monday, 12th. The RED WING's son is still here a begging. He invited me to talk with him in council yesterday. This I refused, as I did not wish to be troubled with such a fellow.

Tuesday, 13th. Much rain this morning; wind southwest.

Wednesday, 14th. Some Winnebagoes arrived from headwaters of Rocky river and Portage of Ouisconsin. These fellows are scientific beggars. Wind north.

Thursday, 15th. Yesterday evening the RED WING's son's band of Sioux Indians set out for their homes, and I am glad of it, for they are a troublesome set of beggars. The wind blows hard from the north to-day, which makes it much cooler than it has been for many days before.

Friday, 16th. The wind continues to blow hard from the north, and the weather is still cool. Two men arrived this evening from Green Bay in a canoe.

Saturday, 17th. Mr. BOUTILLIER arrived here to-day from Green Bay. Mr. SHAW also arrived here to-day from St. Louis in a canoe, having left his horses at Rocky Island. He informs me that he left Bell Fontaine on the 15th ult.; that the recruits destined for Mississippi set out on the day before and may be expected shortly.

Sunday, 18th. Took a ride out in the country. Found some of the situations handsome, but the farmers are poor hands at cultivation. Flour, \$10 per cwt.; corn, \$3 per bushel; eggs, \$1 per doz.; chickens, \$1 to \$1.25 a couple. Butter, none made.

Monday, 19th. A little rain, and cool all day. Mr. SHAW left to-day to return home.

Thursday, 22d. A fine wind up the river to-day, with much

rain. The old RED WING, a Sioux chief, with about twenty of his followers, arrived to-day. This is another begging expedition.

Friday, 23d. The wind still up the river, with some rain. The old RED WING and I had a long talk, and, as I supposed, the whole purport was begging.

Saturday, 24th. Having heard much talk about CARVER's claim to land at or near St. Peter's river, and understanding that the RED WING knew or said something about it last year, curiosity led me to make enquiries of him, having now an opportunity. He told me he remembered of hearing his father say, that lands lying on the east side of Lake Pepin, known by the name of the old wintering places, were given to an Englishman; that he is now an old man (about sixty years of age), and does not himself remember the transactions. I wished to continue the conversation, but the old man did not like it, and therefore I did not press it.

Monday, 26th. Captain HICKMAN and family left this place to-day in an open boat for St. Louis. Wind north, and another warm day.

Wednesday, 28th. A boat arrived here from Green Bay.

Thursday, 29th. This is the warmest day I have experienced this season, although there blew a hard wind up the river all day.

Friday, 30th. Yesterday evening the war party of Foxes, who had been on the hunt of some of the Sioux of the interior, returned without finding any. Much wind and rain this morning. I returned Mr. MOORE three dollars, which Mr. AIRD gave me last September, to buy him some articles, which could not be procured.

Saturday, 31st. Wind light up the river; no boats, no recruits, no news, nor anything else from St. Louis.

Sunday, August 1st. Major MARSTON set out to-day early with twenty-seven troops in three boats to garrison Fort Armstrong at Rocky Island. The boat which brought the sutler's goods from Green Bay a few days since, set out to-day to return home. Some rain to-day; weather warm.

Monday, 2d. Thank God a boat loaded with ordnance and

stores of different kinds arrived to-day, and said a provision boat would arrive to-morrow, but no news of the recruits.

Wednesday, 4th. This morning the provision boat arrived. No news from St. Louis. This boat brings news of having passed a boat with troops on board destined for this place. Some of the men say two boats. Some rain to-day.

Thursday, 5th. Much rain last night. Col. LEAVENWORTH¹ is determined to set out on the 7th, if things can be got ready for the expedition to St. Peter's. The Colonel has very properly, in my opinion, engaged the two large boats now here, with as many of the men belonging to the boats as will remain to accompany the expedition, their contents being wanted for the new establishment at St. Peters. Without the assistance of these two boats, it would appear impossible for the expedition to go on.

Friday, 6th. Yesterday evening some Frenchmen who would not agree to go any further up the Mississippi, set out for St. Louis in a bark canoe. This morning, eight discharged soldiers set out from this place for St. Louis in a skiff.

Saturday, 7th. Every exertion was made to get off to-day; but impossible. A fine wind up the river.

Sunday, 8th. This morning the Colonel told me that he would be ready in an hour, and about eight o'clock we set out for river St. Peter's. The troops, consisting of 98 rank and file, in fourteen batteaux and two large boats, loaded with provisions and ordnance, and stores of different kinds, as also my boat and a barge belonging to the Colonel, making seventeen boats; and in the whole, 98 soldiers and about 20 boatmen. I felt myself quite relieved when we got under way. We made to-day 18 miles.

Monday, 9th. Set out early. A thick fog; it cleared away and a fair wind sprung up, when at times we made great

¹ Gen. HENRY LEAVENWORTH was born in Connecticut, Dec. 10, 1788. When the war of 1812 broke out, he was practising law. He was commissioned Capt. in the 25th Infantry in April, 1812; promoted to Major of 9th Infantry Aug., 1813; brevetted Lieut. Col. and Col. for distinguished services at Chippewa, July 5, 1814, and at Niagara Falls, where he was wounded. He was appointed Lt. Col. of the 5th Infantry Feb., 1818. Became Brev. Brig. Gen. July, 1824, and Col. 8d Infantry Dec. 16, 1825. He established various military posts on the frontier, one of which, now the flourishing city of Leavenworth, Kansas, perpetuates his name. He died at Cross Timbers, Texas, July 21, 1884.

headway. We this day found the body of A. AUNGER, and buried it. We encamped a little below Iowa river, having come to-day 35 miles.

Tuesday, 10th. This day we set out late, and stopped some time with the BOURGNE, or *One-Eyed Sioux*,¹ and his followers who had come from their village on the Iowa river, and placed themselves on the banks of the Mississippi to be in readiness to receive anything we might have to give them. I gave them a little powder and milk,² they agreeing with me that it was better to give the blankets, etc., to the Indians above, as they were most in want. We encamped opposite Raccoon creek. Distance to-day twenty-two miles; we were assisted by the wind to-day.

Wednesday, 11th. We set out early this morning, but lost some time at breakfast, and we also lost the wind, as it fell.

¹ "The BOURGNE," [Fr. bourgeois, an eye] whose Dakota name was TA-HA-MA, or "The Rising Moose," though often called the "OLD PATER" by the old settlers and by the French, *L'Original Lave*, was one of the most remarkable men of his nation. He was a great orator and diplomatist, and had much influence among the Dakotas. He was born at *Prairie Aux Altes*, (Winona,) and in his younger days was noted for his intelligence, daring and activity. During a game in boyhood, one eye was accidentally destroyed, giving him the peculiarity by which he was always known. In person he was tall and of a fine appearance, muscular and active, even to the day of his death. In his younger days he performed innumerable feats of daring, strength and endurance. He figured prominently in the treaty between PIKE and the Sioux chiefs in 1805. PIKE refers to him in terms of confidence and respect, and calls him "my friend." During the war of 1812 he rendered most valuable services to the American cause. With one exception, he was the only Sioux who remained friendly to us in that contest. Gov. CLARK, of St. Louis, employed him as a scout and messenger. In this capacity he undertook long journeys alone, braved many dangers and endured much hardship. Col. DICKSON, the British leader, once had him arrested at *Prairie du Chien* and threatened him with death unless he would reveal information he was supposed to have, but TA-HA-MIE bravely and firmly refused to betray his cause. He was imprisoned some time, but finally released. Gov. CLARK esteemed his services highly, and on May 6th, 1816, gave him a commission as chief of the Sioux nation, together with a Captain's uniform and a medal. He kept these to the day of his death, and was very proud of them. His services to our cause, his ability and intelligence, his high sense of honor, and his noble bearing, all made him highly esteemed and respected by the whites during his subsequent life. All the early pioneers of the Northwest knew him, and he was a welcome guest at their houses. A very good daguerreotype likeness of him, procured at Wabasha in 1859 by Hon. CHAS. S. BRYANT, has been presented by the latter to the Society. TA-HA-MA died in April, 1860. He was then at least 85 years of age, though some who knew him well place his age at nearly 100. His natural vigor however, was but little abated, and his mind clear, recalling the stirring events of his long and active career. At the name of PIKE, his eye would kindle, and his manner become infused with animation.

W.

² Whisky.

L. C. D.

Some rain to day. Encamped about three miles above Bandy Prairie. Distance to-day eighteen miles.

Thursday, 12th. The wind ahead. The large boats detained us much to-day, yet we made twenty-one miles, and encamped six miles below *La Montaine qui trempe a l'eau*.

Friday, 13th. We set out early. The Mississippi begins to become more shallow. The provision boat occasions much trouble to-day, owing to her being very heavily laden. We made the LEAF's village this evening, a distance of only twelve miles. On my arrival to-day, I had a talk with the LEAF. I told him that the President of the United States had sent me to acquaint the Sioux Indians that these troops which he saw encamped on that island, were sent up to build a fort at the mouth of river St. Peter's; that he must not think that anything bad was intended; that a fort at St. Peters would answer two purposes for the Sioux—first, it would be a place that any little thing they might want repaired by the blacksmith would be done for them, and also be a place of trade; secondly, their enemies would not be allowed to injure any of the Sioux Indians at or near the fort, but at the same time the Sioux must not injure any Chippewas that might visit the fort; that if their Great Father, the President, meant them any harm, he would not send a man of my years, having so many gray hairs in his head as I have, to do anything but what was good. Here (pointing to Col. LEAVENWORTH) is the chief of the soldiers belonging to your Great Father; should, at any time, any of his young men do anything wrong, complain to him. He will render you every justice in his power, and both him and myself will expect that if any of your young men should do what is not right, you, as the head chief, will render justice equally in the same way when the Colonel complains to you.

The river Mississippi is free as much so for you as for any other Indians, and I hope all boats or craft of any kind belonging to white people, or any white people traveling by land through your country, will not be molested, but allowed to pass and repass as they may think proper.

You must remember that all the white people on the other side of the great waters are now at peace, and your Great Father, the President of the United States, is also at peace

with all the world. Yet he is prepared for war. He has many soldiers, and at one blow from his whistle he can get as many more soldiers as he wants. He has many vessels on the great waters, and every year is building more. He don't wish for war, and is not the first to begin, but will not lay still and allow his young men to be killed without revenging them. You may suppose the President has not forgotten your assisting the British in the last war; but in this you are wrong if you think so. You have made a treaty of peace with your Great Father, and every thing is over; but beware of the bad birds that come from that northern quarter. When they tell you, or want to tell you anything that you think is bad, put your fingers in your ears. I could talk to you all day, and all night too, on this subject, but it would be telling you things that you know as well as I do. I have only to say, that I have put you in the straight path, and if you leave it, or make it crooked, it will not be my fault. Remember well what I have this day told you, and all news that I may hear that relates to you, I will always make you acquainted with. Here is a blanket, a pipe of tobacco, and some powder. It is but little, but you well know that I have many children to see before I return home, and I must give every one a little.

He accepted of the presents with thanks, and, after sundown, he came aboard of my boat to visit me, and conversed on many subjects. This man is no beggar, nor does he drink, and perhaps I may say he is the only man in the Sioux nation of this description.

Saturday, 14th. All the boats set out early this morning. As each boat passed the village, they returned the salute of yesterday. The channel of the river is becoming more difficult, and the large boats were much impeded to-day. Although we had a fair wind part of the day, we only came twelve miles, and encamped on an island near the Tumbling Rock.

Sunday, 15th. A head wind to-day, and being detained by the provision boat, encamped a mile above Driftwood river, a distance of ten miles.

Monday, 16th. Set out early. Great appearance of wind. Hoisted sail; but of little use. Encamped at the Grand Encampment, having come to-day twenty miles.

Tuesday, 17th. We set out in a great fog, and made the lower end of Lake Pepin, a distance only of nine miles. We encamped early for two reasons; first, because we had not time to cross the lake; secondly, because the soldiers had to draw provisions and wash their dirty linen.

Wednesday, 18th. This day was calm and warm. We crossed Lake Pepin with ease, and encamped about two miles below the RED WING's village. Distance to-day, twenty-two miles.

Thursday, 19th. We set out early this morning. Had a little talk with the RED WING at his village. Gave him some goods. He was much pleased with his present. His son is exactly what I took him to be—a trifling, begging, discontented fellow. The weather was very warm to-day; not a breath of air stirring, and one of my men sick, yet we made out to come twenty-four miles, and encamped at the mouth of the river St. Croix. This is a large river, and I am told heads near to Lake Superior.

Friday, 20th. We set out this morning in a calm. About 12 o'clock the wind blew up fair but light, yet the air was much refreshed. We encamped this evening at Medicine Wood, a distance of twenty-four miles. The big boats did not get up till after sundown. Medicine Wood takes its name from a large beech tree, which kind of wood the Sioux are not acquainted with, and supposing that the Great Spirit has placed it there as a genii to protect or punish them according to their merits or demerits.

Saturday, 21st. Again we were early under way this morning. The day was rainy, and the wind nearly, and in some places quite, ahead, yet the Colonel in his barge, and I in my boat, made out to get to LITTLE CROW's village, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a distance of twenty-one miles. We had a talk with LITTLE CROW.¹ His independent manner, I like. I made him a very handsome present, for which he was very thankful, and said it was more than he expected.

¹ This was the father of the chief of the same name who was so prominent in the outbreak of 1862, and met his death the year following. In the paper by Gen. SIBLEY to be found in a subsequent part of this volume, his character is strikingly sketched.

Sunday, 22d. Yesterday evening the Colonel descended to his camp, and said he would be up with the expedition early this morning; but a very hard wind ahead prevented the boats from being able to stem the current, and continued so all day. I was anxious to go on, as we were only fifteen miles from St. Peters.

Monday, 23d. All the boats got up by 8 o'clock, and after breakfast we set out, and I pushed on by myself, and arrived at the mouth of St. Peters about four o'clock in the afternoon. This is the second day I have been unwell.

Tuesday, 24th. This morning Col. LEAVENWORTH arrived in his barge, and was busily employed almost all day in finding a proper place to make an establishment. He at length pitched on a place immediately at the mouth of St. Peter's river, on its right bank, where, on the arrival of the soldiers, they were immediately set to work in making roads up the bank of the river, cutting down trees, etc. I have been very ill to-day.

Wednesday, 25th. Yesterday evening PINICHON and the WHITE BUSTARD arrived with many followers, and wished me to go to work immediately; but it being late, and I being very unwell, I put business off until to-day, when after a long talk I gave them a very handsome present, and they returned home apparently satisfied.

Thursday, 26th. Yesterday evening three chiefs arrived with many followers, viz.: The SIX,¹ whose village is thirty miles up the river St. Peter's; the ARROW, twenty-four miles still higher,² and the KILLIEW (thus named from a species of eagle) whose village is six miles still higher. They wished to go about business immediately; but it was too late. This morning we met and had some talk, but I by no means liked the countenance of Mr. SIX, nor did I like his talk; I gave them the remainder of my goods, yet the SIX wanted more. Not having any more, they had to do without. I found on enquiring that Mr. SIX is a good-for-nothing fellow, and rather gives bad counsel to his young men than otherwise. In all my talks with those Indians, I generally told them the same I told the LEAF; and in all cases I had to give each band a

¹SHA-K'PAY.

²Le Sueur prairie.

little whisky. These are the last Indians I am to see in this quarter; therefore I am done with the Sioux for this year.

Friday, 27th. Much rain last night, and very blustering to-day, which prevents my going up to visit the Falls, being a distance of nine miles.

Saturday, 28th. I set out early this morning, accompanied by Col. LEAVENWORTH, Major VOSE,¹ Dr. PURCELL,² Lt. CLARK³ and Mrs. GOODING,⁴ to visit the Falls of St. Anthony. My boat being strong manned, we made good headway, but the more we approached the Falls, the stronger the rapids became. I left the boat with one man to guard it, and we set out by land, having only a distance of one mile to walk to the Falls. In going out of a thick woods into a small prairie, we had a full view of the Falls from one side to the other, a distance of about four or five hundred yards. The sight to me was beautiful; the white sheet of water falling perpendicularly, as I should suppose, about twenty feet—but Gen. PIKE says he measured and found it sixteen and a half feet—over the different precipices; in other parts, rolls of water, at different distances, falling like so many silver cords, while about the island large bodies of water were rushing through great blocks of rocks, tumbling every way, as if determined to make war against anything that dared to approach them. All this was astonishing to me who never saw the like before. After viewing the Falls from the prairie for some time, we approached nearer, and by the time we got up to the Falls, the noise of the falling water appeared to me to be awful. I sat down on the bank and feasted my eyes, for a considerable time, in viewing the falling waters, and the rushing of large torrents through and among the broken and large blocks of rocks, thrown in

¹ JOSIAH H. VOSE was a native of Massachusetts. He served as Captain and Major in the war of 1812, and in May, 1815, was appointed Capt. and Bvt. Maj. in the 5th Infantry. Promoted to Maj. Dec., 1820; Lt. Col. 3d Inf. in 1830, and Col. of 4th Inf. 1842. He died July 15, 1845, near New Orleans. W.

² Dr. EDWARD PURCELL was a native of Virginia. He was appointed Surgeon of the Fifth Infantry, July, 1818, and stationed at Ft. Snelling after that post was established. He died there Jan. 11, 1825. W.

³ Lieut. NATHAN CLARK was Post Commissary for several years. On page 77 of this volume a sketch of his life is given. W.

⁴ Mrs. GOODING is said to be, and probably was, the first white woman who ever saw St. Anthony's Falls. She was the wife of Capt. GEORGE GOODING, of the 5th Regiment. W.

every direction by some great convulsion of nature. Several of the company crossed over to the island above the Falls, the water being shallow. The company having returned from the island, they told me that they had attempted to cross over the channel on the other side of the island, but the water was too deep, and they say the greatest quantity of water descends on the other or north-east side of the island. We proceeded to the boat and embarked, and was down at the encampment at sundown.

Sunday, 29th. I this day accompanied Col. LEAVENWORTH in his barge up the St. Peters river to the WHITE BUSTARD and PINICHON's villages—a distance to the first village of four miles, and to the second village two miles higher, at which the Colonel enquired if any horses were for sale. These Indians, however, having few horses, had none to dispose of.

Monday, 30th. Having fully finished my business, and the Indians preparing to go off to their hunting places, I set out to return home. I left the encampment about ten o'clock, and made Medicine Wood against a hard head wind.

Tuesday, 31st. The wind is still ahead, yet we worked down, and came to anchor after sundown, at the upper end of Lake Pepin.

Wednesday, Sept. 1st. This morning very early we heard the report of a cannon on the other side of an island. The Colonel, who was on board of my boat, said, those must be the expected recruits. We immediately weighed anchor, and ascended to the upper part of the island, to get into the other channel, and to be ahead of the boats. We accordingly met two large boats and a batteau with 120 recruits on board, bound to river St. Peter's. The Colonel having business with the officers, we were detained about two hours, and also, to aggravate us the more, the wind was ahead, a very bad circumstance for us to cross Lake Pepin. With much difficulty, we made the Little Point au Sable, where I came to in a good harbor, with an expectation that the wind would fall towards evening; but, on the contrary, the wind raised and blew hard all night. I was very uneasy and did not sleep all night. After daylight I laid down, and gave orders to the patroon,

that as soon as the wind should fall sufficiently, to set out and make the best of our way.

Thursday, 2d. I awoke about 8 o'clock this morning, and found the boat under way. After doubling the great Point au Sable, we worked well to the windward shore, and then hoisted sail. The wind was on our beam, and blew fresh. We stretched across the lake, which was very boisterous, and we shipped some water, yet we held our own as to the lee way, and went on at an amazing rate, and the wind served us almost all day, and found ourselves at sundown at the upper end of Wing Prairie, where we stopped to cook some provisions, having come to-day, sixty miles. We set out as soon as our provisions were cooked, and the men rowed a considerable distance down and then let the boat drive with the current all night. The river is now higher than when we ascended.

Friday, 3d. Between rowing and drifting last night, we came nine miles, and from daylight to sundown to-day we came sixty miles more. Met Mr. ROBERTSON to-day ascending the river to winter in river St. Peter's. This has been a calm day.

Saturday, 4th. The current is strong in this part of the Mississippi, and by keeping in the middle of the channel we drifted about twelve miles, when a gust compelled us to put on shore for the remainder of the night; but as soon as daylight appeared this morning, we set out with a head wind. We met Mr. MOORE, who returned back with us, having forgotten some papers, and we arrived at Prairie du Chien about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Sunday, 5th. Mr. MOORE set out to-day in a canoe to rejoin his boat, which he had left yesterday when he met us. He is going up to winter among the Yanktons in St. Peter's river.

Monday, 6th. A warm day. I was much astonished to meet my old friend G. E., here on my arrival on Saturday last. He gave me a history of his ups and downs since we parted, about seventeen years ago. Poor fellow, he has experienced such days as required much fortitude to support. During the late war he rendered much service to the United States, and, like many good fellows, was poorly recompensed for his trouble. I wish him every success, because he is deserving of it. He is

now engaged largely in the Indian trade. He has a wife and six children.

Tuesday, 7th. Much rain fell last night. The Mississippi has been raising for several days. This day about 11 o'clock I left Prairie du Chien for home. At sundown we had come twenty-seven miles. Stopped to cook near Turkey river.

Wednesday, 8th. Much rain again last night. A fine wind down the river to-day. What we drove last night, and what we made by sailing to-day, we came eighty-seven miles.

Thursday, 9th. We came during last night and to-day to the head of Rocky river rapids, being a distance of sixty-six miles.

Friday, 10th. We set out early; found the water in the rapids much troubled, and decently high for the season. Arrived at Fort Armstrong. Major M.¹ and Lieut. G. behaved very politely to me.

Saturday, 11th. I remained at Fort Armstrong until this morning, waiting for papers that were to be put in the post office at St. Louis. Set out; much rain to-day, and wind sometimes ahead, yet we made out to come by sundown fifty-one miles.

Sunday, 12th. We having got under way early this morning with a head wind, which continued hard all day; but we made the Flint Hills, therefore we came during last night and to-day forty-two miles.

Monday, 13th. We experienced a very heavy rain last evening, but it cleared up, and we pushed off. Found this morning we had drifted about fifteen miles. Last night we met a boat belonging to Col. McNAIR near the upper end of the river Des Moines rapids; several men sick; the boat was lying ashore three miles lower down. We saw another boat on shore on the east side of the Mississippi. We arrived in the evening at Fort Edwards, where stopped a couple hours. We came to-day about thirty-three miles.

Tuesday, 14th. We set out from Fort Edwards yesterday evening after sundown to drive with the current; but the wind blew us on shore, where we remained all night. Set out early.

¹ Probably Major MARSTON.

with quartern wind ; we halted a little after sundown six miles below Saverton, having come to-day ninety-nine miles.

Wednesday, 15th. We drifted last night twenty-one miles. Met Mr. BELT a few miles above Clarksville. On my arrival there, found Mr. PHELING very unwell indeed, and am told that there have been many deaths at Louisianaville. The people all through this country are very sickly ; at sundown we were six miles above *Cap au Gre*, having come last night and to-night seventy-two miles.

Thursday, 16th. Having drifted about twelve miles last night, and made some narrow escapes from sawyers at the head of *Cap au Gre* island, which gave me much uneasiness during the night, set out early with the intention of getting down to St. Louis, if possible, for which reason I would not stop at *Portage des Sioux*, and the men worked hard, but finding we could not arrive there until after sundown, I thought it prudent to encamp above *Isle au Cabare*, not wishing to endanger the boat in the dark.

Friday, 17th. We arrived at St. Louis about 8 o'clock this morning, after an absence of three and a half months.

From the extreme heat of the summer I am much surprised that I and my men were not more sick than we were ; for let any man who is accustomed to traveling in a boat on the Mississippi for three and a half months during a very warm summer, drinking very bad water, sleeping out in the dews to avoid being devoured by mosquitoes, and to get but little rest during the short nights, and say that such hardships are not sufficient to ruin the constitution of any man ; and it must be people who have been bred to the like who are able to withstand and overcome all such hardships. Col. LEAVENWORTH set out from Prairie du Chien with 98 men ; and on his arrival at the St. Peter's, upwards of one-half were sick. These men were only sixteen or seventeen days on the water ; what then would have been the consequence if they had been two or three months on the water ? Perhaps there would not have been a sufficiency of well men to attend on the sick.

I had thought that the country above Prairie du Chien was equal at least to the country about the Prairie ; but in this I was much mistaken, for instead of finding a fine country, with

good lands, and plenty of good timber, I found a mountainous, broken, rocky and sterile country, not fit for either man or beast to live in.¹ I did not see, either in going up to St. Peter's or coming down, any one kind of wild animal—no, not even a squirrel. I saw but few ducks; it was not the season for them, it is true, but I had thought more might have been seen; wild pigeons were plenty; fish, but few to be had from the Indians, although there are plenty to be caught, particularly in the rapids above St. Peter's. I cannot conceive what view CARVER had in getting lands from the Indians in such an inhospitable region as he did; not that I mean to say his claim is good or bad, by any means, but how a man could select such a country is beyond my penetration, except that it was to look like something great on paper, among a people who might think the country there described was equal to their own in goodness and everything else. I have never seen a copy of the deed from the Indians to CARVER; but I am informed that two signatures only are to the deed; one is a Snake, the other a Turtle; when shown to the Indians they objected to the Turtle, by saying they had no tribe of that description in their nation, and must be a fraud; or, if marked on the paper by an Indian, it must have been done by an Indian of another tribe, or out of a joke. One Indian only, that I can find out, knows anything about this claim; he says that, when a boy, he remembers to have heard his father say that an Englishman came among the Sioux Indians and asked for land, which was given him, and he promised to return next year with a large quantity of merchandise to give to the Sioux Indians, but that they never have seen this Englishman since. It appears to me to stand to reason that a man who would promise to deliver 8,000 blankets as one article, as I am told the deed speaks for that enormous number,² would willingly promise anything else.

¹ Maj. FORSYTH appears to have conceived but a poor idea of the capabilities of this region. But it must be observed that his entire route was along the river, where the headlands and bluffs do seem "mountainous, broken, rocky and sterile." Our more recent settlers, however, found that these frowning outworks only enclosed a region unexcelled for rich soil and every advantage for agricultural industry. W.

² By reference to the deed, it will be seen that Maj. FORSYTH was misinformed on this point. L. C. D.

The Sioux Indians were celebrated for their hospitality and goodness toward strangers, and more particularly toward the whites. Anything that a white man would ask them was granted, if it were possible to do so. They knew nothing about intrigue, and supposed that every person who came to their country was a friend. Father HENNEPIN, who was the first white man who ever visited the upper parts of the Mississippi, speaks of the Naudowissies (Sioux) as patterns to the civilized part of creation. Indeed, he speaks of them in raptures, as if they were really his own ancestors. Everything that a man could say of another set of men Father HENNEPIN said of the Sioux; but I am sorry to say that they are at the present day (1819) much altered. How this alteration has taken place, or what has occasioned it, can be attributed only to their too great intercourse with those whom we call civilized people; for I can now safely say that, whatever the Sioux might have been, they are now actually a poor, indolent, beggarly, drunken set of Indians and cowards. You can see nothing of the genuine Indian in them. You see nothing of that Indian independence, or of that enterprising character as hunters or warriors, nor do you see a robust, stout, able-bodied people who may be found in more southern latitudes.

I mentioned to LITTLE CROW, one of the principal chiefs of the Sioux Indians, the barbarous war that existed between them and the Chippewas, and if there was not a possibility of bringing about a peace between the two nations. He observed that a peace could easily be made, but said it is better for us to carry on the war in the way we do than to make peace, because, he added, we lose a man or two in the course of a year, and we kill as many of the enemy during the same time; and if we were to make peace, the Chippewas would over-run all the country lying between the Mississippi and Lake Superior, and have their villages on the banks of the Mississippi itself. In this case we, the Sioux, would lose all our hunting grounds on the northeast side of the river; why then, said he, should we give up such an extensive country to another nation to save the lives of a man or two annually? I know, said he, it is not good to go to, or make war too much, or against too many people. But this is a war for land which must always exist if the

Sioux Indians remain in the same opinion that now guides them. I found the Indian's reason so good that I said no more on the subject to him.

To give an idea of their mode of carrying on war, I will here cite one instance of the cowardly disposition of the Sioux Indians. When I arrived at the LITTLE CROW'S village, he told me that a party of fifty of his young men had gone off to war five days before, and expected them back in a few days. After my arrival at the river St. Peter's, I was informed that the war party had got back, and reported that they fell in with two Chippewas, at whom the whole fifty fired at one time, killing one and wounding the other, who got behind a tree, and there the fifty Sioux left him. Thus, you see, the bravery of the Sioux.

Much has been written, and much more has been said about the different customs and manners of the Indians, and a man well acquainted with them might write volumes respecting the Indians, and many people would think them fabulous; but let any man go and live with the Indians, and he will find that they follow the old Jewish customs and manners. They may, in some things, differ from the Jewish customs, but not materially. Those Indians who have had less intercourse with the whites, their customs and manners come nearest the Jewish customs. It is very well known that Indians who never saw white people all agree that there is a Good and Evil Spirit; the former, they say, is too good to trouble himself about the poor mortals of the earth, but that the Evil Spirit is always waiting for an opportunity to injure them or to instigate them to do mischief.

To a stranger it would seem odd that all the Indians are so much attached to the British Government; but to a man who is well acquainted with the Indians this can be easily accounted for. The British Government will not appoint any man to the place of Indian Agent, without he can speak some one of the Indian languages. In this case it is to be supposed that he is acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians. All the goods for the Indian trade are British goods; and as American traders are all for cheap articles, of course they are inferior. Poor goods are always regarded as of American

manufacture. A man is appointed an agent in the interior of the Union, who perhaps never saw an Indian until he came to the agency. How, then, can it be supposed that a man who knows nothing about Indians can do anything with them? Alas! it is in this way that treaties are made by men who do not know the Indian character, and promise fifty things to the Indians with a prior intention to put them off. It will not answer. If we follow the golden rule, to "do unto others as we would wish to be done by," we will soon see the good effects of such humane treatment; but as long as we continue to pursue our present ignorant system of Indian affairs, we will always be in the dark, and the hatred of the Indian race will be handed down to successive generations. What an alteration would we perceive in the Indians if they were treated according to the old PENN system of former times. The followers of GEORGE FOX and WILLIAM PENN could do much for the poor aborigines, and if they were on our frontiers, instead of the present race of beings, much good would result to the whites as well as to the Indians.

MAJ. THOMAS FORSYTH TO GOV. WM. CLARK.¹

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 23, 1819.

Some time in the month of May last, I was informed that the fifth Regiment of Infantry was ordered from Detroit by way of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien, to build a fort at the mouth of St. Peter's river, and I was also told that Col. ATKINSON had been inquiring if I had set out for Prairie du Chien, saying I would be late if I did not soon do so. I immediately made the necessary arrangements and left this place to ascend the Mississippi the beginning of June, and took and delivered to the Sauks and Foxes at Fort Armstrong their annuities for 1818; a receipted invoice of these goods I have forwarded to the Superintendent of Indian Trade, as by your direction.

¹ Transcribed from Maj. FORSYTH'S MS. Letter Book.

L. C. D.

After I had delivered the goods, I demanded of the Sauk chiefs the trunk containing the clothes and money, said to have been taken from an officer by a Sauk Indian named the BIG EAGLE, and others of the same nation, last spring, on the Missouri river; and in the affray it was said that the BIG EAGLE was wounded in the head. I can assure you that this chief had not been wounded when I saw him in June last, and from the best information I could collect, the Sauks must have left the Missouri river previous to the time the officer was said to have been robbed. A soldier, the only person who was with the officer when this affair happened, tells a very different story to what was told you. The Sauk chiefs denied of ever having heard of this offence, and declared in public council before the officer commanding and others, that if any of their people had done anything amiss, they, the chiefs, would be the first to acquaint me of it, or restore the property thus taken.

According to orders I received from the War Department, I made a handsome present to the two brothers of the Sauk Indian who was killed by SAMUEL THOMPSON, last winter, near Bear creek, Pike county, in this Territory. This I did in presence of the chiefs, telling them if they accepted of the goods, never to say hereafter that an American had killed their brother. They accepted of the goods, and we parted apparently contented. My business finished with these Indians, I immediately set out for Prairie du Chien, after giving them all the few presents I had—still they wanted more; the sick, lame and lazy were brought down to my boat for me to take pity on them, if not in goods, something to eat would be acceptable.

On my arrival at Prairie du Chien, I found the 5th regiment had arrived there from Detroit a few days before; and the commanding officer, Col. LEAVENWORTH, told me that as soon as his recruits would arrive, as well as ordnance and stores, he would immediately proceed on to make the establishment at the mouth of St. Peter's. I waited some time at the Prairie for these supplies. During which time the Sioux Indians, having heard of my ascending the Mississippi, were continually coming down from the different villages to see me, with the expectation of receiving some presents. In this they were dis-

appointed, as I told them all that I would speak to them at their villages, and make them some presents, so that every one might have a share. Finding that they could not obtain goods, then they began to beg for provisions and some liquor. I thought it would be for the good of the service to give them some, which was issued on my return, being countersigned by the commanding officer, not wishing that they should go away home dissatisfied. Indeed, your friend, the *BOURGNE*, or *One Eyed Sioux*, told me that if you were present you would be more liberal.

Two boats arriving, one loaded with provisions, the other with ordnance stores of different kinds, and no accounts of any recruits being on the way, Col. LEAVENWORTH immediately decided on going up to St. Peter's with what men he could conveniently spare from Prairie du Chien. As soon as things could be got ready, the expedition set out, composed of 98 soldiers and about 20 boatmen. The *BOURGNE* or the *One Eyed Sioux's* village is on the Iowa river, some eighteen leagues above Prairie du Chien, and, hearing of the expedition on the way up, he and his followers placed themselves on the bank of the Mississippi, when I halted and gave them some gunpowder and tobacco. *BOURGNE* agreed with me that it was better to deliver the blankets, etc., to the Sioux above, as they were more in want than himself and friends.

I proceeded on to Wing Prairie, a distance of 25 leagues above the *BOURGNE's* village, being the residence of the principal chief of all the Sioux in that quarter, named *THE LEAF*; to him I gave a very handsome present, for which he was very thankful. I next halted at a place called the Ground Barn, at the village of the *RED WING*, a distance above *THE LEAF's* village of 25 leagues. I found them waiting for my arrival. I gave those Indians a good present; yet they were not contented, but wanted more. The old *RED WING* and his son are great beggars, and wanted everything. The next village is the *LITTLE CROW's*, at a place called the Grand Marais, being 28 leagues above the *RED WING's* village, and within five leagues of the mouth of St. Peter's river. Here I found, in the *LITTLE CROW*, a steady, generous and independent Indian; he acknowledged the sale of the land at the mouth of the St.

Peter's river to the United States, and said he had been looking every year since the sale for the troops to build a fort, and was now happy to see us all, as the Sioux would now have their Father with them. I gave him a better present than to any one at the villages below, as he lived immediately in the vicinity of the troops. The day after my arrival at the mouth of the St. Peter's, PINICHON and the WHITE BUSTARD, with their hands, came down from their villages (a few miles up the St. Peter's river) to visit me. To those chiefs I was equally as liberal as I was to LITTLE CROW, and for the same reason, and they returned home contented.

The day following, three chiefs arrived; one, the SIX, whose character may easily be read in his countenance, clamored for presents, and rather ordered than requested that I would write on to his Great Father, the President, to send him plenty of kettles, guns, etc.; that he had been promised formerly many things which as yet he had not received, but expected they would be sent to him. He is, as I am informed, a troublesome, good-for-nothing fellow. In all cases, in distributing presents, I had to give each band some liquor; and at one time thought I would not be able to retain a sufficiency of provisions to bring my boat's crew back to this place, for I was determined after I left Prairie du Chien not to call on the Commissary for any article of provisions whatever.

Mr. T. HONORÉ, the United States interpreter at this place, I had to engage as an interpreter to go up with me for the Sauks and Foxes; and at Prairie du Chien I was fortunate in procuring an excellent Sioux interpreter to go up with me to St. Peter's. On my arrival at Prairie du Chien in descending, I was well informed that ROBERT DICKSON had left the Sault de St. Marie, in July last, to go to Red river by way of Lake Superior. Should his business be to draw any of the Sioux Indians from St. Peter's to Red river, I think he will be mistaken; as the LITTLE CROW and others were inveigled away formerly, but were glad to return after an absence of only two years.

I am sorry to inform you of the death of OLD LANCE, one of the principal chiefs of the Sauk Indians. The old man had commenced to develop to the Sanks a plan of dividing

property ; that is to say, to have their lands surveyed, and each family to have a proportion according to their numbers. He had already made many proselytes ; but with the death of the old man, all has fallen to the ground.

Some few Iowas and Sauks planted corn near Fort Edwards. Some few families who are entitled to lands for services rendered during the late war, are living in the evacuated fort, and are occasionally insulted by the drunken Indians, who take up liquor from the settlement, and drink it at and near the fort. About half a company of troops could not be better employed on the Mississippi than at Fort Edwards, under the command of a steady subaltern officer. It would keep the Indians in awe, and might prevent accidents, which must always happen where Indians get drunk among whites.

A letter from an Indian Agent at Chicago directed to me, or, in my absence, to the Governor of this Territory, has been handed to Mr. BATES previous to my arrival at this place. As soon as I can see Mr. BATES, I will get the letter, and if worth your notice, I will transmit you a copy for your information. The Indians on the Mississippi, I am happy to say, from the best information I can collect, are perfectly peaceable ; and those Sauks who visit Malden occasionally do not appear to express such a high opinion of their British Father as formerly ; but, on the contrary, they begin to think that their American Father has the strongest arms, and his medicines are the best.

Capt. WHISTLER and a trader, on their way up Fox river from Greer Bay, at different times were fired on by some of the Winnebagoes residing in the neighborhood, but no damage done.¹

¹ The officers commanding American troops declined paying tribute to the Winnebagoes in passing up Fox river, as mentioned in vol. 5, p. 96, *Wis. Hist. Colls.*, and hence probably this firing on Capt. WHISTLER and the trader.

L. C. D.

MEMOIR OF JEAN BAPTISTE FARIBAUT.

BY GEN. H. H. SIBLEY.

BARTHOLOMEW FARIBAUT, the father of the subject of this memoir, was born in Paris, France. He was by profession a lawyer, and he was so prominent, that he received from the government the important appointment of Military Secretary to the French army in Canada, then under the command of MONTCALM. He came to Canada, entered upon his duties, and continued to discharge them until the 12th September, 1759, the day which witnessed the defeat of the French under the walls of Quebec, by the British forces commanded by the gallant General WOLFE, who with his heroic antagonist MONTCALM, fell in the action.

Mr. FARIBAUT thereafter retired to private life at Berthier, Canada. He held the office of Notary Public until the close of his life, in 1801. He died universally respected in the community. His son, JEAN BAPTISTE, was born at Berthier in 1774, being one of a family of ten children, of whom only four attained mature age. He attended school until sixteen years old, when he was engaged as clerk by a merchant named THURSEAU, living in Quebec, with whom he remained two years. He then was employed by the firm of McNIDES & COMPANY, importers, in the same city. He continued in their service for a term of six years. Although treated by his employers with great kindness and consideration, young FARIBAUT was of too restive and adventurous a disposition to be contented longer with the monotony of a residence in town. It was only by the combined influence and persuasion of his kindred and friends, that he was prevented from encountering the hardships and dangers of a sailor's life, for which he had early manifested a decided inclination. While thus thwarted, and still uncertain

as to his future mode of life, an incident occurred which but for the strong remonstrances of his friends, would have resulted in his entering upon a military career. Prince EDWARD of England, and his brother Prince WILLIAM HENRY were in Canada, the former in command of a favorite regiment. FARIBAULT witnessed the manœuvres of this fine body of men, and was so much struck by the brilliancy of the display, that he proceeded to place on canvass a very creditable picture of the regiment and its officers, albeit he had never received any instruction in painting. The production was shown to Prince EDWARD, who was pleased with it, so much so indeed, that he proffered to the young artist a commission as junior officer in his regiment. FARIBAULT declined the honor, but requested the Prince to bestow the commission upon a fellow clerk named DE SALSBURY, which was done, and the appointee joined the regiment accordingly, and subsequently became a prominent and distinguished officer in the British service during the war of 1812-14.

Shortly after this episode, the Northwest Fur Company, whose operations embraced a large portion of the Northwest, desired to secure the services of three or four young and enterprising men to act as traders among the Indians. In spite of the opposition of his family, young FARIBAULT, carried away by the romance and adventure of a life among the savages in a remote part of the country, offered himself, and was accepted. He, with three other young men, were dispatched, under the charge of two agents of the Company, in May, 1798, to their several fields of labor. They proceeded to Montreal, thence from the head of the rapids on Grand river they wended their long and weary way in what was termed a light canoe, composed of birch bark, to the distant island of Michilimackinac, now called Mackinac. The fare of the travelers was not by any means luxurious, being composed principally of salt pork, hard bread and biscuit, while the laboring portion of the crew had to content themselves with hulled corn, seasoned with a small amount of tallow. There were many portages, so called, on the route, where, in consequence of rapids, or other obstructions to navigation, it was necessary to transport the canoe, provisions and baggage sometimes for miles on the

shoulders of the men. After a long and tedious voyage of fifteen days the island of Mackinac was reached, much to the joy of the wearied adventurers.

The station or trading post to which young FARIBAULT was assigned was that of Kankakee, on the river of that name, not very far from the present site of the city of Chicago. That region being under the jurisdiction of the United States, it was a necessary preliminary that a license to trade be obtained from the proper authorities. To obtain this document, FARIBAULT was dispatched, under the guidance of a Potawattomie Indian, to Port Vincent, on the Wabash river, where Governor HARRISON, of the Northwestern Territory, Acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was stationed. A ride of six days with a guide with whom it was not possible to interchange a single intelligible sentence, could not prove, by any means, to be either profitable or interesting. On his arrival at Port Vincent, he was kindly received by Governor HARRISON, hospitably entertained at the Governor's residence for three or four days, when, armed with the proper authorization, he departed for the post of duty assigned to him at Kankakee. On his way, he remained over night at the trading house of one MCKENZIE, at the mouth of the St. Joseph's river, where the four men or voyageurs, who had been dispatched to join him, were expected to be found. Unfortunately, one of these four had fallen sick and died in the interim, so that FARIBAULT was compelled to proceed to his station with but three men, upon whom was devolved the labor of erecting buildings and other adjuncts for a regular trading post. No wise discouraged, Mr. FARIBAULT arrived at the mouth of the Kankakee, the goods and merchandise followed soon afterwards, and while the men occupied themselves with the construction of winter quarters, he opened a brisk and successful trade with the Potawattomie Indians.

Mackinac and Drummond's Island were at that time the depots of the trade of the Northwest Fur Company. Mr. FARIBAULT proceeded in the spring with his men, and the furs and peltries collected during the winter, to the first named post, where he delivered his valuable returns to the duly authorized agent of the Company, Mr. GILLESPIE.

Mr. FARIBAULT had displayed so much business tact during

the first winter's operations, that Mr. GILLESPIE, with his consent, assigned him to the charge of a more important post on the Des Moines river, about two hundred miles above its mouth, on the west side of the Mississippi river. The post was named Redwood, and the Indians with whom he was to trade were the Dakota or Sioux, speaking a language entirely different from that of the Potawattomies—the latter being a branch of and speaking the dialect of the great Algonquin or Ojibwa stock. Consequently he required the aid of an interpreter, and a man named DEBAN was designated for that position. He was old, having lived many years among the Yankton Sioux, and was well acquainted with their character and their language. With his aid a successful trade was carried on with the savages, and Mr. FARIBAULT, the following spring, according to the instructions he had received, wended his way with the furs he had collected to the mouth of the Des Moines river, and delivered them to Mr. CRAWFORD, one of the accredited agents of the Company. Mr. FARIBAULT was continued four years in the charge of the same trading post. During this long period he saw no white man but his own assistants, except on his annual tour to the mouth of the river. The region where he was stationed abounded with beaver, otter, deer, bear, and other wild animals, and was the favorite resort of the Sioux bands, of the Sacs and Foxes, the Iowas, and other tribes, with whom the Sioux were on amicable terms.

The wages of a good clerk at that time was \$200 per annum; interpreter \$150, and common laborers or voyageurs \$100, and the rations allowed them were of the simplest description. But the abundance of game more than compensated for any deficiency in food. The articles used in the trade with the Indians were principally blankets, cloths, calicoes, tobacco and cheap jewelry, including wampum, which latter served in lieu of money, as a basis of exchange. During the winter the traders and their men ensconced themselves in their warm log cabins, but in the early spring it was required of them to visit the various Indian camps to secure the furs and peltries collected by the savages in their hunts. Goods were not then given on credit, but everything was paid for on delivery. While employed at the post on the Des Moines, Mr. FARIBAULT

narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a half-breed, who was jealous of the intrusion of a white man into this favored land.

Having served the term for which he had been engaged, he returned to Mackinac, with the intention of going back to Canada, but having learned of the sudden death of both his parents within fifteen days of each other, Mr. FARIBAUT again entered the service of his former employers, and was dispatched to the river St. Peter's, now the Minnesota river, and took charge of the post at Little Rapids, about forty miles above its mouth. The band of Sioux Indians with whom he traded were named *Wak-pay ton*, or the "People of the Leaf." A man by the name of LAPOINTE was assigned him as interpreter. During the winter of 1804-5, Mr. FARIBAUT made the acquaintance of a trader named CAMPBELL, whose trading station was about fifteen miles below Little Rapids. Mr. CAMPBELL was an independent trader, and had two clerks in his employ, both of whom were subsequently killed by an Indian, whose daughter was the wife of one of them. This woman was not of good character, and having been reprimanded for her bad conduct by her husband, a Canadian Frenchman, named DECOTEAUX, her father incontinently disposed of his son-in-law by shooting him, and he also shot the other clerk, who was the only witness of the murder, with a hope of escaping detection and punishment. Mr. CAMPBELL boldly accused the savage of being the perpetrator of the double crime, whereupon the Indian determined to serve him as he had served the clerks. He summoned to his aid some of his kindred, and repaired to CAMPBELL's house, where Mr. FARIBAUT happened to be at the time. CAMPBELL barred his doors, and, with the assistance of his friend and hired men, prepared to defend himself. The Indian mounted upon the roof of the cabin, and was peering down the chimney, when he received a ball through the jaw from a rifle in the hands of CAMPBELL, which felled him to the ground; another of the savages was shot through the nose, when the besiegers decamped, more than satisfied with their experience. Both CAMPBELL and FARIBAUT were deterred from venturing abroad for some days, lest they should be assassinated by some concealed Indian.

During the third year of his residence at Little Rapids, Mr. FARIBAUT married a widow, the daughter of a Mr. HANSE, who had been previously Superintendent of Indian Affairs. At the time of their marriage the groom was in his 31st and the bride in her 22d year. This event precluded any idea of Mr. F.'s return to Canada. He was thenceforth permanently established as a denizen of the remote Northwest.

Mr. FARIBAUT was soon called upon to deplore the untimely death of his friend CAMPBELL, which occurred in this wise. Mr. CAMPBELL, as has been stated, was an independent trader in opposition to the Northwest Fur Company, and the antagonism in this, as well as in many similar instances, degenerated into bitter personalities. One CRAWFORD, a brother of the agent heretofore mentioned, took up the quarrel of the Company against CAMPBELL, and challenged him to mortal combat. CAMPBELL was a brave man, of fine physique, while his adversary was decrepid, and withal by no means otherwise the equal of CAMPBELL in the public estimation. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, who represented the disparity in the standing of the two men, CAMPBELL accepted the challenge, and the parties with their respective friends, proceeded to Mackinac and thence to a small island at the mouth of the river St. Mary's, near Drummond's Island, where the duel took place. CAMPBELL was shot dead at the first fire, and CRAWFORD was slightly wounded. The descendants of the two combatants do not seem to have continued the feud, inasmuch as Mr. CRAWFORD's grandson, LA CHAPELLE, is married to Mr. CAMPBELL's grand-daughter, and is now a resident of Wabasha in this State.

Mr. FARIBAUT was at Mackinac when he received the intelligence of the death of his friend CAMPBELL, and it shocked him exceedingly, as a strong attachment had existed between them. On his return to the upper Mississippi, he was agreeably surprised when he had reached Prairie du Chien, where he had left his wife with her friends, to find that a boy had been born to them during his absence. This first-born is still living in the person of Mr. ALEXANDER FARIBAUT, the founder, and still a highly respected citizen, of Faribault, in Rice county, in this State.

In the fall of 1808, Mr. F. having ascertained that the Sioux bands at Little Rapids had decided to make war upon the Chippewas, instead of hunting as usual, concluded that it would be more profitable to pass the winter among his old friends the Yankton Sioux, on the Des Moines river. He incurred very great danger on his way to the post, with his voyageurs and goods, from the Iowa tribe of Indians, who being without a trader, endeavored to force Mr. F. to remain with them. Upon his refusal to do so, they threatened to kill him and appropriate his merchandise, and he was only rescued from the dilemma by the appearance of a large party of Yanktons, who escorted him in safety to his station. He was quite successful in his trading venture, and in the spring he made his way with his returns of furs and skins to Mackinac, the great depot of the Indian trade.

Mr. F., after ten years' connection with the Northwest Company, in the capacity of agent and trader, resolved to begin business on his own account at Prairie du Chien, which was then a mere hamlet containing a few families. He erected a suitable house, and commenced trading with the Winnebagoes, the Foxes and the Sioux of the Wak-pa-koota band, these several tribes being at peace with each other. He continued in this business for a number of years, and on one occasion received a dangerous wound in the side from the knife of a drunken Winnebago, to whom he had refused liquor. In addition to the regular trade with Indians, Mr. F. entered upon an exchange of goods for lead, with a Mr. DUBUQUE, at the point now occupied by the city of that name. The lead was taken to St. Louis in keel-boats, and sold there at a good profit. Fifteen days was considered a good average trip up the Mississippi from St. Louis to Prairie du Chien.

When the war of 1812 was declared, the British Government made great efforts to enlist the Indians of the Northwest against the Americans. Knowing the great influence wielded by the traders among these savages, commissions in the British army were tendered to each of them, and they were accepted by all but Messrs. FARIBAUT and PROVENÇALLE, who declined to take any part against the American Government. The subject of this memoir was consequently arrested by a

Col. McCALL, of the British militia service, and held as a prisoner on a gunboat, commanded by a Capt. HENDERSON, on board of which were two hundred men, en route to Prairie du Chien to dislodge the Americans. He was ordered to take his turn at the oar, but absolutely refused, saying he was a gentleman, and not accustomed to that kind of labor. Capt. HENDERSON reported him to Col. McCALL for disobedience, but the latter, admiring his pluck, not only did not punish him, but received him on board his own boat, and treated him with courtesy and kindness.

The combined force of militia and Indians, upon their arrival at Prairie du Chien, made preparations to attack the American post. The families on the outside of the fort abandoned their homes, some of them taking refuge within the stockade, and others, Mrs. FARIBAULT among the number, ascended the river in canoes to what is now called Winona. Mrs. F. supposed her husband to have proceeded to Mackinac, and had no idea that he was a prisoner in the hands of the attacking party. A bombardment was opened on the fort, and on the third day the Americans surrendered to greatly superior numbers. Meantime the deserted habitations were robbed of all their contents by the savages, and Mr. F., in addition to the losses thus sustained, received the unwelcome intelligence that lead belonging to him of the value of \$3,000, which he had left in charge of DUBUQUE at his trading station, had been taken possession of by the hostile Indians, and been distributed among them.

After the surrender of Prairie du Chien, that post was garrisoned by 200 British regulars. Mr. F. was released on parole, and repaired to his former home, but the buildings had been burnt with their contents by the savages, and his stock of horses and cattle either run off or destroyed. He was thus left almost penniless, but, with his usual energy, he set himself industriously to work to retrieve his shattered fortune. The band of Sioux with whom Mrs. F. had taken refuge had remained neutral during the war, and they manifested their warm friendship for the old trader by bringing him game in abundance, and all the furs and skins they could collect from their hunts.

When peace was proclaimed, Col. BOLGER, the British com-

mander of the post at Prairie du Chien, withdrew his forces after having destroyed the buildings and stockade, and proceeded to Mackinac. The following spring a detachment of American riflemen under Col. CHAMBERS rebuilt and garrisoned the fort. Mr. FARIBAULT in due form declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and a militia company having been organized, he received the appointment of First Lieutenant. The Northwest Fur Company not being permitted to continue their business upon American territory, sold out their interests to the American Fur Company, of which JOHN JACOB ASTOR was the head. JOSEPH ROLETTE was constituted the Agent of the newly-formed association in the Northwest, and Mr. FARIBAULT made arrangements with him for a supply of such merchandise as was requisite for his trade. He continued at Prairie du Chien for a period of three years, and was quite successful in business. At the end of that time he removed his trading station to Pike's Island, near the present Fort Snelling. This was done at the suggestion of Col. LEAVENWORTH, who was en route up the Mississippi to establish a military post at or near the junction of that river with the St. Peters, now Minnesota. Having fallen in with Mr. FARIBAULT at Prairie du Chien, Col. LEAVENWORTH was much impressed with the intelligence and extensive knowledge of the Sioux Indians, their character and habits, displayed by that gentleman, and strongly urged him to accompany the command, promising that if he would locate near the contemplated post he should be guaranteed military protection and encouragement in his business. The trade at Prairie du Chien had diminished very much in consequence of the removal of the Indians to better hunting grounds, so that Mr. F. regarded the offer as highly advantageous, and he accepted it without hesitation. Leaving his family behind, he followed the troops to their destination the succeeding spring, and was provided with quarters by Col. LEAVENWORTH until he could erect suitable buildings for himself. In this he was materially aided by his military friends. Mr. F. in addition to his regular business, had a strong penchant for farming, which inclination he had a good opportunity to gratify on "Pike's Island," where his log cabins were situated. He soon had a goodly number of

acres under cultivation, and was favored with good crops, so that he and his family, who had rejoined him, were contented and happy for the space of two entire years. In June of the third year, there occurred a flood in the Mississippi, which covered the island and carried off or destroyed all his moveable property. Nowise discouraged, he crossed to the east bank of the river, and erected a dwelling and storehouse on a plateau which he deemed to be above high water mark. He was kindly assisted as before by the officers of the post, and was soon comfortably established once more. But the fates had more ill in store for him, for in 1826, four years later, the ice gorged above the fort to such an extent that the river rose many feet beyond the highest mark previously known, and when the barrier gave way under the enormous pressure, the torrent carried with it FARIBAULT's buildings and their contents, and his stock of animals. It was indeed fortunate for him that he had received a friendly warning from Col. SNELLING, who had succeeded to the command of the post bearing his name, of the threatening condition of the river, and provided him with a Mackinac boat, by means of which he saved the lives of himself, his wife and children, and secured his valuable collection of furs and skins. No such flood as that of 1826 has ever occurred in this region, if the testimony of the oldest Indians, and of white men who had been fifty years in the country is to be credited.

Fort Snelling was commenced in 1819, and completed in 1824. The first barracks for the troops was constructed on the south bank of the Minnesota river, near the site of the present railroad bridge. Well founded apprehensions of high water caused the removal of these temporary quarters to Camp Coldwater, about a mile north of the present fort, which was occupied until Snelling was finished.

In the year 1821, Col. LEAVENWORTH called together the chiefs and head men of the Sioux bands, and procured from them a grant of land nine miles square at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers. In the same treaty was inserted an article by which the Indians donated "Pike's Island" to the wife and children of Mr. F., whose Indian appellation was "CHA-PAH-SIN-TAY," or the "Beaver's Tail."

Subsequent to the flood in 1826, by which Mr. F. suffered

so much, he removed to the spot now called Mendota, where he erected a dwelling, and his family lived there for many years, he himself passing the winters at the Little Rapids, where he had established a trading post. He narrowly escaped death in 1833 at his station, at the hands of a treacherous Sioux Indian, who became enraged because he could not procure some article he desired on credit, which Mr. FARIBAULT did not have in his store. Without saying a word, the savage drew his knife and stabbed Mr. F. in the back, under the shoulder blade, when leaving the knife sticking in the wound, he turned to make his escape, but would have been shot down by OLIVER, a son of the old gentleman, aged about fourteen years, had not the gun been seized by Indians standing by who were relatives of the intended murderer. The wound was a very serious one, the knife having penetrated the lungs, and a long time elapsed before Mr. F. was considered out of danger; but his vigorous constitution and temperate habits finally carried him safely through, and his health was restored. Mrs. FARIBAULT manifested her devotion to her husband by a walk during the night of thirty-five miles from Mendota to Little Rapids, so soon as she learned of the injury he had received, without any escort but that of a single Indian.

Mr. FARIBAULT was a warm Roman Catholic, and was liberal in his donations to the church. He gave a home in his house to the Rev. Father GAULTIER, the first regular Catholic missionary, who came to this region in 1840, and afforded him all the aid in his power in the arduous labors incident to the founding of a new mission. Father GAULTIER was succeeded by Rev. Father RAVOUX, now Vicar General of the diocese of St. Paul, and he also received from the subject of this memoir substantial and valuable assistance.

Mr. F. survived his wife and all but four children of a large family. There remain but three of this number living, ALEXANDER, already mentioned, EMILY, the wife of Major FOWLER late of the U. S. army, both of whom reside in Faribault, and DAVID, who lives on a farm on the Cheyenne river, within the limits of the Sioux reservation. The death of Mr. F. took place at his daughter's house in Faribault on the 20th day of August, 1860, he having attained the advanced age of eighty-

seven years. He closed his eyes upon things earthly, after witnessing the marvelous changes wrought by civilization in the region which had for so many years been his abiding place, sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Among the pioneers of Minnesota, there are none whose memory and whose name better deserve to be respected and perpetuated, than JEAN BAPTISTE FARIBAULT. *Requiescat in pace.*

MEMOIR OF CAPT. MARTIN SCOTT.

BY J. F. W.

Among the many noted and remarkable persons who have been prominently connected with Northwestern history, Capt. MARTIN SCOTT was one of the most singular. Materials from which to frame a biography of him are very meagre, and what few I have, are drawn from a variety of sources, but are, I believe, reliable.

MARTIN SCOTT was born in Bennington, Vt., Jan. 17, 1788. His family were humble people, and his advantages of education in early life exceedingly limited. He was noted, even in his boyhood, for his daring and courage, and fondness for field sports—a passion that clung to him even in old age.

When the war of 1812 broke out, young Scott promptly enlisted in what was afterwards known as the famous "Green Mountain Boys." He served with credit, and by a commission dated April 21, 1814, was promoted as a second lieutenant in the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, and in May following, advanced to the rank of first lieutenant. During the war he served with conspicuous gallantry and distinction, and attracted the attention of many of his superior officers, and though mustered out of the service when the army was reduced at the close of the war in 1815, the reputation he had gained procured for him subsequently an appointment in the regular army. His commission, which conferred on him a second lieutenantcy in the Rifles, was dated April, 1818, and the subsequent year he was promoted to a first lieutenantcy.

In May, 1821, he was transferred, with the same rank, to the Fifth Infantry, in which he served, with various promotions, until his death, a period of twenty-six years.

Capt. SCOTT having been appointed from civil life, and being somewhat unpolished in his manners, and uneducated, was looked on with much coldness by his brother officers when he entered the Rifles, they being mostly of aristocratic families, and graduates of West Point. His habits, too, were very economical, a result, in part, of the poverty of his early life. All these things caused SCOTT to be intensely disliked, and no opportunity was lost to snub him and treat him with contempt and indignity. Finally, with two or three exceptions, they refused all intercourse with him, hoping to drive him to resign. These persecutions and annoyances were carried to the farthest extreme that they dared, as no one was willing to give SCOTT the insult direct, which would have justified him in challenging them, as he was known to be one of the most courageous men and "dead shots" in the army.

The surgeon of the regiment, Dr. JOHN GALE, was one of the officers who was still on good terms with SCOTT, and of him SCOTT asked advice as to how he should act in the case. Dr. GALE told him there were only two alternatives. One was to resign and be driven from the service, or to challenge the first one who gave him an insult direct. SCOTT resolved on the latter course.

As intimated above, none of the officers wished to "bell the cat," although each hoped some other one would call SCOTT out, and give him a quietus. At last one of the officers persuaded a relative of his, named KEITH, a dissipated adventurer who held a lieutenant's commission in the Rifles, though stationed at another post, to bear the brunt of their spite, and take the chances of a duel with SCOTT. KEITH was a Virginian by birth, and a practiced duelist, and was at the time, half dead with consumption. Pleased at the prospect, no doubt, of another encounter to add to his list of "affairs of honor," (for he had already killed several antagonists), KEITH readily consented to fight SCOTT, saying, in his reckless, dare-devil way, "he expected to die soon anyhow, and it didn't make any difference if SCOTT did kill him,"—but in point of fact, he hoped to kill SCOTT, as he was a splendid shot. KEITH took an early opportunity to insult SCOTT in the presence of the mess, so pointedly that there could be only one reply, and that

SCOTT soon sent him in the shape of a challenge. The only officer in the regiment who would consent to act as SCOTT's second, was a young man who had conceived a liking for him, and had not joined in the conspiracy against him. DR. GALE also acted as his confidant and friend.

KEITH and his abettors, knowing SCOTT's deadly aim and cool, steady nerves, endeavored to render both unsteady by a cowardly artifice. The spot chosen for the duel was a ravine near the post. Thither they secretly sent a detachment of men the night previous, and dug a grave on the spot where the duelists were to stand. Shortly after sunrise the principals, with their seconds and other officers, repaired to the field. Arriving there, while the seconds were "tossing" for position, KEITH remarked in a tone intentionally loud enough to be heard by SCOTT—"I will shoot the d— Yankee through the guts." SCOTT had really intended before the encounter, to fire in the air, and not at his antagonist, but on hearing this remark, he became assured that it was a plot to kill him, and made up his mind accordingly. He merely remarked to his attendant—"I shall shoot him through at the first button of the coat." His pistol was handed him, and SCOTT, to see if his aim had been affected by the artifices used, drew a bead on some object, and found his nerves as steady as steel. "I knew *I had him* then," he remarked, in giving the account of the affair to my informant, (Gen. SIBLEY.) Time was called. The word was given, and both pistols rang out sharply on the morning air at the same instant. KEITH staggered and fell, the blood pouring from his mouth and nose, and from a *bullet hole close by the first button on his coat!* His friends advanced and picked him up, while to their great chagrin, SCOTT walked away apparently unhurt.

But he did not escape entirely unhurt. The aim of KEITH was true. He had shot SCOTT through the bowels, as he promised, though fortunately the wound was not necessarily fatal. The ball passed through his body without much injury to any vital part, but struck the edge of the spine, splitting off a small piece. The agony of the wound, he said, was excruciating, but sustained by his intense pride and strong will, SCOTT managed to walk away with firm step, and without exhibiting any

marks of suffering. His nerves sustained him until he reached his room, when he fell fainting on the floor. Dr. GALE found him here a few minutes later, and had him carefully attended to. His escape from death was narrow. Had the ball struck the spine fairly, it would have produced death. As it was, SCOTT was confined to his bed for many days, but his iron constitution and fine health brought him out soon without any impairment of either.

KEITH was at first thought to be mortally wounded, but strange to say, the wound *prolonged his life*. It produced a counter-irritation that relieved his diseased lungs, and he is said to have lived for several years, when otherwise he must necessarily have died in a few months.

This event put an end to the persecution of SCOTT. He had forced their respect, at least, by his coolness and bravery. At the next mess table which he was able to attend, he mentioned, so as to be heard by all, that henceforth any insulting act or words would be noticed by him, and the author promptly called to the field, but no one dared to commit any overt act of that character. He was soon after transferred, as mentioned before, to the Fifth Infantry, a change no doubt agreeable to him.

SCOTT came to Fort Snelling with his company (G, Fifth Infantry) about 1821—the exact date I do not now find, and was stationed at that post most of the time until about the year 1840, or perhaps later. He served on special duty in all parts of the Northwest, from Pembina to Fort Dearborn, (Chicago,) and from Lake Michigan to the Missouri River, and was widely known among the early settlers of what is now Wisconsin and Minnesota, thirty years ago. Many amusing stories are related of his peculiarities.

SCOTT's sole passion seemed to be field sports. He always kept one or more fine horses, a pack of hunting dogs, several guns, and a negro servant to take charge of his animals. His hunting ground ranged from Prairie du Chien to Fort Snelling, and he must have been familiar with every portion of it. According to the accounts I have heard of his prowess, whole hecatombs of bear, deer, elk, buffalo, wolves, and other animals, must have fallen by his hand. A stream in Wisconsin, called "Bloody Run," is said to have been so named, because

a favorite hunting place of Capt. Scott, and on account of the quantities of game he had slaughtered along its banks.

All accounts concerning his marksmanship so agree, that there can be no doubt his skill in that line was marvelous. One of his common pistol feats, was taking two potatoes, throwing them into the air successively, and watching until they came "in range," putting a bullet through both. He used to place an apple on the head of his negro servant, and with his rifle or pistol, send a ball through it. With a shot-gun, he was an unerring marksman, and the bird that rose near him was sure to be brought down. While at Fort Snelling, he had at one time, 20 or 25 dogs, and mounted on his splendid black horse, used to delight in scouring the prairies and valleys after wolves and foxes. Gen. SIBLER often accompanied him in these chases, and as the latter had a good kennel also, of various breeds, the yelp of the combined packs when in full cry after a quarry, must have awakened the echoes of the bluffs in a way never equaled since. And it took a brave bold rider to follow Capt. Scott. No obstacle seemed to daunt him, and his famous black steed partook of his own spirit in that respect.

His marksmanship, and prowess as a hunter, became at one time of almost national fame, and many have almost classed him along with DANIEL BOONE, or DAVY CROCKETT, or looked on him as a mythical character. Who has not heard the famous "coon story" concerning him? It has given rise to a national slang expression—"to come down like Capt. Scott's coon," being familiar to every one. The story first originated in a political paper in New York (Utica, I believe) during an excited campaign, possibly in 1840. The editor spoke of some opponent "coming down, or surrendering, like Capt. Scott's coon." On being asked the meaning of the expression, he explained it somewhat as follows: Capt. Scott and several friends were out hunting, and got separated. As they passed along, one of them spied a coon sitting on the top limb of a high tree, and took a shot at him, but without effect. He passed on, and soon the next repeated the effort, with like result; and then another and another, until all had failed. After a while Capt. Scott came up, and seeing the coon, drew

a bead on it, and was about to fire, when the coon called out, "Who is that?" The Capt. replied, "My name is SCOTT." "SCOTT? what SCOTT?" "Capt. MARTIN SCOTT," was the reply. "Are you Capt. MARTIN SCOTT?" retorted the coon. "Then hold on—don't shoot; I may as well come down." Of course this made great amusement. It was widely copied by the press, and soon Capt. SCOTT's coon became a national by-word.

KEATING, in his interesting work on "Maj. LONG's expedition to the sources of the St. Peter's river, in 1823," relates a very characteristic incident of Capt. SCOTT. The expedition had orders to proceed to Fort Snelling, (or "Fort St. Anthony," as it was called then,) where Col. SNELLING, of the 5th Infantry, was to furnish it with an escort to proceed to Pembina, via Big Stone Lake. Capt. SCOTT was designated by the Secretary of War to command the military escort. Col. SNELLING, however, was secretly hostile to Capt. SCOTT, and resolved to deprive him of this honor. When the expedition reached Fort St. Anthony, Col. S. pretended that he could not spare enough men from his command just then, but would send Captain SCOTT to Prairie du Chien for the necessary force, and on his return the escort would be provided. SCOTT consequently started for Prairie du Chien with Mackinac boats, and having very favorable winds on the return voyage, made the trip in an unprecedented short space of time. But what was his astonishment to find, on his arrival at the Fort, that the expedition had set out immediately after his departure, in command of Capt. DENNY, another officer, and were now far on their way. SCOTT was furious at this treatment, but resolved to disappoint the evident object of it. He demanded from the commanding officer the right, which he had under the orders of the War Department, to follow and overtake the expedition. This could not be refused him, but he was allowed an escort of only four men, and to carry supplies, one old, worn-out pack-horse, incapable of a day's work. But, nothing daunted, he set out with this equipment. As he had anticipated, the horse broke down the first day, and was abandoned, the men packing their provisions on their backs. In this manner they advanced as rapidly as possible, for several days, until their

provisions gave out. Scott carried his unerring rifle, but no game could be found—not even birds. Finally their shoes wore out, and the men were almost barefooted. Scott now saw that his chance of overtaking the main party was small. He therefore ordered the soldiers to make the best of their way back to the fort, and he pushed on alone. For two entire days he was without a morsel of food, but his iron constitution kept him up, and he made forced marches every day. Finally he overtook the party, to their great surprise, on the Bois des Sioux River, and commanded it during the rest of the expedition.

Scott was free from many vices which army officers at that period were addicted to. He had never played a game of cards, or drank a glass of liquor, or used tobacco in his life. As before remarked, his habits were very economical. As he was unmarried until quite late in life,¹ and apparently had no object for saving his money, this was taken by his brother officers for mere meanness, and excited more or less prejudice against him. He was always very reserved about his own affairs, or his family, and it was not until after his death that it was known that Scott had during his army life contributed considerable of his pay to supporting or aiding several of his relatives who were in need of such assistance. On one occasion, after he had served in the West for a number of years, he resolved to pay a visit to his old home. He had left there a poor farmer's boy, and wished to return in such a way that no one would recognize him. He drove a magnificent white horse in a gig, and his negro servant, dressed in livery, rode his black thoroughbred. And what made his equipage more singular, his pack of about 20 blooded dogs accompanied him. He drove in this style through the streets of Bennington, and halted at the inn, the center of a crowd of wondering citizens, not one of whom recognized him however. He took a seat by the window, and shortly after, he saw his brother passing with a yoke of oxen. He at once went out and hailed him with, "You have a fine yoke of oxen there, my friend; do they

¹ Col. Scott was married at Rochester, N. Y., to Miss LAVINIA MCCracken, daughter of GARDNER MCCracken, Esq., of that city, in May, 1841. Mrs. Scott was lost on the steamer Arctic, in 1854.

belong to you, sir?" "No," replied the brother, who did not recognize him, "I wish they did—but I am not able to purchase them. They belong to one of my neighbors." SCOTT inquired what they could be had for, and on learning the sum, handed him the amount, saying he would make him a present of the oxen. This unexpected and extraordinary liberality from a perfect stranger, quite overcame the brother, who mechanically took the money and stammered out his thanks, wondering if it was not all a dream.

Capt. SCOTT then questioned him farther, concerning his means, &c. He said he lived on a small farm near by, which he rented, and had much difficulty in making a living for his family. Capt. SCOTT asked what sum the owner would probably ask for the farm. On being informed, he said that he would like to make him a present of that, too. His brother, who had been attentively gazing at him during the parley, now recognized him, and the greeting between the two brothers was such as might be expected. They literally "fell upon each other's necks and wept," and went home together with hearts overflowing with happiness.

But I must bring this sketch to a close. Capt. SCOTT, as is well known, fell during the Mexican war. He had been promoted from the Lieutenancy he held when he entered the Fifth Infantry, to the rank of Captain in 1828, and Major in 1846, for gallant conduct at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. He commanded his regiment at Monterey, and was brevetted Lieut. Col. for gallant and meritorious conduct in the severe conflicts at that place. On Sept. 8, 1847, while bravely leading his regiment at Molino del Rey, a bullet pierced his breast. Feeling the wound to be mortal, he took his watch and pocketbook, and handing them to one of the officers, said "give these to my wife," and expired.¹ A brother officer, Gen. R. B. MARCY, U. S. A., has written concerning him—"He was a pleasant companion, an honorable man, and a gallant soldier. I most sincerely respect his memory, and with all my heart say, Peace to his ashes."

¹ Col. SCOTT's remains were subsequently removed to Bennington, and a neat monument erected over them.

NAPEHSHNEEDOTA:

THE FIRST MALE DAKOTA CONVERT TO CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. T. S. WILLIAMSON.

The first full-blooded Dakota man, baptized and gathered into the church of Christ, departed this life in July, 1870, near Lac qui Parle, where he was baptized. Some incidents of his life show the power of the Gospel among the aborigines of our country, and the trials of the first converts among them. His name is NAPE SHNEEDOTA, which signifies the "*Red man who flees not.*" He was baptized by the name of JOSEPH, February 21, 1840, when about forty years old. He was a son of the sister of Mrs. RENVILLE, wife of the trader, and claimed kindred with some of the principal chiefs of the nation; above the average height, well formed, and with a good countenance, indicative of intelligence, kindness and honesty. His wife was received at the same time, and he brought four children to be baptized, three of them by former wives. In less than five years his third wife died, also. It was a great loss. Among Indians there are no boarding houses, and a wife can be obtained only by purchase at a large price, or by stealing, and where polygamy is common, as it was then—many of the men having two, some three, and some four wives—the number to choose among is not great. There was no Christian woman for him to seek. He chose an orphan girl who had been raised by her grandmother, one of the first converts, and eminently pious, probably hoping she would in this be like her grandmother. The friends of "PRETTY RAINBOW," for that was her name, were much pleased at her getting so good and respecta-

ble a man for her husband; but after the price was paid, she would not live with him; probably owing to the disparity of their ages. As her cousins talked of forcing her, she ran off among strangers again and again. He tried repeatedly to win her affections, but in vain. At one time, hearing of her at a distance of more than one hundred miles from her friends, he sought and found her, barefoot and in a very suffering condition, having sold her best clothes for food. According to the customs of his people he would have been justified in drawing his butcher knife and cutting off her hair, or even her ears or nose.

But he had learned to return good for evil, took her to the tent of some of his friends, and kindly provided her with food and clothing, such as she needed. Still she would not live with him. Not long after this, he had an opportunity of getting a woman much nearer his own age, a Christian, who had been cast off by her former husband because he had taken a younger wife who threatened to kill her predecessor. With this woman he lived happily till her death, which occurred about two years before his own. Not long after taking this last wife, he took his family to reside at LITTLE CROW's village, a few miles below Fort Snelling, on the Mississippi, where many of his kindred lived. In this region game was more abundant and goods much cheaper than at Lac qui Parle. He was taken down with a fever soon after he arrived among them. Some of his relatives, principal men of the village, called to see him. They inquired of him if it was true, as they heard, that he had abandoned the religion and customs of their fathers, and embraced the religion of the white men? He replied that it was. They then told him if he would return to their customs and worship as they did, they would attend to him in his sickness as they did to each other, and furnish him with food and medicine. If he would not do this, he must look to his new friends for help, for they could do nothing for him. Knowing that for the cure of disease they relied chiefly on the aid of the spirits they worshipped, and that God forbids such worship, he told them he would be pleased if they would furnish his family with food till he got well, but he did not believe in any of their gods, nor wish any of their incantations about him. If it was

the will of the great God he worshipped that he should recover, He would restore him to health, if not he was willing to die. Hearing this they left him to get along as he could. He and his family suffered much for food and the fever continued for weeks. One day one of his acquaintances, a man he had not seen for a long time, brought them some food, and asked if there was anything more he could do for him. He requested him to go to Fort Snelling tell the surgeon there how he was, and ask for medicine for him. The medicine was obtained, broke the fever, and he soon got well.

A year or two after this, having obtained a horse, he bought a harness, made a small sled and hauled his fire wood, instead of having his wife carry it, as was the custom. When the sleighing became good, he took his wife and youngest child on the sled and gave them a ride to Fort Snelling, where Major R. G. MURPHY, the agent, commended him for his industry and ingenuity. His comrades viewed the matter differently; said his wife was no better than theirs; such innovations must not be allowed, and killed his dog. He nevertheless persevered in drawing his wood. Soon after they killed his horse. Being unable to buy another, his harness and sled were useless. Major MURPHY would have been pleased to remunerate him for his losses, by taking the money from the annuities of those who had injured him, but the laws of our country do not allow such interference with Indian customs.

In the year 1850, the Dakotas on the Mississippi sold their hunting grounds, and within three years were forced to move more than one hundred miles to a reservation on the Minnesota river, where it was impossible for them to live by hunting, as they had done. The Dakotas were accustomed to say (and many of them believed it) that Indians were made for hunters and warriors, and if they should become farmers or mechanics, and labor like civilized men, the gods they worshipped would be offended, and destroy them. JOSEPH NAPESHNEE, not believing in these gods, immediately began to build and plant, and was the leading farmer among the Medwakantonwan, as was SIMON ANAWANGMANEE among the Wahpehtonwan and Sisitonwan. Others, seeing that they did not die as had been predicted, in consequence of thus violating the customs of

their ancestors, were induced to follow their example, which was worth thousands of dollars to their people. Nor were their own people alone benefited by them.

In the war of 1862, the Christian Indians, instead of joining in the massacre, befriended the whites, and were instrumental in saving the lives of hundreds of our people and a vast amount of property. The Christian Dakotas are now ten times as numerous as they were then, and more than two thousand now live by cultivating the soil, and in consequence more than one hundred thousand dollars is saved annually to our government. There is now more than that difference between the amount appropriated for their support, and that of a like number of Dakotas to whom the gospel has not been preached.

Further, regiments of soldiers are kept among the heathen Dakotas, or Sioux, to restrain them from robbing and murdering emigrants, while the Christian Dakotas, like a shield, defend the whites who are near them from the wild and hostile Indians farther west.

In the spring of 1863, JOSEPH NAPE-SHNEE was engaged as a scout by our government, and for several years was very useful as such, giving entire satisfaction to the officers having charge of him. After his services were no longer needed in this capacity, he returned to Lac qui Parle. The infirmities of age were now coming on him, and having no team he was not able as formerly to build a house for his family, but lived in a tent, yet supported them, partly by cultivating the earth, partly by hunting and fishing, without receiving any aid from the government, much respected by his neighbors, white as well as red, no one doubting his piety. For nearly ten years he was a useful ruling elder in the Presbyterian church.

ST. PETER, April, 1871.

MEMOIR OF HERCULES L. DOUSMAN.

BY GEN. H. H. SIBLEY.

HERCULES L. DOUSMAN departed this life at Prairie du Chien, in the State of Wisconsin, on the 12th day of September, 1868. The announcement of the event, the intelligence which was soon spread far and wide, that death had suddenly stricken a man so long and so favorably known throughout the northwest, was productive of more sad emotions in the entire State of which he was an honored citizen, than are usually manifested in a single community, when it is made known that one of its most prominent members has been unexpectedly called away. Indeed so identified with the territorial and State history of Wisconsin and Minnesota had my lamented friend become, that his name was a familiar word in almost every household, as that of a kind-hearted, high minded man, and public spirited citizen.

Col. DOUSMAN was born in the island of Michilimackinac, or Mackinac, as it is now called, in the year 1800. He was the son of MICHAEL and CATHERINE DOUSMAN, long and highly esteemed residents of the island, the soil of which now covers their remains. He was sent to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, for high school education, where he remained until he had attained the age of eighteen, when he removed to New York, and engaged himself as clerk to a Mr. ROBINSON, a dry goods merchant in that city. His services in that capacity continued for two years, and he then returned to the home of his parents at Mackinac. He was soon thereafter employed as clerk by the American Fur Company under the management of JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Mackinac being the principal western depot of that association. In 1826 he was despatched to Prairie du Chien as the confidential agent of the company, to take charge

of the business at that important entrepot of the fur trade. Here the great natural abilities of Col. DOUSMAN, combined with the thorough commercial education he had received, displayed themselves in the broad and almost limitless sphere to which he had been assigned. The late JOSEPH ROLETTE, Senior, was his ostensible superior, inasmuch as he held the position of partner with the American Fur Company, but in reality the commanding talents of Col. DOUSMAN soon placed him in actual control of the business of the company in this region. In fact the entire country north and west of Prairie du Chien, to the British boundary, (except the Mississippi valley above the Falls of St. Anthony, and the Upper St. Croix and its branches,) with its numerous trading stations and fur traders and other employes, was tributary to that post, until the year 1884, when a new and different organization was effected.

It required a man of sound and cultivated judgment, and of great executive ability, to systematize operations in so extensive a district, embracing many thousands of Indian hunters belonging to distinct and separate tribes, wild and savage in disposition, and even more addicted to inter-tribal war than to the chase. Among these discordant and belligerent bands, were stationed at intervals more or less regular, the fur traders and voyageurs of the great company, entrusted with merchandise amounting in the aggregate to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. None but those familiar with the ramifications and intricacies of the trade with Indians in early days, can rightly estimate the business tact and energy requisite to bring order out of confusion, and to reduce to a proper working system the operations of traffic in so wide a field. No higher tribute can be paid to the surpassing abilities of Col. DOUSMAN as a business man than the bare mention of the fact that he was successful in his efforts to effect an organization almost perfect in all its parts.

My personal acquaintance with the subject of this memoir dates back to the year 1829, more than forty years ago. I was then a mere boy, employed as a clerk by the American Fur Company at their central agency at Mackinac. Col. DOUSMAN and others in charge of important districts, were required to report in person during the summer of each year at that

point, whither they went in charge of the Mackinac boats that contained the furs and skins collected during the previous year. I became quite intimate with him, although he was by many years my senior, and at each of his annual visits he depicted the beauties of this wild western land in such glowing colors, and the abundance and variety of game animals and birds it contained, that my youthful imagination was captivated and my love of adventure aroused, so that in 1834, at his earnest solicitation, I formed with him and the late JOSEPH ROLETTE, Senior, a co-partnership with the American Fur Company of New York, which passed in that year under the direction of RAMSAY CROOKS as President. By the terms of the agreement, Messrs. ROLETTE and DOUSMAN were to continue in charge of the station at Prairie du Chien, and conduct the trade with whites and Indians in the region more immediately contiguous to and tributary to that post, while I was to be placed in control of all the country above Lake Pepin, to the head waters of the streams emptying into the Missouri and north to the British line, with my headquarters at St. Peters, now the village of Mendota. Col. DOUSMAN was, therefore, under Providence, chiefly instrumental in linking my destinies with those of Minnesota. I am thankful for the recollection that from our first acquaintance to the day of his death, our warm friendship was mutual and undiminished, and that the harmony existing between us was never, in a single instance, disturbed by any serious controversy.

Our State has sprung into existence so recently that a few of us yet living have participated in or witnessed each step of her progress from pre-territorial times, when a few hundreds of men employed in the fur trade were all the whites to be found in the country, to the present period when Minnesota possesses a population nearly equal to one-sixth of that composing the entire American confederation when it was finally emancipated from foreign control. Less than a generation since, what is now called Minnesota, together with a large part of co-terminous territory, was of importance only as a region producing in abundance wild animals valuable for their furs and skins. The bear, the deer, the fisher, the martin, and the raccoon, were the tenants of the woods; the beaver, the

otter, and other amphibia, such as the mink and the muskrat, were to be found in the streams and lakes, while the prairies were dotted with countless herds of the bison and the elk, accompanied by their usual attendants, wolves and foxes, which scarcely deigned to seek concealment from the eye of the traveler. The numerous lakes and marshes were the breeding places of myriads of wild fowl, including swan, geese and ducks. Many of the younger men who sought employment with the fur companies were, like myself, more attracted to this wild region by a love of adventure and of the chase, than by any prospect of pecuniary gain. There was always enough of danger, also, to give zest to extreme frontier life, and to counteract any tendency to *ennui*. There were the perils of prairie fires and of flood, from evil-disposed savages, and those inseparable from the hunt of ferocious wild beasts, such as the bear, the panther and the buffalo. War was the normal condition of the powerful bands of Dakotas and Chippewas, and the white man falling in with a war party of these belligerent tribes might deem himself fortunate if he could save his life by a sacrifice of whatever property he possessed. The traveler and the hunter in their peregrinations were compelled to trust to their skill in constructing rafts or in swimming, for crossing the numerous streams, and to the compass, or to the sun and stars, to direct their course. Nature in her primitive luxuriance, unmarred by the labor of man, unveiled her beauties on every side, as a reward to those of her infrequent visitors who could appreciate and enjoy them.

Such was the entertainment to which I had been invited by my friend DOUSMAN, and of which he himself had, for several years, been a participant. His robust physique and his bold and manly character were peculiarly adapted to a life of hardship and exposure, and previous to my arrival as his co-partner in business, a due regard to the responsibilities of his position required him to traverse the country at stated intervals, to inspect the posts within his district. Some idea can be formed of the great changes which have occurred since 1834, when I state that when I performed the journey in the autumn of that year from Prairie du Chien to St. Peters, now Mendota, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, there was but one

house between those points, and that was a log cabin occupied by a trader named ROCQUE, situated below Lake Pepin near the site of the present town of Wabasha.

The traders and clerks, who under the direction of Col. DOUSMAN and myself, had charge of the interior trading posts, were men of firmness and integrity, chosen from among the many applicants, for the characteristics which particularly qualified them to deal with a wild and savage race, and to be the custodians of the large outfits of valuable merchandise to be exchanged for furs and peltries. Cases of dishonesty were so rare among them as to constitute special exceptions to the general rule, although opportunities were afforded in a region remote from any of the restraints of law, which would have been taken advantage of by any but men of high moral principle. Of the long roll of these worthies with whom I was brought into close business connection, not a corporal's guard remains. Most of them, with my lamented friend DOUSMAN, have been gathered to their fathers. It is a source of regret that correct and reliable sketches of these veritable pioneers of our State cannot be obtained to be deposited with the collections of this Society. They would add a very important and romantic chapter to the history of Minnesota.

A biography of Col. DOUSMAN commencing with his advent to the Upper Mississippi, would not fall very far short of a history of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Although there was probably no office in the gift of the people of his State, to which he could not have successfully aspired, he made it a rule of his life to accept no public position, from which he departed on one occasion only, when he received the honorary appointment of aid-de-camp to the governor of Wisconsin, with the rank of colonel. Nevertheless, so widely and so favorably was he known, that his advice with reference to the management of Indian affairs in the northwest was eagerly sought by high dignitaries of the general government, and if that advice had been always followed, many grave errors might have been avoided.

During his connection with the American Fur Company of New York, and subsequently as partner with myself in the extensive firm of PIERRE CHOUTEAU and Company of St. Louis,

to whom the interests of the former corporation in this region were transferred in 1843, Col. DOUSMAN was brought into close relations with the Winnebagoes, Menominies, some of the lower bands of Sioux, and a portion of the Chippewas, and his influence, especially over the first named bands was almost without bounds. The Winnebagoes were regarded as among the most turbulent, and dangerous, of the northwestern savages, and nothing but the benign rule under which they were brought by my deceased friend, prevented outbreaks of violence which would necessarily have resulted in great destruction of life and property among the white settlers. His tact, sagacity and consummate knowledge of Indian character, were displayed on many critical occasions, when a collision seemed inevitable, and the services he thus rendered in the cause of peace, were the subject of public recognition by government officers, both civil and military. General ALEXANDER MACOMB, formerly in chief command of the U. S. Army, held him in high estimation, as did General BROOKE, who in after years commanded the Department of the Upper Mississippi with his headquarters at Prairie du Chien, and their policy in the management of the Indian tribes of the northwest was in accordance with that generally recommended by Col. DOUSMAN.

The attempts of the government to negotiate treaties with the Winnebagoes, were often frustrated by the jealous suspicions of their chiefs and head-men, and their great reluctance to sell their lands, and it was almost impossible to succeed in that direction, without first securing the consent and influence of the individual who was the trusted friend and counsellor of these wild bands. They had unbounded faith in the honesty of Col. DOUSMAN, and they looked to him for protection from the rapacity of unprincipled agents, and of the swarm of white cormorants who were ever on the alert to deprive the ignorant savage of the pittance to which they were entitled from the U. S. Government.

Hon. SIMON CAMERON, then, and now, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, was a member of a commission many years since, to make payments under treaty stipulations, to the Winnebagoes and their mixed bloods, and having received material assistance from the subject of this memoir, he took

occasion to state subsequently on the floor of the Senate, that in all his long experience, "a more truthful, energetic, fearless man he had never met than HERCULES DOUSMAN, and that his talent, if possible, exceeded his virtues." Seldom indeed, if ever, has it fallen to the lot of a man in private station to wield an influence so extensive, and at the same time so beneficent. The primitive people among whom he so long resided, were accustomed to depend upon him for advice and assistance when trouble overtook them. He acted as peacemaker in their disputes, often-times preventing litigation by his wise counsels, and he was withal ever ready to minister to the wants of the poor and the distressed, without distinction of race.

Although not a politician in the ordinary acceptation of the term, Col. DOUSMAN was in sentiment a conservative democrat, but he was independent enough to condemn whatever he deemed vicious or wrong in the acts of his own party, and with equal candor he never withheld his tribute of praise from political opponents when in his judgment the line of policy pursued by them was in accordance with the public welfare. So prominent was this trait in his character, and so convinced were the people at large of his unswerving integrity, that if he had assented to the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate for high public position, he would unquestionably have received the votes of very many who differed from him in politics.

When the war of the great rebellion burst upon the country, the personal influence, and the purse of Col. DOUSMAN were cast into the scale in support of the Lincoln administration, and few private citizens accomplished more than himself in arousing the people of his section to the imminency of the peril, and in equipping regiments for the field. He frequently expressed to me his earnest conviction, that it was the duty of every man in the community to devote his means and his energies to maintain intact the integrity of the Federal Union.

Col. DOUSMAN was a firm friend of our own Territory and State. Intimately acquainted as he was with the topography of the country, and its vast capacity for production, he advocated its claims to consideration, and predicted the brilliant future of Minnesota with all the enthusiasm of an old settler.

Next to his own State, to which he was ever loyal, his affections were bestowed upon the younger sister of Wisconsin, and his memory merits a warm place in the hearts of the people of Minnesota for the anxiety he manifested, and the efforts he made, to advance their material interests.

Northwestern Wisconsin has also good cause to cherish him in grateful remembrance. For many years an owner of steamers on the Upper Mississippi, he accomplished much in directing immigration and business to her ports, and but for his unremitting exertions, and the liberal outlay from his own resources in aid of the enterprise, the railway from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien, that great thoroughfare of travel and transportation, would long have remained unconstructed.

The strict business habits of the deceased, and the many opportunities afforded in a new and rapidly growing region for judicious investments, enabled him to amass an ample fortune. While he was always liberal in his contributions to religious and charitable objects, and noted for his hospitality, Col. DOUSMAN was by no means given to extravagance, nor did he encourage it in those within the sphere of his influence. Many men are yet living who are indebted for their prosperity to the pecuniary aid and wise direction they received from him in time of need.

In 1844, Col. DOUSMAN was united in marriage to the widow of his former partner in business, JOSEPH ROLETTE, Senior, who died some years previously. The issue of the union, which was a most happy one, was a son who bears the name and is possessed of many of the characteristics of his father. The estimable widow resides with her son, in a new and splendid residence erected upon the site of the old homestead at Prairie du Chien.

I am well aware that I have very imperfectly discharged the duty devolved upon me by the Society, of preparing a suitable memoir of my cherished friend. I might have entered into much greater detail, but in so doing I would have been compelled to transcend the limits allotted ordinarily to an obituary of any man, however distinguished. On the other hand, I could not have said less, without doing violence to my own feelings. I cannot but recall to mind, with the keenest regret,

that the friend of my early and riper years—my associate in business for nearly a quarter of a century—who directed my steps for the first time to what is now Minnesota, and to whom I was fervently attached, has gone the way of all the earth. He was summoned away suddenly, when his bodily vigor seemed hardly to have been diminished, or his intellectual energies to have lost any portion of their force. He left behind him no enemies to exult over his departure, but very many warm friends and dear relatives to lament the death of one whose place can never be filled in their affections. All that was mortal of the imposing form and presence of the deceased, now lies mouldering in the cemetery he himself had donated to the Catholic church at Prairie du Chien, and the magnificent marble monument erected by loving hands to commemorate his virtues will have become dim and tarnished by time, long ere his noble example shall cease to exercise an influence upon the community and the State of which he was an honored member.

“ Why weep ye, then, for him, who having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed:
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun has set.”

MEMOIR OF JOSEPH R. BROWN.

[Paper read before the Minnesota Editorial Association, 1871.]

Maj. JOSEPH R. BROWN, an ex-editor and publisher of **Minnesota**, one of the most widely known public men of our State, and at his death, its oldest white settler, died in the city of New York, November 9th, 1870, while on a business visit to that place.

JOSEPH RENSHAW BROWN was born January 5th, 1805, in Harford county, Maryland. His father, who was a man of much ability and energy, and was a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, removed soon after to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and settled on a farm there. **JOSEPH's** mother died when he was an infant. When about fourteen years of age, his father apprenticed him to a printer in Lancaster, but being treated with great harshness and injustice by said person, he soon after "ran away;" and the first intelligence his father received from him was, that he had enlisted in the army and had marched with his company "out west." He came to what is now Minnesota, with the detachment of troops that built Fort Snelling in 1819, and remained a resident from that time until his death, a period of over fifty years.

On leaving the army, somewhere about 1825, he resided at Mendota, Saint Croix and other points in the State, and engaged in the Indian trade, lumbering and other occupations. His energy, industry and ability soon made him a prominent character on the frontier, and no man in the Northwest was better known. He acquired a very perfect acquaintance with the Dakota tongue, and attained an influence among that nation (being allied to them by marriage), which continued

unabated to his death. He held, at different times during his life, a number of civil offices, which he filled with credit and ability. In 1838, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace by Governor DODGE, of Wisconsin, and for several years had his office at his trading post, at Grey Cloud, about 12 miles below Saint Paul. He was elected a member of the Wisconsin Legislature from "Saint Croix county" in 1840, 1841 and 1842, taking prominent part in those sessions. He was also a leading member of the famous "Stillwater Convention" of citizens held in August, 1848, to take steps to secure a Territorial organization for what is now Minnesota. He was the Secretary of the Territorial Councils of 1849 and 1851, and Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1853, a member of the Council in 1854 and '55, and House in 1857, and Territorial Printer in 1853 and '54. He was also a member from Sibley county, in the Constitutional Convention ("Democratic Wing") of 1857, and took a very prominent part in the formation of our present State Constitution. He was likewise one of the Commissioners named in that instrument to canvass the vote on its adoption, and of the State officers elected under it. He shaped much of the Legislation of our early, territorial days, and chiefly dictated the policy of his party, of whose conventions he was always a prominent member.

Maj. BROWN carried on, for a number of years, a very large and widely extended business as an Indian trader and supply agent, and, at the time of his death, had a trading post at Big Stone Lake, on our extreme western frontier. He also figured somewhat as an inventor, and after many years of study and experiment, and heavy outlay of means, had about completed a steam road wagon, or "Traction Motor," which he felt confident would prove a success, when his death occurred. He suffered the reverses of fortune incident to life on the frontier, and during his career made and lost large amounts, leaving at his death, I am informed, but a small estate. He always bore his losses with cheerful equanimity. He was a man of most remarkably unruffled and happy temper. In an acquaintance of fifteen years, I do not recollect to have ever seen the cheerful smile he always wore clouded by any reverses of fortune he

may have met with. He was always genial, good-humored and sociable.

But it is as a journalist and publisher I desire principally to speak of him here. His first regular entrance into the printing business in Minnesota, was in the year 1852, though he had before written considerable for the press. Shortly after the death of JAMES M. GOODHUE, which occurred in August of that year, Major BROWN purchased the "Minnesota Pioneer," and edited and published it under his own name for nearly two years. In the spring of 1854, he transferred the establishment to Col. E. S. GOODRICH. During the period of his connection with the paper, he established a reputation as one of the most sagacious, successful and able political editors in the Territory, and as a sharp, interesting and sensible writer.

In 1857, he established at Henderson, which town had been founded and laid out by him a short time before, a journal called the "Henderson Democrat," which soon became a prominent political organ, and was continued with much ability and success until 1860 or '61.

In speaking of Maj. BROWN as an editor, I can do no better than to use the graceful and elegant tribute from one¹ whose pen never touched a subject without adorning it, and whose long acquaintance with Maj. BROWN ensures its faithfulness as a portrait :

"JOSEPH R. BROWN was a great man in many of the best senses of that term, and never a common man in any sense. Without education, according to its scholarly significance, he yet knew much of all that scholars know, and more of that in which they are ignorant.

* * * We have known him to dash off more than twenty sheets of foolscap in a single night, upon a great variety of topics, requiring, in some cases, the use of precise and technical language, and exhibiting a range and accuracy of information which, considering the life he led and that he was a man without letters, we regard as unsurpassed by any intellectual feat which we have known any others to perform.

"The mind of Major BROWN was of the ruggedest Saxon type, and his language and mode of thought always simple, clear, logical and strong. His manuscript rarely required revision, and never except as to tautology or some such slight rhetorical fault. His method of statement and argument has not been excelled by any professional

¹ Col. E. S. GOODRICH.

writer in the State. To his clearness and strength he added a most persuasive tone, and a humor that won the kindly feeling of those whose interests or principles he combatted. Without further culture than such as experience gives, he must have acquired a wide and solid reputation, had his powers been regularly employed as a writer for the press."

In the brief space allotted to me for this memoir, I have only glanced at some of the prominent traits of Maj. BROWN's character, and the principal events of his life. He was, all in all, one of the most remarkable men which our northwestern frontier has developed, and it would require literally a volume to give the leading incidents of his long and eventful career. In the various and contradictory characters of soldier, pioneer, legislator, lumberman, public officer, editor, politician, trader, inventor and town-site speculator, he showed the versatility of his genius and energy of his character. He had faults, of course, but they were such as could be easily overlooked and forgiven by his friends. And as one of the pioneer editors and publishers of this State, his memory should always be respected by the members of the editorial fraternity of Minnesota.

J. F. W.

[From the St. Paul Pioneer, November 15th, 1870.]

"Why, God bless you! Come in!"—at St. Paul, in 1854, and "God bless you! Good night!" at New York, in 1870, were the first salutation and last farewell received by the writer from JOSEPH R. BROWN. And between these two have been blessings numberless, but no curses. His heart did not breed curses, nor would his lips utter them. And so, in the memory of these kindly greetings and farewells, which come back upon us now as benedictions, let us render some tribute to the great and good hearted man who has just passed away.

For JOSEPH R. BROWN was a great man in many of the best senses of that term, and never a common man in any sense. Without education, according to its scholarly significance, he yet knew much of all that scholars know, and more of that in

which they are ignorant. Without familiarity with the social refinements of life, his intercourse with men showed that native delicacy and kindness of heart are better than the best of breeding. Passing the bulk of his days among the rude and unlearned, or leading the more solitary life of trader or frontiersman, he was a man of mark and influence in any assemblage where he might be placed, whether in an Indian council in the wilds of the West, or in a National Convention in the centre of civilization. Persuasive as a speaker, simple, homely, but strong as a writer, modest and winning in private intercourse, he needed only the polish of the schools to have graced any position, or have honored any profession or pursuit. This is not the language of eulogy. No man of intelligence could come in contact with Major Brown, without admitting his ability; he was more than a common man who did not feel inferiority in his presence, and less than a generous man who did not acknowledge it.

Major Brown's qualities are best known and appreciated by those who mingled in the early politics of Minnesota. With a mind well stored with the elementary principles of law and political science, with a familiar knowledge of persons and localities, and with a natural aptitude for affairs, he took prominent part in all public movements, and grew in influence with the expanding growth of the Territory and State. It was noticeable to witness the effect of his appearance at the capital to attend upon the sessions of the Legislature during these early periods in our politics. He had, perhaps, spent months on the frontier, or beyond the limits of civilization, but, by some process, he had kept even with the current of events, and needed little in the way of fact or hint to render him master of the situation. All the little-great and great-little men who thronged to the capital at such seasons, and called themselves politicians, were anxiously waiting his arrival, which, with a humor that had just a dash of malice in it, he would sometimes delay until the latest hour. But the whole alphabet of Honorables rested quiet when he came. He was Cushing's Manual, and Kent's Commentaries, and Political Economy, and Sir Oracle, without pretence; he was the safely trusted friend, counsellor, committeeman, scribe, even, to all—except the

HON. PRETENTIOUS SQUIRT. The Hon. SQUIRT would show his sagacity by patronizing "Jo." BROWN. Before the session had half passed the Hon. SQUIRT was squelched. Not maliciously squelched, though, for if any Hon. SQUIRT proved to be only surfacely so, and gained sense enough to realize his true status, no one would aid more heartily than the Major in setting him on his feet again. But no Hon. SQUIRT ever forgot the ordeal through which he had passed, or repeated the patronizing experiment of "Jo."ing Major BROWN.

The amount of work which Major BROWN would perform during these legislative sessions, was something remarkable. Passing the legislative hours at the Capitol in watching and directing the details of legislation, his evenings and nights were consumed in the caucus, in the framing of bills, the preparation of committee reports, the composition of a speech for some NOODLES—whose support to an important measure would be gained by enabling him to play the part of an oratorical puppet,—and in writing editorials or correspondence for the press. We have known him to dash off more than twenty pages of foolscap of a single night, upon a great variety of topics, requiring, in some cases, the use of precise and technical language, and exhibiting a range and accuracy of information which, considering the life he led, and that he was a man without letters, we regard as unsurpassed by any intellectual feat which we have known any other to perform.

The mind of Major BROWN was of the ruggedest Saxon type, and his language and mode of thought always simple, clear, logical and strong. His manuscript rarely required revision, and never except as to tautology or some such slight rhetorical fault. His method of statement and argument has not been excelled by any professional writer of our State. To his clearness and strength he added a most persuasive tone, and a humor that won the kindly feeling of those whose interests or principles he combatted. Without further culture than such as experience gives, he must have acquired a wide and solid reputation, had his powers been regularly employed as a writer for the press.

Maj. BROWN's knowledge of human nature was thorough and extensive. He knew men as a scholar knows books. This

knowledge, with his knowledge of affairs, and the skill with which he used both in the business of politics and legislation, caused him to be designated the "Juggler," in our early partisan slang. No epithet was ever more undeserved. What the herd, who were his inferiors, denominated juggling, was only the exercise of his superior sagacity. He bribed no man, nor did he accomplish his ends by mean or unworthy tricks. But he was clear, strong, fertile and ingenious, and frequently carried schemes which were deemed impracticable, by consummate tact and unyielding tenacity—surprising his friends with unlooked-for success while he confounded his enemies. He delighted in the manipulation of men; and sometimes, we have thought, humorously involved measures and members in the mazes of legislation, that he might enjoy their struggles to escape from the dilemma into which they were cast. This, however, was confined to immaterial matters; he never jeopardized a scheme of importance by inconsiderate or humorous trifling.

So much interest did Major BROWN take in public affairs, and so much importance was attached to his presence and advice upon public measures, that, from the organization of the Territory until the State was fairly in working order, he was rarely or never absent from a general convention of his party, or from a legislative session. It is thus that nearly all the important legislation which forms the basis of our present code bears the impress of his mind. This is especially so in respect to those features which are novel to our system, and are stamped with liberality, progress and reform. It would surprise any one unfamiliar with the subject, to contrast the code of Minnesota with that of any leading Eastern State, and observe the superiority of our system in every liberal, humanitarian aspect. The centres of population, wealth, refinement and culture, which are shackled by precedent and tradition, are not the sources of ameliorating laws; these spring from the freer, fresher, more generous life of new communities. The mass of this liberal legislation, if it did not owe its paternity to Major BROWN, had always in him a hearty and efficient advocate; and his labors therein entitle him to honorable memory.

—This rambling sketch,—not intended as an analysis of Major BROWN's character, but merely as supplementary to the detailed accounts of his life already published,—must be brought to a close. As his remains are about to be consigned to the earth of the State which he loved, and whose interests he faithfully served in public and in private station, the writer would lay this tribute on his grave, along with that which will spring from thousands of hearts throughout Minnesota, as they learn that he is gone from amongst us, forever. If our venerable and tried friend had faults beyond those which mar the characters of the best of us, we happily knew it not while he lived, nor would we know it now. If there were such, we are sure they must have sprung from the soil of an undisciplined youth, and that they did not form the controlling elements of a manhood and a manliness rich in intellectual strength and vigor, and richer in the rarer qualities which mark the possessor of a generous and unselfish heart. No history of Minnesota can be written which shall omit from its pages the scenes and incidents wherein, for half a century, he moved conspicuously; nor can such history be worthily written which fails to record upon the roll of its worthiest pioneers, the name of JOSEPH R. BROWN.

E. S. G.

November 14, 1870.

[From the St. Paul Press, November 12th, 1870.]

A dispatch was received on the evening of the 9th inst. by Dr. C. CARLI, of Stillwater, a brother-in-law of JOSEPH R. BROWN, announcing the death of the latter on that day at New York. No particulars were given beyond the simple announcement of the fact. Mr. BROWN went to New York some time ago for the purpose of superintending the construction of his traction engine or steam wagon—an invention of his own which he has been developing for years—and he was in unusual good health when he left the State on this errand. He could not have been much less than 70 years of age, and ever since his early boyhood has been a resident of Minnesota, where he

first made his appearance as a drummer-boy at Fort Snelling some forty odd years ago while that fort was in process of erection. Ever since he was discharged from the military service, which, if we recollect aright was in or about the year 1828, he has been conspicuously and actively identified with the history of Minnesota, from the earliest beginnings of settlement on the Upper Mississippi to the present time. He was an important and distinguished character among the first pioneers of settlement in this region, and has been a more or less important and distinguished character ever since. As early as 1831 Jo. Brown, as he was then, and has ever since, been familiarly called, had an Indian trading post at Land's End, on the Minnesota river, about a mile above Fort Snelling. In 1833-4 he had established his trading post at Oliver's Grove, at the mouth of the St. Croix. At that time the only inhabitants in the country outside the fort were Indians—except a few traders at Mendota and elsewhere. BROWN was still engaged in the Indian trade when the speculative mania of 1837 set in, and distant as this portion of what was then Wisconsin was from its scenes, some pulsation of it reached these remote solitudes. BROWN was about the only man among the Indian traders of that time with sagacity enough to distinguish, in the hubbub of this wild movement of speculation and emigration, the march of that great westward development which was soon to take in the then remote wilderness of the Upper Mississippi. He at once set about, as soon as the Indian title was extinguished, to seize what seemed to him to be the salient points of the region hereabout. He first settled in 1838 at Gray Cloud Island, fifteen miles below St. Paul, where he had a trading post and farm. Two years afterward he formed the first settlement or laid out the first townsite at the head of Lake St. Croix, about a mile above the present site of Stillwater, and which he called Dahkotah, and about the same time he, with JAMES R. CLEWETT, bought the first claim made in St. Paul, from a discharged soldier. This claim embraced what is now Kittson's addition, and was bought for \$150. At this time BROWN, whose operations were extensive, owned an interest in a trading house on the Fort Snelling Reservation, on this side

of the Mississippi, which on Sept. 13th, 1838, was destroyed by a party of Sioux.

He was not only the pioneer town builder of Minnesota, but the pioneer lumberman, being the first to raft lumber down the St. Croix. In 1841 he was elected as representative of Crawford county, Wisconsin, which had been extended over the delta of country between the St. Croix and Mississippi. Here he succeeded in getting an act passed organizing St. Croix county, with his town—Dahkotah—as its county-seat. A judge of the district arrived one day at this county seat to hold court, but finding that it consisted of a single claim cabin, he seems to have resigned the judicial office for this locality to Jo. Brown, who already absorbed all the other functions of government in the county of St. Croix. BROWN was at this time, as for some time afterwards, engaged in lumbering operations on the St. Croix, varied, if we remember rightly, by an interval of fur trading on Big Stone Lake. In 1847 he endeavored to obtain from the War Department permission to erect a warehouse, etc., at Fountain Cave, which was then within the limits of the Snelling Reservation, for the purpose of supplying the lumber trade just being started on the Upper Mississippi, by the erection of a saw mill at St. Anthony Falls. He was unsuccessful in this, but soon afterwards established a boom at the point indicated.

After the Territory of Minnesota was organized, Mr. BROWN at once took a leading and influential position in the politics of the Territory. He was elected Secretary of the First Legislative Council, which assembled in the fall of 1849 at St. Paul, of which DAVID OLMSTED was President. Mr. BROWN was, if we recollect aright, Secretary of the Second Legislative Council also. His tact, ability and shrewdness, were, we well recollect, the theme of general comment at the time. In 1853, Mr. BROWN varied his pursuits by succeeding to the ownership and editorial charge of the *Pioneer*, its former editor, Mr. JAMES M. GOODHUE, having deceased, and gave a new illustration of the versatility of his character and talents, by his success as a sharp and vigorous writer. We think it was in 1853, he was elected a member of the Legislature, representing the county of Dakota. For years previous and subsequent, he

lived in St. Paul, but at that time his family occupied a house on the bluff on the west side of the river.

Previously to this Brown had laid out the town of Henderson, on the Minnesota river, and much of the early legislative log-rolling for which he was famous at that time, had reference to the building up of this point, which he endeavored without much success to make a depot of supply for the Indian country and Fort Ridgely. The steady and sedentary routine of the editor did not long suit Brown's restless disposition and he was soon at Henderson again building and planning we forget what, but mills and warehouses and hotels were among his monuments.

He was soon after this appointed Indian Agent for the Minnesota Sioux, and plunged into his old Indian life again, if, indeed, he had ever deserted it. It may as well be said here that Brown, like many of the old Indian traders, had married a Sioux woman, by whom he had a numerous family, and it was perhaps this circumstance, as well as the associations of all his early and middle life, which attached him so strongly to the Indians. Fitted by his abilities and character for any position or any career in the new centres of civilization which had sprung up around him, we find him at short intervals always going back to the Indians as agent or trader, or in some such capacity. He was, however, always planning new enterprises—and this haunter of Indian camps, this half Bedouin, was the founder of more embryo cities than any other half-a-dozen men in the State, and the planner of more schemes for its development than any other. He had a force, originality and genius of invention in him which was always propelling him in new paths. Among his inventions was his steam traction motor—or steam wagon.

It was a favorite project of his to build a wagon—propelled by steam—which would travel at will over the dry hard roads of our prairies. We think it was in 1860 that he had one built in New York, but after experimenting with it on the road between Henderson and Fort Ridgely he was forced to abandon it for the time as a failure. In the meantime the Indian war broke out, in which Mr. Brown took an active part. Following the remnants of the friendly Sioux to Fort Wadsworth, he has

been occupied for several years in trading with them, and in business connected with the supply of the different agencies. He has, in fact, been the real Superintendent of Indian Affairs in that region, and has been chief counsellor of the agents and the government. But he had not, in the meantime, lost sight of his favorite project of a steam traction motor ; but has been, meanwhile, maturing his invention and his plans for its successful operation. Last winter he secured legislation enabling the counties of the State which desired this kind of transportation to provide a hard roadway for the purpose, by an issue of bonds to cover the necessary expenditure, and during the summer he has been in New York constructing his motor and wagon, which he is said to have so perfected that its practicability is now generally admitted. It is a sad culmination of a life which seems one chequered waste of unfulfilled dreams, that in the very hour when he was to have enjoyed the fruition of a scheme to which he had devoted so many years of his life, he was suddenly cut off from the living. JOSEPH R. BROWN, though not free from guile, was in the main an honest man. He was at any rate a generous one. He was possessed of a cheerful and happy temper, a *bon-homme* which nothing could ruffle. No taint of malice or spite or spleen, lurked in his robust, warm and healthy blood. If his mental powers had been disciplined to the routine of some profession or regular occupation, if he had not been dragged down by the slipshod half-vagabond associations and habits of his frontier life, from the high career for which he was formed, he would have been one of the foremost men of his day.

A drummer-boy, soldier, Indian trader, lumberman, pioneer, speculator, founder of cities, legislator, politician, editor, inventor, his career—though it hardly commenced till half his life had been wasted in the obscure solitudes of this far Northwestern wilderness—has been a very remarkable and characteristic one, not so much for what he has achieved, as for the extraordinary versatility and capacity which he has displayed in every new situation. The above is a hasty sketch of the life of the leading pioneer of Minnesota, mainly from the recollection of one who, without any intimate relations with him, cherishes a kind remembrance of his real worth and sincerely mourns his death.

J. A. W.

MEMOIR OF HON. CYRUS ALDRICH.

BY J. F. W.

The subject of this memoir was born in Smithfield, Rhode Island, June 18th, 1808. His father's name was DEXTER ALDRICH. His mother was a Miss WHITE, a lineal descendant of PEREGRINE WHITE, the first child born after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. He received a limited common school education, and during his boyhood and youth worked on a farm near Smithfield. He afterwards, when a young man, adopted a sea-faring life in which he continued for several years, accumulating little besides a good stock of practical experience in the affairs of business and life.

In 1837 he concluded to try his fortune in the West, and at the age of twenty-nine emigrated to Illinois and settled at Alton. That great commonwealth, now the empire State of the West, and soon to be the third in the Union, was then suffering from a great financial depression, similar to the one which weighed with such crushing effect on our own State in '58 and '59. Business and commerce were almost at a standstill, and no other occupation offering itself, Mr. ALDRICH, too industrious and active to remain idle while any honest employment was open, worked as a day laborer on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. But this was only temporary. The managers soon found that they could do better than to employ this active and smart young stranger in an inferior position, and he was soon promoted to the place of overseer, and not long after took a contract on the same work. In 1841 his contract terminated disastrously to himself and he again resumed life as a laborer. Meantime he had resided at Springfield and Joliet.

In 1842, he removed to Galena, where he resided for several years. There he became a member of the firm of GALBRAITH, PORTER & Co., largely engaged in the stage business and mail contracts, that proved remunerative. He soon became well known in that region and was—as his personal traits of character, open and genial address, and honorable dealings always made him—very popular with all classes. On May 26th, 1845, he was married to Miss CLARA HEATON of Indiana, who was then temporarily residing at Galena, and who survives him with a son and daughter, his only living children.

In 1845 he was elected a member of the Illinois Legislature, and serving with satisfaction to his district, was re-elected the following year. At the expiration of his second term, he was tendered a nomination to the Senate, but declined, as the compensation of legislators at that time was so small that he had hitherto served at a loss to himself which he was not able to bear. During his legislative career, in Illinois, I doubt not that he worked for the interests of the State with the same energy, untiring industry and desire to promote the general welfare, that he evinced while in Congress and in our own State Legislature. In speaking of his legislative career in Illinois to the writer of this sketch, a short time before his death, he remarked that he was proud to have been a member of the session which adopted the plan for settling the old bonded indebtedness of that State, which like our own in this State, had been a source of trouble and dispute for several years, and devised means to restore her financial credit and solvency. That Mr. ALDRICH's plain, strong, common-sense and clear-headed views of business and public measures had their weight and influence in settling the knotty questions which arose while the measures were under consideration, no one who knew him, can doubt. This must have been the view of others. C. L. WILSON, editor of the *Chicago Journal*, speaking of the prominent part borne by Mr. ALDRICH in the settlement of the matter, said that "every one of his constituents should take him by the hand and say 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

In 1847 he was elected by a large majority, Register of Deeds of Jo Davies county, which position he filled for two

years. In the spring of 1849, he was appointed by President Taylor Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Dixon, Illinois, which office he continued to fill for four years, until the incoming of Pierce's administration in 1853.

When he was appointed to this office, he removed to Dixon, where he resided until his emigration to Minnesota. In 1854 he was elected Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Dixon, and a member of the Board of Commissioners of the county of Lee.

In 1852 he received the Whig nomination for Congress in his district, and had for an opponent the well known "Long John" WENTWORTH, of Chicago. Though the district was almost hopelessly Democratic, Mr. ALDRICH worked with his well known zeal so untiringly that he well nigh turned the scale in his own favor, failing by only a few votes, having run 1,570 ahead of his ticket. He used to say that he would have been elected if he could have commanded the liberal use of means employed by his opponent.

In 1854 he visited Minnesota, then the objective point of a very heavy emigration, and being pleased with the country and its healthfulness, determined to move his home here, Minneapolis, then a mere hamlet, being the locality chosen. In the spring of 1855, he moved thither and built a commodious brick dwelling, now owned by GEO. A. BRACKETT, Esq.

In his new home he lost none of the popularity which always seemed to follow him, for indeed he had lost none of those qualities of mind and heart which always made him acquaintances easily and attached them to him so warmly. He seemed made for a party leader, and it was not long ere the Republican party, to which he was ever attached, put him forward as standard-bearer. In the spring of 1857, he was nominated as a member of the Constitutional Convention, and elected by a larger majority than any candidate on his ticket. The printed debates of the "Republican wing" of the convention show that he took a leading part during the session, and was conspicuous in pressing wise and proper views.

A few days after the conclusion of the convention, Mr. ALDRICH was nominated by the Republican Senatorial Convention, as one of the three Congressmen (the State was not then

districted.) He at once entered on a vigorous canvass, but his party was not successful in the contest. Mr. ALDRICH from his personal canvass, however, became widely known throughout Minnesota, adding largely to his popularity and creating hosts of warm, personal friends. The ensuing year, when the next election for Congressmen occurred, Mr. ALDRICH was again nominated by his party. This time he was triumphantly elected, receiving a majority of over four thousand, 1,362 of which was in his own county, the largest majority ever given by that county.

He took his seat soon after in Congress, and ably represented his State and labored faithfully for its interests. Perhaps we have never had, and never will have, a more faithful representative in Congress than CYRUS ALDRICH. He made no pretensions to brilliant ability, was no impressive orator, and in plainness of manner and personal appearance would not have been selected by a casual observer as one of the leading members; yet scarcely a member on the floor had more influence than Mr. ALDRICH. There was something winning and persuasive in his manner. It bore the impress of truth and honesty. His style of speaking was plain, forcible, convincing, even though it may have lacked rhetorical ornament. Yet he seldom bored the House with speeches. His great success lay in *work, work, WORK!* He perseveringly pressed his measures, in season and out of season, and by his personal influence—that influence which a square, honorable, earnest man always has—accomplished his ends. No matter entrusted to him by his constituents was ever neglected by him. The humblest man in his district never wrote him a letter, asking a favor or for some information, in vain. He was certain of receiving a prompt, courteous answer, and if his request could be granted, it was secured. Thus Mr. ALDRICH's time was very fully occupied. His correspondence was very large. His opponents used to sneer at him as the "letter writer." I now record the fact to his credit and honor.

When his first term expired, (1860) Mr. ALDRICH was nominated without opposition, and elected by an overwhelming majority, 10,500, even larger than the vote Abraham Lincoln received on the same ticket. He returned to his seat in Con-

gress with a consciousness of duty well performed and well appreciated.

This was a trying term. The rebellion assumed shape and finally culminated in war. Our First Regiment of immortal fame, was called into the field, and remained near Washington for several months. This laid on Mr. ALDRICH new duties and labors. He felt a peculiar interest in the regiment and its welfare. His warm, sympathetic, kindly nature found a field for its active exercise. He was with the regiment whenever his duties at Washington permitted. The poor, sick or wounded soldier found in him a sympathetic and active friend, always ready with the cheering word, or liberal purse to minister to his wants. He would patiently frank "soldiers' letters" by the hundred, or write letters for the invalids in the hospital, and in a hundred ways bestowed on them those gentle and tender benefactions that only a generous heart could have conceived and executed, but which were of priceless value to the poor, despondent, suffering soldier. He seemed never to tire in his devotion to the "boys" of the First Regiment, and it is undeniable that his devotion to them seriously injured his health and perhaps shortened his life, while it is equally true that his unceasing generosity impaired his fortune and produced embarrassment that compelled him to sacrifice valuable property at home. But he has left "a monument more enduring than brass." His name, always mentioned with respect by every one in his own State, is now almost sacred in thousands of grateful hearts of the surviving members of the First Regiment, their relations, and indeed every patriotic citizen of our State.

In 1862, he was urged to accept the nomination for Congressman again, but declined to do so by the advice of his friends, at whose solicitation he ran for U. S. Senator during the Legislature of 1863, but was not successful. This fact was more regretted by others than by himself, as during his public life his private affairs had become much involved, and needed his personal care and attention, while his health had also suffered to some extent from over-exertion, and he was very glad to retire from public service to restore both. He did, however, accept from President LINCOLN, who had been for many years a warm personal friend of his, an appointment as

one of the Commissioners to examine claims for Indemnity to sufferers by the Sioux raid. This was a difficult and embarrassing position to hold; but he executed the trust without detriment to the rights of either party.

Mr. ALDRICH was one of the corporators of the Northern Pacific Railroad, an enterprise in which he felt much interest, and labored vigorously to get it started.

In 1864, he yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and was elected to the House of Representatives of the Minnesota Legislature of 1865. He here served his constituents and the State with his old energy and fidelity. In the spring of 1865 he was elected Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the town, the last position to which he was elected by popular vote.

In 1867, without any solicitations on his part, and unexpectedly to him, he was appointed Postmaster of Minneapolis, an office which he filled with satisfaction to all until the spring of 1871, a term of four years, when his successor was appointed.

During his residence in Minneapolis, no man worked harder for its advancement than he. He was ever ready to give labor or means in any public enterprise, and whenever a subscription paper was circulated for any worthy object, the name of CYRUS ALDRICH was sure to be found on it for a liberal amount. His community could have lost no one more true to her interests, nor whom they could have more illy spared.

After retiring from the office of postmaster, he withdrew as far as possible from all active business. His health was gradually failing, and the evening of a well spent life was passed in his family, quietly and serenely. He calmly awaited the approach of his end, which he felt was near at hand, but he was

"—Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust—"

in the mercy and goodness of his Heavenly Father. Kind friends and loving relatives ministered to his wants and smoothed his pathway to the tomb. Religion came to him with its soothing consolations. He believed and was baptised in the faith. His mind was remarkably clear, and he even gave directions for his funeral and selected his own pall bearers.

On the 5th of October, 1871, his eyes closed forever on this world.

His death created general sorrow in the community where he was so well known and so much beloved. Perhaps the death of no other citizen could have been so sincerely lamented. He had not an enemy among the many thousands who knew him. His remains were interred in Lakewood Cemetery on Sunday, October the 8th. This funeral was one of the largest that has ever occurred in the State. It seemed as if nearly the entire community were in attendance. The Masonic Order, the Fire Department, and other civic bodies were in the procession, while an immense concourse followed on foot and in carriages. The funeral services took place at the Universalist church, where Rev. Dr. TUTTLE, the pastor, preached a touching sermon. It so strikingly sketches Col. ALDRICH's character, that I can do no better than close this hasty and imperfect sketch by quoting part of it:

"Col. ALDRICH was, during most of his years, a public man. From the time he emigrated from Rhode Island to the State of Illinois, over thirty years ago, up to near the time of his death, there were not half a dozen years in which he was not doing service for the public. He was therefore brought in contact with a large number of our most distinguished men and became thoroughly conversant with nearly all the measures and interests which agitated courts, legislatures and the United States Congress. His opportunities for doing good, then, for serving the institutions for which he cherished always a patriotic pride, were exceedingly great. He used these opportunities with conspicuous fidelity. If he was ever charged with appropriating moneys that were not his, of subverting his office in any scheme of corruption, that charge never reached my ears. I have never known a public man, a man who like him had stemmed long and often the current of party opposition, whom the common speech of community treated more kindly, whose reputation for fair and honorable dealing, for resisting bribery, for keeping square accounts, was better protected from severe criticism.

"The deeds which longer than all others, perhaps, will keep his memory fresh in the hearts of his surviving fellow citizens,

and which will embalm his name in loving gratitude among the people of this State, are those which he performed in aid of our soldiers during the late rebellion. Many, very many, are the touching incidents which might be related of his true, earnest, patriotic devotion during those perilous times—of the way he emptied his pockets to aid the cause. But why should I dwell upon these things, and before you who saw his unselfishness, who were daily witnesses of his patriotic sacrifices, who know better than I, how all the soldiers loved and honored him, how gratefully they mentioned his name and treasured in their heart of hearts his friendly counsels and deeds of sympathy.

“He was unusually tender hearted, sympathetic and generous. He was quick to perceive the wants of his fellow men, and ever ready and willing to render all the aid in his power. He was especially kind to the poor. Perhaps there was no one in our city, of his means and of his cares, who listened more attentively to tales of poverty and suffering, and made greater sacrifices to afford the relief that was asked. It was a pleasure for him to do his neighbors a kindness—indeed, his every day life was filled with kindness, with kind words and with all those genial manners and easy courtesies which mark a noble and generous mind.

“For fifteen years his form has been a familiar sight in Minneapolis, and his name was associated with most of your city interests. This great gathering, to-day, of his friends and neighbors and acquaintances, is a better attestation of the very high esteem in which he was held in this community than any words of mine can be.

“The deceased was thoroughly aware several weeks ago that his life was drawing to a close. He sent for me, and in a very deliberate manner affirmed his convictions concerning the approaching dissolution, and told me quite minutely of his wishes in regard to the funeral, &c. Subsequently he sent for me again, and requested me to pray with him and to administer to him the rights of baptism and the communion. He seemed to be profoundly impressed and comforted by these solemn services. I saw him at other times, and at his request offered prayer. He expressed a desire to live—to have a few years

more to enjoy with his family, and to complete some objects he had in view, if such a thing could be ; but he did not complain or rebel against the decree of Providence. He conversed often and freely and calmly, even cheerfully and hopefully, with his family in regard to his departure, and made every necessary arrangement. His mind was clear and sound to the last. He suffered much, but murmured very little. His distress increased so much, finally, and his weariness was so great that he longed to go and be at rest. The closing moments were short and without much apparent pain. He fell asleep easily and peacefully."

MEMOIR OF REV. LUCIAN GALTIER:

THE FIRST CATHOLIC PRIEST OF SAINT PAUL.

BY REV. JOHN IRELAND.

The name of Rev. LUCIAN GALTIER is inseparably interwoven with the early history of St. Paul. If any one man can be said to have been the founder of this city, in the beginnings of which there were many more or less concerned, the honor of the title is to be awarded to him. It was his little missionary chapel that grouped together the early settlers who were pitching their tents along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and thus became the nucleus of the future city. The name he bestowed on the chapel was adopted by the new settlement, and retained by it as it grew up and developed into the St. Paul of to-day.

It is proper that the Minnesota Historical Society, whose object it is to collect and preserve whatever items of our history might hereafter prove of interest, should be possessed of the principal circumstances of the life of this venerable clergyman, more especially of those connected with the origin and growth of our city. The task is easy. The circumstances in the life of Father GALTIER, that could at any time have been of what we might call public interest, are few in number. His was the career of a humble, devoted priest of the Catholic church, noiselessly but faithfully fulfilling the every-day duties of his office—preaching, administering the sacraments, providing for the instruction of youth, visiting the sick. To rehearse his life in detail, would be to describe facts which, occurring as

they do in the life of almost every priest, are of a nature too well known to be deserving of a special mention. Suffice to say that, of those ordinary, humble duties, Father GALTIER ever acquitted himself conscientiously and untiringly. The testimony of all who knew him is, that he was a good citizen, a good Christian, and a good priest. His labors, undertaken on his part with zeal and energy, have been of great profit to those who, at different periods, were committed to his pastoral care, and now that he has been taken from us by his Divine Master, "His memory is in benediction."

LUCIAN GALTIER, the subject of the present notice, was born in France, Department of Ardeches, A. D. 1811. From an early age, he looked forward to the priesthood as his vocation, and was a student of theology in the seminary of his native diocese, when Bishop LORAS, the then newly appointed prelate of Dubuque, arrived in Europe, in quest of laborers for the immense region confided to his spiritual charge. The missionaries whom the bishop persuaded to follow him to the wilds of Western America, were Rev. JOS. CRETIN, afterwards first bishop of St. Paul, Rev. JOS. PELLAMOURGUES, now vicar-general of Dubuque, Rev. A. RAVOUX, now vicar-general of St. Paul, Rev. Messrs. CAUSSE and PETIOT, who have since returned to France, and Rev. L. GALTIER. The party landed in New York in the fall of 1838. Messrs. GALTIER, RAVOUX, CAUSSE and PETIOT, who had not yet completed their studies, proceeded to Emmitsburg College, Md., where they remained about a year. They were ordained in Dubuque, Jan. 5th, 1840, being the first Catholic priests ever ordained on the north-western side of the Mississippi River.

The Diocese of Dubuque comprised what was then the Territory of Iowa, the present State of Iowa, and as much of Minnesota as lies to the west of the Mississippi. The east side, though under the direct jurisdiction of the Bishop of Milwaukee, was, however, generally attended to by Dubuque priests, who, geographically, were in closer proximity than those of other dioceses. Apart from the voyages of the Jesuit Fathers, 200 and 150 years ago, the commencement of Catholicity in Minnesota dates from the year 1839. No doubt there had been, previously, Catholics in Minnesota, among the sol-

diers of the Fort and the traders ; but up to that year they had had no church organization, no attendance from a clergyman. In the summer of 1839, Bishop LORAS arrived at Fort Snelling, in company with Father PELLAMOURGUES, to see what could be done, if anything, for Catholicity in that portion of his Diocese. They remained some time, partly at the Fort, partly at the St. Peter's trading post, (Mendota), and before leaving promised the soldiers and the employees of the American Fur Company, who professed the Catholic religion, that they soon would have a priest permanently located among them. Those were not days of frequent steamboat trips ; so the Bishop was obliged, when returning to Dubuque, to confide himself to a little Indian canoe. The first night after leaving the Fort, he rested on the river bank beneath Dayton's Bluff, and often afterwards he spoke of the sore blisters, which the unusual labor of rowing inflicted on his hands.

One day in the spring of 1840, Bishop LORAS heard the whistle of the first boat from St. Louis, nearing the wharf of Dubuque. He was told it was bound to Fort Snelling. He remembered his promise to send there a priest ; he called on Father GALTIER, who, since the time of his ordination, had resided at the cathedral. In an hour the latter was ready and on board the boat. We cannot relate better the facts that followed, than by copying a letter, which Father GALTIER himself wrote, some three years ago, to Bishop GRACE, of St. Paul, who had requested of him an account of his mission in Minnesota :

“ PRAIRIE-DU-CHIEN, January 14, 1864.

“ RT. REV. BISHOP :—Your favor of the 4th inst., I received this week. To comply with your wishes, I will try to give you, in a few lines, an imperfect sketch of my short stay, in what was then mostly Indian ground, and now is the most conspicuous and most promising part of your flourishing Diocese.

“ On the 26th day of April, 1840, in the afternoon, a St. Louis steamboat, the first of the season, arrived at Dubuque, bound for St. Peter (Mendota) and Ft. Snelling. Rt. Rev. Dr. LORAS immediately came to me, and told me he desired to send me towards the upper waters of the Mississippi. There was no St. Paul at the time ; there was, on the site of the

present city, but a single log-house, occupied by a man named **PHELAN**, and steamboats never stopped there.

"The boat landed at the foot of Fort Snelling, then garrisoned by a few companies of Regular soldiers under command of Major **PLYMPTON**. The sight of the Fort, commanding from the elevated promontory the two rivers, the Mississippi and the St. Peter, (Minnesota,) pleased me; but the discovery, which I soon made, that there were only a few houses on the St. Peter side, and but two on the side of the Fort, surrounded by a complete wilderness, and without any signs of fields under tillage, gave me to understand that my mission and life must henceforth be a career of privation, hard trials and suffering, and required of me patience, labor and resignation. I had before me a large territory under my charge, but few souls to watch over. I introduced myself to Mr. **CAMPBELL**, a Scotch gentleman, the Indian Interpreter, to whom I was recommended by the bishop. At his house I received a kind welcome from his good wife, a charitable catholic woman. For about a month I remained there as one of the family. But, although well treated by all the members of the house, I did not, while thus living, feel sufficiently free to discharge my pastoral duties; so I obtained a separate room for my own use, and made of it a kitchen, a parlor and a chapel. Out of some boards I formed a little altar, which was opened out in time of service, and during the balance of the day folded up and concealed by drapery.

"In that precarious and somewhat difficult condition, I continued for over a year. On the Fort Snelling side, I had under my care, besides some soldiers, six families, **RESCHE**, **PAPIN**, **QUINN**, **CAMPBELL**, **BRUCE** and **RESICKO**, and on the St. Peter side, besides some unmarried men in the employ of the company, five families, **FARIBAULT**, **MARTIN**, **LORD**, and two **TURPINS**. No event worth noticing occurred, except some threatening alarms given by the Chippewas to the Dakotas. During that year, too, in the month of August, I returned sick from a visit I had made to a few families settled in the vicinity of Lake St. Croix. Prostrated by bilious fever and ague, at the military hospital, for nearly two months, I could not have recovered, were it not for the skill of Dr. **TURNER**, and the con-

tinued and kind attentions of his good lady. My grateful heart will never forget the relief I experienced at their hands. Both the officers and soldiers also showed me great respect and affection, and twice, some time after, although they had their chaplain, I had occasion to preach and offer the Holy Sacrifice in the Fort. What most grieved me, while sick, was the thought that no fellow priest was nearer than three hundred miles to me; but most unexpectedly, God, in his mercy, sent me one, whose visit seemed to me as that of an angel. Rt. Rev. Dr. DE FORBIN JANSON, ex-Bishop of Nancy, France, was then visiting the Northwest; he arrived at the Fort, and hearing that I was sick, alighted immediately from the boat, received my confession, and spoke to me words of consolation and comfort. This was in August, 1840.

"A circumstance, rather sad in itself, commenced to better my situation, by procuring for me a new station and a variety in my scenes of labor. Some families, most of whom had left the Red River settlement, British America, on account of the flood and the loss of their crops, in the years 1837 and 1838, had located themselves all along the right bank of the Mississippi, opposite the Fort. Unfortunately some soldiers, now and then, crossed the river to the houses of these settlers, and returned intoxicated, sometimes remaining out a day or two, or more without reporting to their quarters. Consequently, a deputy-marshal from Prairie-du-Chien, was charged to remove the houses. He went to work, assisted by soldiers, and unroofed, one after another, the cottages, extending about five miles along the river. The settlers were forced to look for new homes; they located themselves about two miles below the cave. Already a few parties had opened farms in this vicinity; added to these, the new accessions formed quite a little settlement. Among the occupants of this ground were RONDEAU, who had purchased the only cultivated claim in the place—that of PHELAN, VITAL GUERIN, PIERRE BOTTINEAU, GERVAIS and his brother, &c., &c.—I deemed it my duty to visit occasionally those families, and set to work to choose a suitable spot for a church.

"Three points were offered. The first was La Pointe Basse or Pointe Leclair (now, on account of a sand bar in its vicinity,

commonly known as Pig's Eye bar.) I objected to this place; it was the extreme end of the settlement, and, being low ground, was exposed in high water to inundation. The idea of having the church one day swept down to St. Louis did not please me. Two and a half miles further up, on his claim, a Catholic, named CHARLES MOUSSEAU, offered to me an acre of his ground; but neither did this place suit my purpose. I was, indeed, looking ahead, to the future as well as to the present time. Steamboats could not stop here; the bank was too steep, and the space on the summit too narrow; communication would be difficult with the places of the other settlers up and down the river. After mature reflection, I resolved to put up the church as near as possible to the Cave, it being more convenient, on my way from St. Peter, to cross the river at that point, and that being the nearest spot to the head of navigation, outside the reservation line.

"Messrs. B. GERVAIS and VITAL GUERIN, two good, quiet farmers, owned the only ground that appeared likely to suit. They both consented to give sufficient land for a church, a garden, and a small grave-yard. I accepted the extreme eastern part of Mr. VITAL's claim, and the extreme west of Mr. GERVAIS'.

"In the month of October, 1841, I had, on the above stated place, logs cut and prepared, and soon a poor log church, that would remind one of the stable of Bethlehem, was built. The nucleus of St. Paul was formed. On Nov. 1st, 1841, I blessed the new *Basilica*, smaller indeed than the Basilica of St. Paul, in Rome, but as well adapted as the latter for prayer and love to arise therein from pious hearts.

"The church was thus dedicated to St. Paul, and I expressed a wish that the settlement should be known by no other name. I succeeded. I had, previously to this time, fixed my residence at St. Peter, and as the name of PAUL is generally connected with that of PETER, and the gentiles being well represented in the new place in the persons of the Indians, I called it St. Paul. Thenceforth we could consider St. PAUL our protector—and as a model of apostolic life, could I have desired a better patron? With the great apostle I could repeat: 'When I

am weak, then I am powerful,'—a good motto, I am sure, even for an apostolic bishop.

"The name, St. Paul, applied to a town or city, seemed appropriate. The monosyllable is short, sounds well, and is understood by all denominations of Christians. When Mr. VITAL GUERIN was married, I published the banns as being those of 'a resident of St. Paul.' A Mr. JACKSON put up a store, and a grocery was opened at the foot of the GERVAIS claim. This soon brought steamboats to land there. Thenceforth the place was known as St. Paul Landing, and later on, as St. Paul. When some time ago an effort was made to change the name, I did all I could to oppose the project, by writing from Prairie du Chien.

"The families which I have mentioned as being on the Fort side, at the time of my arrival there, had afterwards to leave; only two remained. I could not do much good, by continuing to reside there. The St. Peter Trading Post was the only ground left me. I removed thither, determined to remain steadfast as a rock. Mr. FARIBAULT, the oldest pioneer of the place, a true gentleman, offered me a small house which I accepted; it was repaired, and I made of it my chapel, contented to reside in a small corner of it, until more favorable circumstances. I visited St. Paul regularly and occasionally St. Croix Settlement, then called Willow River, and now, if I am not mistaken, Hudson. In 1842, June 5th, Bishop LORAS gave confirmation to a few persons. During a short absence of mine, Father RAVOUX being at St. Peter, an accident threatened his life. One night while soundly sleeping in my little room, he was suddenly aroused by a tremendous cracking of the main beam, that supported the whole roof. Fortunately he was not hurt; calling for help, he removed everything to the house of Mr. FARIBAULT. Once more we had to make a mere room a temporary place for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Hearing of the accident, I left St. Paul, went to St. Peter, and at once took means to go to Chippewa Falls, in order to get the lumber needed for a new building. On my return, I put men to work, and on the 2d day of Oct., 1842, I blessed the first church of St. Peter. From that time, up to the day of my removal, nothing deserving of notice happened, save the

passage of the venerable Bishop of St. Boniface, Mgr. PROVENCHE who for the first time, but not without much danger, went, via St. Paul and the U. S. to Canada, a new route hitherto unknown. On the 29th of Oct., the little bell of St. Peter's chapel was blessed. On the 25th of May, 1844, I was leaving to better hands the yet barren field of my first mission, not without feeling deep regret—not without leaving friends behind me.

* * * * *

“LUCIAN GALTIER.”

In relation to the buildings, spoken of in the above letter, we will state that Mr. CAMPBELL's house is still standing, it being one of the stone houses outside the enclosure of the Fort. The church in St. Peter, or Mendota, is also yet standing. The one in St. Paul was taken down some years ago; the logs are secure, and it is the intention to have them put together, as they formerly were, and thus have the old church preserved. This church fronted on Bench street, and was built on one of the lots of what is now called the Catholic Block. This Block is nothing else but the ground formerly occupied by Father GALTIER.

From the Cathedral registers we learn that the number of baptisms performed by Father GALTIER, while in the Northwest, were as follows: In 1840, 40; in 1841, 35; in 1842, 35; in 1843, 27. His flock was small, but dispersed as they were, themselves strangers to material comfort, it required no small degree of courage and self-denial in a clergyman to labor among them.

Father GALTIER, on his removal from the north, was placed in charge of the missions at Keokuk, Iowa. In 1848 he returned to France, intending to spend there the remainder of his life. He had been strongly pressed to take charge of the French congregation of the Cathedral at St. Louis, but refused. After some time spent in Europe, he again longed for the missionary life of an American priest, and again crossed the Atlantic. On his return, he was placed at Prairie du Chien, where he remained until his death, Feb. 21st, 1866.

He visited St. Paul in 1853, and in 1865, and thus had opportunities of seeing what his little chapel of St. Paul had

come to. Even if he did have the future in view, when he was selecting the site of that church, we may feel sure in asserting that he never, in his most sanguine dreams, fancied that the settlement would become what it is, and what it is destined to be. He loved our city and our State dearly; nothing in his old age used to afford him more pleasure than to meet with persons from St. Paul, and to enquire of them how our city was progressing. St. Paul, we are glad to say, remembers him; his friends take an especial pride in the fact that his death was noticed in the proceedings of the Historical Society, and that, not many months ago, the City Council bestowed his name on one of the streets of St. Paul.

June 10, 1867.

MEMOIR OF HON. DAVID OLMSTED.

BY J. F. W.

Some considerable time has elapsed since the death of the subject of this sketch, and it might appear that the Historical Society is culpably tardy in doing this justice to his memory. But the delay has arisen solely from inability to procure the material requisite to prepare a memoir complete enough to be worthy of the subject. His career subsequent to his arrival in Minnesota was, of course, quite well known to the old settlers, and could have been easily written up; but the portion particularly needed was the events of his early life, before settling in this State. The writer has been in quest of these for several years, but until very recently has been unable to secure sufficiently full and accurate particulars of Mr. OLMSTED's younger days, to warrant the publication of a memoir. From his brother, PAGE OLMSTED, Esq., of Monona, Iowa, and from other sources, the writer has at length secured data and facts that enables him to place on record in these Collections, a brief, but it is thought, correct memoir of one of the best and purest public men connected with the history of Minnesota—regretting only that the task had not fallen to one more competent.

DAVID OLMSTED was born in Fairfax, Franklin county, Vermont, May 5th, 1822. His father, TIMOTHY OLMSTED, was descended from some of the earliest Puritan colonists of Connecticut. In May, 1824, the residence of the family was completely destroyed by fire, with most of its contents. This was a serious misfortune for Mr. OLMSTED's family, as their means were limited, and it was only by some years of hard labor and strict economy that the loss was made good. It was an event

that closely affected the subject of this memoir, as it deprived him in a considerable degree of the education which he would otherwise have had, and he was able to obtain but a limited amount of school tuition. He had a mind active and quick, however, and made good use of such opportunities as he had, while the loss of schooling was in a great measure compensated by other advantages. His mother was a woman of unusual intelligence and discretion, and to her home training he was doubtless indebted more than to any other source, for the knowledge he acquired during his boyhood.

In the spring of 1838, at the age of 16, he left home with the approbation of his parents, his sole means consisting of \$20 in money, to seek his fortune in the great West. By stopping occasionally to work when his means were exhausted, he reached Chicago in about a month. From Chicago he went to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, where he entered the employ of a Mr. LATHROP who was keeping a hotel. During the fall of that year the hotel was burned in the night, and OLMSTED with several other inmates, narrowly escaped by jumping from the window of an upper story, losing all their effects.

Late in the fall of that year, young OLMSTED went to Grant county, Wisconsin, where he entered 40 acres of Government land, lying on Grant river, about six miles north of Potosi. Here he lived for some months in the rude style of the mining region, keeping "bachelors hall" with a friend named WILLIS ST. JOHN. In the fall of 1839 his brother PAGE visited him, and chanced to find him very ill with bilious fever, the region at that time being very sickly. After his recovery, the OLMSTED brothers went to Prairie du Chien, and remained there for several months.

In July, 1840, they started on foot on an exploring tour through the then unsettled portion of northern Iowa, on the waters of Turkey and Yellow Rivers, looking for a desirable place to settle. Their outfit consisted of a blanket and gun for each, and as much provisions as they felt able to carry. They spent about two weeks in examining the country, traveling over a considerable distance. They finally selected a spot about thirteen miles west of the Mississippi River, now named Monona, where, without a team or other help, they erected a

comfortable log cabin. At this time there were but very few white settlers nearer than Prairie du Chien, on the east, and none whatever on the west of their location. The Winnebago Indians then possessed the country in the immediate vicinity north and west of the claim selected by the young pioneers, and the OLMSTEDS found it to their advantage to occasionally traffic with them, and consequently learned considerable of their character, customs and language—a fact which was probably the cause of DAVID OLMSTED becoming subsequently connected with the Indian trade on a large scale.

Less than one year after making their settlement, the OLMSTED brothers disposed of their joint claim, and each took a new one in the same neighborhood. Up to this time the Winnebagoes had been their only neighbors west and north, and but one white settler east or south nearer than seven miles; yet by treating the Indians with perfect fairness they had won their confidence, and only on one occasion did the Indians show any signs of enmity. This was about November, 1840, when seven young Indians came to the cabin occupied by the brothers, about sunset, and made threats to burn the cabin. The OLMSTEDS at once bolted the door of their cabin, when the Indians commenced trying to break it down. Fortunately at this juncture Mr. HARMAN SNYDER, who had been for several years employed as government blacksmith among the Winnebagoes, came along, and being influential with the tribe, and speaking their language perfectly, he persuaded them to desist from their attack. Had he not done so, probably the OLMSTEDS would have been murdered. This is but an instance of the dangers and risks to which all who lived in the Indian country in those days were subjected. When in liquor the savages would, perhaps, attack their best friend. The same trait was exhibited frequently by the Sioux. Dr. WILLIAMSON, an influential missionary to the Sioux at Kaposia, respected and beloved by them, was frequently compelled to barricade his house, to save his life from the drunken attacks of those who, when sober, were his warm friends and supporters.

DAVID OLMSTED continued improving his farm during the next three years, when, in the fall of 1844, being now twenty-

two years of age, he sold his claim to good advantage, and embarked in the Indian trade, near Fort Atkinson, Iowa, as clerk for W. G. and G. W. EWING, licensed traders to the Winnebagoes. In the fall of 1845, Mr. OLMSTED was elected from the District in which he lived (Clayton county), as a member of the Convention to frame a Constitution for a State Government in Iowa. The Convention assembled in May, 1846, at Iowa City. It consisted of thirty-three members. On May 18th the instrument was completed and signed by the members, and being adopted by the people, gave birth to the great and flourishing State of Iowa. We might mention as a fact, showing the primitive modes of traveling in Iowa, at that day, that a prominent citizen of Minnesota, [Hon. L. B. HODGES,] saw OLMSTED on his way to the Convention, *riding a bare-backed mule, with a rope halter*. Mr. H. further states that so youthful was the appearance of young OLMSTED when he was elected, that many of his constituents thought he was not of age, but said they "would send him anyhow," as he was so much esteemed. •

In the fall of 1847, Mr. OLMSTED, in company with H. C. RHODES, purchased the interest of the EWINGS in the Winnebago trade, and in the summer of 1848, when the Indians were removed to Long Prairie, Minn., he accompanied them.

The Winnebagoes had, in October, 1846, made, at Washington City, a Treaty, by the terms of which they agreed to abandon their old possessions in the soon-to-be State of Iowa, and remove to a new reservation procured for them in the Chippewa country, in the year 1848. But when the time for their removal arrived, they seemed very reluctant to go, and it required all the diplomacy and influence of Gen. J. E. FLETCHER,¹ their agent, accompanied by the presence of U. S. troops from Fort Atkinson, with the threat of coercion, to

¹ JONATHAN EMERSON FLETCHER was born at Thetford, Vt., 1806. He removed to Ohio when a young man, but afterwards settled at Muscatine, Iowa, in 1833, and went to farming. In 1846 he was appointed by Pres. Polk agent for the Winnebagoes, and remained in that position for 11 years. During this period he resided at Fort Atkinson, Iowa, Long Prairie, and Blue Earth, Minn. He returned to his farm at Muscatine in 1858, and died April 6, 1872. He left a wife and eight children, several of whom were born in Minnesota. A memoir of him in the Muscatine Journal says: "He was a man of marked and noted character—a man of talent, energy and industry, actuated at all times by truth, right and justice."

induce the savages to start. At Wabasha Prairie (now Winona) they made another stand, and having purchased that spot from WABASHA, the Dakota chief, seemed determined to resist to bloodshed any attempt to move them a step farther. The situation was now critical. The first drop of blood hastily spilled would have led to a bitter war.¹ An express was dispatched to Fort Snelling for more troops, which soon arrived under command of Capt. SETH EASTMAN. This, with the dragoons from Fort Atkinson, a company of volunteers from Crawford county, Wis., and two pieces of artillery, made quite a formidable force. The Winnebagoes began to reconsider their first hasty resolves, and the defection of a part of their number under an influential chief, added to the arguments and persuasion of Mr. OLNSTED, Hon. HENRY M. RICE, GEORGE CULVER, and others who were present, finally convinced them that resistance would be unwise and ruinous, and they proceeded on their journey. The value of the services that Mr. OLNSTED rendered in quieting the revolt can hardly be overestimated. Perhaps no man living had more influence with the tribe than he. They trusted him implicitly. Had he given any encouragement to their rebellious conduct, or said one word to urge them on, a long and bloody war with the tribe would have desolated the frontier.

On arriving at Long Prairie, Mr. OLNSTED, with his partner, established a trading post which was continued for several years.

Soon after settling here, Mr. O. met with an adventure which well illustrates the dangers and casualties to which the pioneers of a new country are exposed. Believing that the road, or trail, from Long Prairie to Sauk Rapids (which was very circuitous) could be shortened by a new route, he started on horseback in company with an old Frenchman named DECHOQUETTE to survey and mark out a new route. At that time the region was a perfect wilderness; no surveys had been made, and NICOLLER's map was the only one they had. This was really of no use to them, and after proceeding some distance they became involved in a labyrinth of tamarac swamps,

¹ Gen. SIBLEY says in his *Reminiscences* that "the Winnebagoes were regarded as among the most turbulent and dangerous of the North Western savages."

marshes, sloughs and jungles, until, at the end of the second day, they were utterly lost, and had not the faintest idea of where they were, or how to retrace their way. They now turned their horses loose, and endeavored to pick their way out, but without success. They floundered about in the swamps for seven days longer, wet, torn by briars until they were almost naked, and suffering the pangs of hunger. During this time all the food they had was a morsel of meat, and two sun-fish caught in a stream. They finally reached Sauk river, where a friend who had gone in search of them providentially found them, more dead than alive. During the last two days of their wanderings, DECHOQUETTE's sufferings had driven him partially insane, and when they were found, neither could walk. Mr. OLMSTED's naturally strong constitution was very seriously impaired by the sufferings and hardship of this adventure. It was some time before his strength was measurably restored, and there is no doubt that it was the main cause of his early death at the age of 39, when he should have been in the prime of life.

The Territory of Minnesota was created March 3d, 1849. On July 7th, Gov. RAMSEY issued a Proclamation dividing the Territory into Council Districts, and ordering an election for members of the Legislature, on August 7th. Mr. OLMSTED was elected a member [for two years] of the Council from the Sixth District, which was constituted as follows: "The Sauk Rapids and Crow Wing Precincts of the county of St. Croix, and all the settlements west of the Mississippi, and on and north of a due west line from the head waters of said river to the northern line of the Territory." In the absence of any surveys or well known natural lines, this was the only way in which such a district could be described. The Legislature assembled on September 3d, and Mr. OLMSTED was chosen President of the Council. The next session of the Legislature was not held until January, 1851. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. OLMSTED took a prominent part in both sessions. His fellow-members and the public soon came to respect and esteem him as an honorable and reliable man, and a faithful public officer. His good sense, well-balanced judgment and practical views on all subjects that came up gained him much influence, and though

modest and even taciturn, not thrusting himself forward incautiously, many selected him as one worthy of a higher position—indeed, one for which he was soon named.

In 1851, Mr. OLMSTED married a Miss STEVENS, daughter of Judge STEVENS, of St. Albans, Vt., by whom he had a son and daughter, both now residents of Minnesota.

Soon after this, finding that the profits of the Indian trade were becoming so small as not to justify remaining in it any longer, he disposed of his interest in it, and removed to St. Paul, where he not long afterwards purchased of Col. D. A. ROBERTSON, proprietor of the *Minnesota Democrat*, the newspaper establishment known by that name. Mr. OLMSTED became proprietor on June 29, 1853, and remained publisher of the same until September 2, 1854. Without having much, if any, experience as a writer for the press, prior to his assuming the editorial chair, he nevertheless had good success in that capacity. His clear, logical mode of thought, mature judgment and practical common-sense views of every subject, gave his plain, terse writing a force and influence that many more polished writers could not have commanded. The paper largely extended its influence and circulation under his control, and was changed to a daily in May, 1854. In September, 1854, he sold out to the late CHARLES L. EMERSON, on account of his failing health. His connection with the *Democrat* had made him widely known and popular with the people of the Territory.

In the spring of 1854, Saint Paul having been incorporated as a city, Mr. OLMSTED was elected its first Mayor, a position which he held for one year.

In 1855 Mr. OLMSTED removed to Winona, then a village of a few houses, and devoted his energies to building up that now flourishing city.

During the summer of 1855, Mr. OLMSTED was brought prominently before the people of this Territory as a candidate for Delegate to Congress. On July 25, the first regular Republican convention was held in Minnesota, and Hon. WM. R. MARSHALL nominated for Delegate. The same day, the Democratic convention met, and nominated Hon. HENRY M. RICE. During the proceedings, a portion of the delegates

objecting to the tenor of certain resolutions passed, withdrew, and forming a new organization, placed Mr. OLMSTED in the field. Thus there was a sort of "triangular" contest, three candidates, each with a leading journal advocating his claims, and a party of earnest friends supporting him. Many of the readers of this paper will remember the warmth of the contest. But they will fail, I think, to remember that during the entire campaign DAVID OLMSTED either said or did anything unfair or dishonest, or allowed his friends to do so, to aid his cause. The wing of the party which placed him in the field, however, was too feeble in strength to give him any chance of success, and Mr. OLMSTED really received the smallest vote of the three candidates, though he came out of the contest with popularity unimpaired and honor untarnished.

In the fall of 1856, Mr. OLMSTED's health began to decline quite rapidly, and he was advised to spend the winter in Cuba, which he did, but it failed to check the progress of the disease which was consuming him. His strong constitution and tenacity of will resisted the rapid inroad of the destroyer somewhat, but he felt that the end could not be far off. He therefore returned to Minnesota, and after visiting his relatives at Monona, Iowa, and Winona, came to St. Paul to see his friends here. It was his last visit, and was taken advantage of by them to secure the portrait which now hangs in the City Hall. In October he returned to his old home in Franklin Co., Vermont, to remain at his mother's house until the final summons should come. He was soon after reduced so low as to be unable to leave the house, and indeed much of the time confined to his bed. Even in this stage, though suffering great physical pain and debility, he wrote frequently to his friends here. His letters dated during this period breathe an air of resignation and even cheerfulness, but evidently conceal a sadness when speaking of his wish to see his old friends in Minnesota once more.

Death came to his relief after months of suffering, on Feb. 2, 1861. The news was received with sincere regret by his friends in Minnesota, and the press paid generous and warm tributes to his worth and integrity. Saint Paul Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F., and Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 5, F. A. M., of

which he was a valued member, passed heartfelt resolutions of regret, and the "Old Settlers Association" of Minnesota at their next annual reunion, placed on their records an appropriate eulogy. On the map of our State his name is well bestowed on one of our most flourishing and populous counties.

Perhaps I can do no better, to show the estimation in which he was held, than to quote some of the tributes paid to his memory by those who knew him most intimately. One of his friends thus truthfully sketched his character in a communication to the *St. Paul Pioneer*:

"DAVID OLMSTED had a mind of peculiar order. His leading characteristics were firm integrity, honesty of purpose, adhesion to friends, charity for opponents, a retentive memory, good common sense, and sound judgment. He was brave, but never rash; and was as modest as brave. No man ever saw him excited. Grateful for favors, he would rather grant than receive them. Originally a Democrat, then a conservative Republican, firm in his own principles, always respecting the views of others, he was never a partisan, but, always a patriot. Often absorbed in deep thought, even to absent-mindedness, and without a polished address, he nevertheless won the hearts of all by his kind, straightforward and manly conduct."

A clergyman who attended him in his last illness, writes: "He died in the faith of CHRIST, and in communion with his church. He died in peace." Another clergyman, who knew him intimately, writes: "A loftier disdain, as stern and calm as it was lofty, of the *base* in character, I have seldom seen in any man, nor a warmer appreciation of simple honesty and singleness of heart in others."

Capt. SAM. WHIRING, (then of Winona) paid the following touching elegiac tribute to his friend:

Vermont! thy green hills shroud in gloom,
Thy noblest son has met his doom;
Pass'd, in his manhood's pride and bloom,
Away from earth;
Let us, 'round OLMSTED's early tomb,
Recall his worth.

In Minnesota's earliest year
He sought her hills, a pioneer,
Full of ambition—void of fear
And wily plan:
One such as high and low revere—
An honest man.

Well may thy stroke, O Death, appal,
When thus earth's best and worthiest fall,
Unterrified he heard thy call,
 And sank to rest.
His spirit soars above the pall,
 Among the blest.

Revered and loved while here on earth,
Thou man of pure and sterling worth,—
Though lone and cold thy homestead hearth,
 Though from us torn,
Our loss is but thy blissful birth
 To endless morn.

OLMSTED! thou'rt sleeping with the dead,
Yet o'er thy low and grassy bed,
The sweetest rose shall rear its head,
 To deck thy tomb;
And on each sighing zephyr shed
 Its rich perfume.

Thy burial spot is hallowed ground,
And oft thy friends shall gather round,
Their joy subdued—their grief profound,
 As each shall tell,
His virtues, who, beneath the mound,
 Is sleeping well.

Yes, DAVID OLMSTED! though the sighs
Of friends bereaved for thee may rise,
Thy soul, beyond yon radiant skies,
 Has reached that shore,
Where all of human sorrow dies
 For evermore.

Such is an imperfect sketch of one whose name must always be honorably associated with the history of Minnesota. Mr. OLMSTED was a self-made man. Starting in life a poor boy, unaided by friends, with but little of the education bestowed by schools, he was literally "the architect of his own fortune." Settling on the frontier, among a rude population, in a region almost a wilderness, with nothing but energy and industry, guided by unswerving principle and honor, he pushed his way to reputation and friends, to position, and—in some degree—to wealth. He had some peculiar traits of character which

tended to gain for him that popularity which he enjoyed to such an enviable degree. He was emphatically a man of the people. Without seeming to court the good will of others, he had a quiet, natural suavity of manner that insensibly attracted men to him, and made even the humblest citizen in his presence feel himself a friend. There was something winning in the kindly tones of his voice, and the cordial clasp of his hand, and one felt impressed with its sincerity. And it *was* sincere. No man had more strongly the feeling of Fraternity than DAVID OLMSTED.

These traits, added to his exemplary character, his ability, and untarnished honor, made him beloved by his friends and respected and esteemed by all brought into contact with him, as perhaps no public man in our State has been, before or since. Even in times of the warmest political excitement, (and the rancor of territorial politics can scarcely be appreciated by our recent settlers,) he escaped detraction and slander. Or if not entirely, twenty years have now almost obliterated the animosities and differences that separated men into hostile parties in those days, so that all will now forget the resentments of the past and unite with me in laying a wreath upon the grave of one, on whose monument History, with impartial hand, must carve the tribute—"a good and true man."

St. Paul, March, 1874.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF MINNESOTA.

BY HON. H. H. SIBLEY.

In reviewing the "early times of Minnesota," I labor under no slight embarrassment, from the fact that I have been a somewhat prominent actor in the affairs of the Territory and State since their organization respectively, so that it is simply impossible for me to avoid thrusting myself forward more frequently than good taste would dictate. I shall abstain from more than a passing allusion to political affairs, for the sufficient reason, that I could not relate my version of them without affording good ground of offense to some who regard them from a different stand point. I shall omit for the same reason, the details of the horrible Indian outbreak of 1862, which culminated in the slaughter of nearly a thousand of our citizens, together with the military measures for its suppression under my immediate command, which resulted in freeing our State from the presence of the Sioux or Dakota and Winnebago tribes of savages. These topics will be treated more fairly, and with less of prejudice and passion when the chief actors shall have passed away and the events judged by the light of impartial history.

Having thus voluntarily circumscribed my field of narrative, it has occurred to me that a portion of this essay may with propriety be devoted to a description of the location and habits of life of the Dakota bands who were the possessors of this country in 1834 and subsequent thereto, and to some details of my hunting adventures in company with them, which, I trust will not prove wholly uninteresting. You will perceive that I have paid little or no attention to the chronological

order of incidents, not deeming it important to be precise in that particular.

The region embraced within the limits of the present State of Minnesota was first explored by Indian traders, Jesuit Fathers and French military officers, in the order in which they are placed. The enterprise, love of adventure, and hope of gain, of the first class, and the pious zeal and devotion of priests of the Catholic church, animated them respectively to extend their researches and explorations through all the principal avenues of communication in the Northwest, long before the great wave of immigration, which has within comparatively a brief period covered the land, had overtopped the Alleghany mountains.

At the time that the English and French were waging bitter war with each other for the supremacy on the frontiers of eastern Canada, men of both nations were wending their way, through perils of every conceivable description, up the great lakes and rivers which opened to them a passage to the boundless woods and prairies of the great West. We are apt to pride ourselves that the stock to which we belong produces keener and more daring explorers than can be found elsewhere, but to those who have made themselves familiar with the adventures of the men of another race, who, in the 17th and the early part of the 18th centuries, voluntarily encountered the dangers incident to voyages of thousands of miles through unknown inland seas and water courses, bordered by tribes of cruel and blood-thirsty savages, the boast will not pass current as a fixed and indisputable fact.

In what particular year the two first white men of whom we have any account crossed from the head of Lake Superior to the waters of the Upper Mississippi, cannot be stated with precision, but it was probably in 1659, more than two hundred years ago. They were Frenchmen. Other travelers succeeded them, at longer or shorter intervals, until, at length, the trade with Indians was established throughout the Northwest, and the banner of the Prince of Peace was unfurled among the wild beings who hitherto had gloried alone in their prowess in war, and in the chase.

THE PIONEERS OF MINNESOTA.

It is not my intention to recapitulate what has been written of the adventures of the discoverers of this region, or of their immediate followers. The annals of the Historical Society of this State contain what could be gathered of their history. I shall confine myself chiefly to events which have occurred since my advent to this country, thirty-nine (39) years ago. Most of those who were prominent at that time, and even subsequently, have disappeared from this earth. And here allow me to say, that the pioneers of Minnesota as a class, were far superior in morality, education and intelligence to the pioneers of most of the other Territories, and they have left a favorable impress upon the character of the State. They were by no means free from the vices and frailties of poor humanity, but on the other hand, they were, for the most part, distinguished for charity to the poor and friendless, hospitable even to a fault, and enthusiastically devoted to the interests and the prosperity of our beautiful Minnesota. Although, generally speaking, men of limited school education, there were exceptions to this rule, individuals being found among them of respectable literary attainments. And they were for the most part religiously inclined. Men who like COOPER'S LEATHERSTOCKING are brought face to face with Nature in her deepest solitudes, are led naturally to the worship of that Great Being whose hand alone could have created the vast expanse of wood and prairie, mountain, lake and river which spread themselves daily in endless extent and variety before their eyes. They were not particularly given to respect law, especially when it favored speculators at the expense of the settler. At the land sales at the Falls of the St. Croix, in 1848, when the site of the present city of St. Paul and the tracts adjacent thereto on the east side of the Mississippi were exposed to public sale, I was selected by the actual settlers to bid off portions of the land for them, and when the hour for business had arrived, my seat was invariably surrounded by a number of men with huge bludgeons. What was meant by the proceeding I could of course only surmise, but I would not have envied the fate of the individual who would have ventured to bid against me.

ARRIVAL IN MINNESOTA.

I arrived at the mouth of the Minnesota River on the 7th of November, 1834. The trip from Prairie du Chien was performed on horseback in company with ALEXIS BAILLY since deceased, and two hired Canadians. There was but one house between the two points named, a distance of nearly 300 miles. The building was a log hut about three miles below Lake Pepin, which long since fell in ruins. The occupant was a respectable Indian trader named ROCQUE.

Our journey was without incident worthy of note, except that we were nearly drowned a few miles above Prairie du Chien, in crossing the Mississippi river in a wooden canoe, which was capsized by the antics of a wild horse belonging to one of the party, swimming by the side of the clumsy and over laden transport. A Winnebago Indian engaged to guide us, as there were no roads on the west of the river in those days, but he abandoned us in the night after leading the party more than fifty miles too far westward, leaving us to find our way as best we could. When I first caught a glimpse of Fort Snelling, and descended the hills to Mendota, then called St. Peters, I little anticipated that the hamlet was to be my abiding place for 28 years.¹ There were a few log houses at St. Peters, occupied by persons employed in the fur trade, and the post itself was the depot of the fur trade for a vast region.

THE FUR TRADE.

The district over which I had the control, as a partner with the American Fur Company of New York, extended from Lake Pepin to the Little Falls on the Mississippi and north and west to Pembina, all of the Minnesota valley and to the heads of the streams which are tributary to the Missouri river. There was a large number of trading stations within these extensive limits, which required the employment of many traders, clerks, and voyageurs. The latter were composed entirely of French Canadians, who were regularly engaged or enlisted, for three years, in Montreal, at a stated price per annum, in livres, the old French currency.

¹ GEN. SIBLEY became a resident of St. Paul in 1862.

There being no law, discipline had to be enforced among these men with the strong hand, although, as a general rule, they were obedient and trust-worthy. Until the voyageurs had completed their first term of three years, they were called *Mangeurs du lard* or pork eaters, a term equivalent to green-horns, and they had to pass through a severe probation, for they were made the subjects of innumerable practical jokes by the *hivernants* or winterers, who, having served their apprenticeship assumed to rank very much higher than the pork eaters.

The rations issued to the common men at that early period, consisted of two ounces of beef or buffalo tallow, and a quart of hulled corn per day, with two or three loads of ammunition, which was entrusted to the most successful hunter among them, to be expended in securing game for their joint benefit.

The labors of these voyageurs, especially during the winter season, were excessively severe, as they were compelled to carry packages of fifty or a hundred pounds weight, frequently for days together, in visiting distant Indian camps, and to return laden with buffalo robes and the skins of other animals. Sometimes it occurred that they were overtaken by the snow, and were fain to take shelter under a drift, there to remain until the storm subsided. And yet under all such circumstances of toil and exposure, these men were ordinarily cheerful and unmurmuring, and withal, faithful to their trust.

The detachments of the voyageurs or engages came from Montreal in bark canoes, by way of the lakes to La Pointe on Lake Superior, and up the Brule River, from which the canoes and baggage were carried across to the waters of the St. Croix, and thence the canoes descended to the Mississippi. They were placed in charge of clerks, who also were hired for three years. There were some posts on the Minnesota River, the traders in charge at which had a reputation for sternness and severity towards their men, which had extended even as far as Lake Superior, so that the voyageurs on their way to this region were always cautioned by their countrymen employed at La Pointe to avoid, if possible, being placed under their control. This fact was also so well known at Mendota, that, on the arrival of the detachment, the clerk in charge would be directed to point out the most intractable and disobedient of the men,

and these were forthwith dispatched to the dreaded points, there to undergo a course of discipline for their bad conduct, that was the reverse of pleasant. It happened occasionally that they attempted to desert, but they were invariably overtaken by some of the traders or clerks, or by the Indians, and conducted back to the post, where they were made to do additional penance for the trouble they had given in their apprehension.

A few of the more important trading posts were enclosed by a high picket fence of the nature of a stockade, which was loop-holed for musketry. Of such were the stations at Lake Travers, and at Lac qui Parle. As a general rule, the Indians were respectful and friendly, but sometimes, when a hunter had failed to pay for the goods given him on credit the previous year, and had made a dishonest disposition of the proceeds of his hunt, he would be refused further advances, which was a serious matter for him, and not only gave offense to the individual himself, but to his relatives. The ill-feeling thus engendered would occasionally find vent in actual violence, as was the case when my old and lamented friend JOSEPH R. BROWN was shot in the shoulder and severely wounded by a Sisseton Dakota Indian at Lake Travers.

The greatest punishment which could be inflicted upon a band of Indians for evil deportment of any kind, was the stoppage of their credits of ammunition and clothing, as they were more or less dependent upon these supplies, for the subsistence of themselves and their families. This was less the case with the upper bands, who lived principally upon the buffalo, for they could furnish themselves with food as well as necessary clothing, by means of their bows and arrows, which the lower bands could not do.

THE EARLY TRADERS.

When I made my first visit of inspection to the principal posts in 1835, JOSEPH R. BROWN was in charge at Lac Travers near the head of the Minnesota river, JOSEPH RENVILLE, at Lac qui Parle, LOUIS PROVENCALE, at Traverse des Sioux, and JEAN B. FARIBAUT at Little Rapids. JOSEPH LAFRAMBOISE was stationed on the Coteau de Prairie at the Lake of the Two

Woods, and ALEXANDER FARIBAULT on the Cannon river. There were other prominent traders among whom may be named ALEXIS BAILLY, N. W. KITTSO, JAMES WELLS, HAZEN MOOERS, PHILANDER PRESCOTT and FRANCOIS LABATHE. MARTIN MCLEOD, FRANKLIN STEELE and WM. H. FORBES came into the country in 1837, and H. M. RICE in 1839 or 1840. The latter was at the head of an extensive trade with the Winnebagoes and Chippewas. Of the traders among the last mentioned tribe, with whom I was personally acquainted, were WM. ATKIN, ALLAN MORRISON, CLEMENT BEAULIEU and DONALD McDONALD. Messrs. BORUP and OAKES removed to St. Paul in 1849, from Lake Superior, where they had been for many years at the head of the trade with the Chippewas of that region. This long list has been sadly curtailed by the great reaper, for there survive, of all these individuals, only ALEX. FARIBAULT, N. W. KITTSO, FRANKLIN STEELE, WM. H. FORBES, H. M. RICE, CLEMENT BEAULIEU, D. McDONALD and CHAS. H. OAKES. LABATHE and PRESCOTT were killed by the Indians on the first day of the outbreak in 1862, and JAMES WELLS met a similar fate in the following year, while hunting on the Coteau de Prairie.

JOSEPH LAFRAMBOISE who died several years since, was a capital mimic, spoke with fluency four or five different languages and he was withal an inveterate practical joker. He and ALEX. FARIBAULT were wont to amuse themselves at the expense of LABATHE, who was simple-minded, honest sort of a man, and by no means a match for his tormentors.

A standing jest at his cost, was his experience at a tea party at Fort Snelling. The trio mentioned was invited by Capt. G. of the army to take tea and spend the evening at his quarters, and the invitation was accepted. It was in the month of July, and the weather intensely warm. The party in due time were seated around the table, and the cups and saucers were of the generous proportions ignored in these modern and more fashionable days. It should be premised that Indian etiquette demands on all festive occasions, that the visitor shall leave nothing unconsumed of the meat or drink placed before him. The large cup filled with tea was handed to LABATHE and the contents disposed of. The poor fellow at that time could speak nothing more of English than the imperfect sentence

"Tank you." When his cup was empty, Mrs. G., who was at the head of the table, said in her suave and gentle manner, "Mr. LABATHE, please take some more tea." LABATHE responded, "Tank you, madam," which being interpreted by the waiter to mean an assent, he took the cup and handed it to the hostess, and Mr. LABATHE was forthwith freshly supplied with the hot liquid. LABATHE managed to swallow it, sweltering meanwhile with the fervent heat of the evening, and again he was requested to permit his cup to be replenished. "Tank you, madam," was the only reply the victim could give. Seven great vessels full of the boiling tea were thus successively poured down his throat, LAFRAMBOISE and FARIBAUT meantime almost choking with suppressed laughter. For the eighth time the waiter approached to seize the cup, when the aboriginal politeness which had enabled LABATHE to bear up amid his sufferings gave way entirely, and rising from his seat to the amazement of the company, he exclaimed frantically, "*LAFRAMBOISE, pour l'amour de bon Dieu, pour quoi ne dites vous pas a madame, qui je ne'n veut point davantage.*" ("LAFRAMBOISE, for the love of God, why do you not tell madame that I do not wish for any more tea?") LABATHE never heard the last of that scene while he lived.

The old man ROCQUE, mentioned as residing near Lake Pepin, afforded another instance of the inconvenience of not being able to speak English. He knew one compound word only, and that was roast beef, which he called "*Ros-bif.*" He accompanied a Dakota delegation to Washington City on one occasion, and when asked at the public houses what he would be helped to, he could only say *Ros-bif!* So that the unhappy old gentleman, although longing for a chance at the many good things he would have preferred, performed the round trip on "*Ros-bif.*"

Having referred to Indian etiquette, I may as well narrate what was told of the performances of the Winnebagoes, of all Indians the most impudent. Twenty or thirty of them on their way to Washington before the era of railways, under the direction of their agent and interpreter, discovered, or suspected a conspiracy between the landlords along the route and the stage drivers, by which their rations were materially curtailed, inas-

much, as before they had half finished their meals, the horn would be blown as a signal for their immediate departure. Becoming disgusted at such proceedings, after two or three untimely interruptions of that sort, they made it a rule, when they were repeated, to empty all the dishes on the table into their dirty blankets, then resume their seats in the stages and discuss matters at their leisure. Fish, flesh, vegetables, sugar and everything else they could lay hands on, shared a common fate, in spite of the remonstrances of the angry Bonifaces, the Indians coolly claiming that what had been placed before them had been paid for, and therefore belonged to them.

THE DAKOTAS AND THEIR PRINCIPAL CHIEFS.

The division of the Dakotas or Sioux, known as the M'day-wakantons or People of the Lakes, consisted in 1834 of seven distinct bands, whose summer residence was in villages, the lodges being built of elm bark laid upon a frame work of poles. These villages were situated at Wabasha prairie near the spot where the flourishing city of Winona now stands, at Red Wing and Kaposia on the Mississippi, three of the bands on the lower Minnesota river below Shakopee, and the Lake Calhoun band on the lake of that name. These bands could bring into the field about 600 grown warriors. The Wakpakootas or People of the Shot Leaf were in villages on the Cannon river, or rather on a lake through which it runs, a short distance from the present town of Faribault, and at a few other points. They numbered about 150 warriors. The lower Wakpatons or People of the Leaf, were located at the Little Rapids, Sand Prairie and on the banks of the Minnesota not far from Belle Plaine. The lower Sissetons occupied the region around Traverse des Sioux, Swan Lake and the Cottonwood extending to the Coteau de Prairie. The Upper Wak-paton villages were on the shores of Lac qui Parle, and those of the Upper Sisseton on Big Stone Lake and Lac Travers. All of these bands except the Upper Sissetons, were implicated in the massacres of 1862, and strange as it may appear, the very bands that opposed the movement, and denounced it from the beginning, and afterwards proved their sincerity by engaging as U. S. scouts for the defence of the frontier against the raids of their hostile kindred, have

been treated with greater inhumanity and neglect by the government, than fell to the lot of the guilty. After long and persistent efforts in their behalf by citizens cognizant of the facts, the authorities in Washington have at length made a scanty provision for them.

The bands which have been enumerated, were all known and are still called by the Missouri River Dakotas, *Isantis*. They all raised corn to a considerable extent, and when the war of 1862 commenced, many of them owned large, well-fenced, well-cultivated fields, and comfortable houses. The authority of the chiefs in the olden time was very great, but from the date of the first treaties negotiated with the government it began to decline, until finally the chief was merely considered to be the mouthpiece of the soldiers' lodge, the members of which constituted the only real power in the bands.

Old *WABASHA*, long since dead, was the leading hereditary chief of the People of the Lakes, and in all inter-tribal affairs of importance his word was law, not only with his own particular band, but with all those belonging to the same division.

LITTLE CROW, Senior, chief of the band at *Kaposia*, was also highly respected among his people. He was very anxious that they should be taught to rely for subsistence upon the products of the soil, rather than upon the precarious fruits of the chase, and he set them a good example by working industriously in his own field. He was accidentally wounded in drawing his loaded gun from a wagon at his village, and he caused me to be notified a few hours afterwards. I forthwith applied to Dr. *TURNER*, post physician at Fort Snelling, to accompany me to see the wounded chief, and he consented. *ALEX. FARIBAULT* went with us as interpreter. Upon arriving at the village, we found *LITTLE CROW* recumbent in his lodge, and the doctor having examined the wound, pronounced it not only a dangerous but probably a fatal one. When the opinion was announced to the old chief, he smiled and said the doctor was right, for he would be a dead man before the close of the following day. He then directed the lodge to be cleared of all but ourselves, and sent for his son "*TO-WAI-O-TA-DOO-TAE*," the *LITTLE CROW* who led the savages in the murderous outbreak of 1862. When he entered, the father told him to seat himself, and listen atten-

tively to his words. Addressing him, he told his son frankly that it had not been his intention to make him chief; that, although he was his eldest born, he had very little good sense, and moreover was addicted to drinking and other vicious habits; "but," said he, "my second son, on whom I intended to bestow the chieftainship at my death, has been killed in battle with the Chippewas, and I can now do no better than to name you as my successor." He proceeded to give him counsel as to his future course in the responsible position he was about to assume as the leader of the band, which would have reflected no discredit upon a civilized man similarly situated, except that he did not suggest a change of religious faith to that of the whites. On that topic he remained silent. After referring to the differences existing between the two races, he told his son that the Dakotas must accommodate themselves to the new state of things, which was coming upon them. The whites wanted their land and it was useless to contend against their superior forces. The Dakotas could only hope to be saved from the fate of other tribes, by making themselves useful to the whites, by honest labor, and frank and friendly dealing in their intercourse with them. "Teach your people to be honest and laborious," continued he, "and adopt such of the habits of the whites as will be suited to their change of circumstances, and above all, be industrious and sober and make yourself beloved and respected by the white people. Now my son, I have finished all I had to say to you. Depart to your own lodge, remembering my final admonitions, for to-morrow I shall die." The entire address was so solemn and impressive that we all listened with the deepest interest. The old chief then told us he hoped we would befriend his son and his band, and when we rose to depart, he shook us by the hand, expressed his gratitude for our visit and bade us farewell. He died the next day.

The old chief evinced, on one occasion, some of the chivalry of the olden time, although in a manner somewhat revolting to the tastes of civilized men. Two of his favorite sons joined a war-party, which proceeded up the St. Croix River in search of Chippewas, and in a skirmish near the Falls, both of

them were killed, but the bodies remained un-mutilated, the Chippewas having been driven off with the loss of one man killed and another wounded. The father of the young men, who had remained in the village, was speedily notified of the occurrence, whereupon he gathered all the wampum and silver work belonging to the members of his family, and taking his double-barrel gun, which he highly valued, he made a forced march, with others of his band, to the spot where the action took place. The bodies remained where they had fallen. Under his direction, the blood was washed from the features and replaced by war paint, new clothing put upon the bodies, the hair was combed, plaited and strung with small silver brooches, silver bands enclosed their arms and wrists, and a large quantity of expensive wampum was hung about the necks. When these details had been attended to, the corpses were arranged in a sitting posture secured to the trunks of trees, and the old chief deposited his double-barrel gun by their side, took a parting look at his dead children, shook them by the hand and returned to his village. Some of the Chippewas in two or three days afterwards, came back and appropriated the scalps and the valuables, and left the bodies uncared for. Having heard of these singular proceedings of the old chief I asked an explanation of LITTLE CROW when next I saw him and he did not hesitate to give it. He said he had opposed the formation of the war party, but the young men were so bent upon avenging the death of some of their friends, who had been killed by the Chippewas, that he finally withdrew his objection. "My two sons," continued he, "joined the party, and were killed. While I grieve deeply at their loss, they fell like brave men in battle, and the enemy was entitled to their scalps. I wished the Chippewas to know by the treasures lavished upon the bodies, that they had slain the sons of a chief." Some weeks subsequently, he returned in person, collected the bones, and had them properly interred near the village.

LITTLE CROW, Junior, soon forgot the parting injunctions of his father. He was a drunkard, a confirmed liar, and was possessed of very few redeeming qualities. Yet he was a man of great energy and determination. He was the leading spirit

of the pagan Indians, bitterly opposing all changes of dress and habits of life. He was no friend to missionary operations, but clung to the superstitious observances of his fathers. The latter part of his life is known to most of you. He encouraged the Indians in the prosecution of their bloody work in 1862, was the acknowledged head of the war party, and finally, in 1868, while engaged with a small band in a raid upon our frontiers, he was shot dead by a Mr. LAMSON, his son who was with him only escaping to fall into the hands of a detachment of the troops under my command near Devil's Lake, a few weeks later. It is my conviction that no outbreak would have happened, had either WABASHA or LITTLE CROW, Senior, been living at the time.

HUNTING INCIDENTS OF EARLY DAYS.

In the autumn of 1840, the men of the nearest Dakota villages were desirous of going to hunt far to the southward, in a district of country 40 miles wide and more than 150 miles long, extending nearly to the Mississippi and southwest to the Des Moines River. This was called the Neutral Ground, from the fact that it had been purchased by the government from the tribes of Dakotas and Sacs and Foxes for the purpose of arresting hostilities between them by interposing a district which it was understood was not to be ordinarily occupied by the contending parties. The Dakotas were, however, unwilling to visit that dangerous region unless accompanied by a few white men, whose presence in their camp might be some protection against an attack by the Sacs and Foxes.

I agreed to accompany them, with ALEX. FARIBAULT, WM. H. FORBES, and a couple of the Canadian voyageurs in my employ. A camp was soon formed of about 70 lodges, or rather more than 100 men with their families. We provided ourselves with a large buffalo skin lodge for our own use, which was new and as white as snow. Gen. JOHN C. FREMONT, then a simple Lieutenant in the U. S. Topographical Engineers, was a visitor at my house in Mendota about that time, he having lately come across from Fort Pierre, on the Missouri, with I. N. NICOLLET, so well known as one of the leading scientific explorers of this region.

FREMONT desired to be of our party, and it was arranged that NICOLLET should continue his course down the Mississippi, while FREMONT, after having remained in our company as long as he felt inclined to do so, should be safely conducted to Prairie du Chien. JACK FRAZER, of whom some of our citizens have read, a mixed blood Dakota, was to be of our party also. The two Canadians drove horse carts laden with articles requisite to make us comfortable. Thus provided, and all of us well armed, we set out on our journey.

The view presented by so large a party of Indians on the march was rather imposing. Each of the families was possessed of one or more ponies, and these animals were attached to poles, one end of which was fixed on each side of the Indian saddle, like the shafts of an ordinary vehicle, while the other ends trailed upon the ground; there being a sort of basket made of interlaced leather thongs attached to the poles, upon which were placed the skin lodge, and others of the heavier articles, with a young child or two on the top of the load. The horses were led by the women, the elderly men taking the lead, while the other members of the families old enough to walk, assumed their appropriate places in the procession. One family followed another in single files so that the line was extended to a great length. When they arrived at the banks at a stream required to be crossed, the women were expected to carry over the baggage on their shoulders. These streams are generally rapid but seldom more than waist deep, except in seasons of high water. It was a favorite amusement for certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" who indeed comprised most of the young men, to station themselves along the banks when a crossing was in progress, and make impertinent allusions to the ancles of the softer sex, which were somewhat exposed, the current acting upon their garments in the same manner as a strong wind upon the crinoline of our fashionable ladies. The mothers and other female relatives of the young girls, excessively enraged at such freedom of observation, made it a point to drive off the intruders, by a heavy discharge of sticks and stones. The camping spot was designated by the soldiers, and upon the arrival at the ground of the families, the ponies were unloaded and turned out to graze, poles cut, and the

lodges raised in an incredibly short time by the women, the men meantime, or such of them as were not engaged in hunting, quietly smoking their pipes. The man's business is to furnish the tenants of the lodge with food and clothing, and the females must do all the rest. In fact, a woman would feel ashamed to see her husband performing any of the labor or drudgery about a camp.¹

A few days after our departure FREMONT, FARIBAULT, FRAZER and myself left FORBES and the Canadians to continue the march with the Indians, and struck off to the west of the route, hoping to fall in with buffalo. We were on horseback, and having reason to believe that game would be found in abundance, we took nothing in the shape of provisions with us, except a few pounds of wild rice. We promised to rejoin the main body in ten or twelve days. I shall not dwell upon the details of our trip. We found that game was exceedingly scarce, and although FARIBAULT and myself each killed a huge male elk, we took but the tongues and a small portion of the meat, expecting to be able to kill animals for daily consumption, but we were sadly disappointed. We hunted industriously the next day, but saw nothing, and for three entire days we had nothing to eat but wild rice boiled, without salt or other condiment. Now wild rice is a good addendum to substantial fare, but as the only food for a hungry man, it barely serves to keep the wheels in motion. On the morning of the fourth day, JACK FRAZER came across a venerable old stag, lying in the long grass by a rivulet, probably too infirm and advanced in age to make an effort to escape, and shot him. There was little but skin and bone, nevertheless, what with the marrow bones and the small quantum of flesh upon the carcase, it was a decided

¹ NOTE.—I give Indian life as it really is, not as represented by the poet Longfellow in the following passage—*Hiawatha* p. 399, *Edinburg Ed.*:

“Over wild and rushing rivers,
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine tree.”

improvement upon the wild rice. The prairie was set on fire by some miserable savage, and we were awakened after midnight by the roaring of the flames, and it was not without much exertion that we saved ourselves and our animals from destruction. In fact, a led horse belonging to FRAZER had strayed from the camp and was burned to death. This pursuit of pleasure under difficulties became somewhat tedious, and we turned our horses' heads in the direction of the line of march of the Indians, and rejoined them the next day. We continued with them hunting daily, until we reached the Upper Red Cedar River, a branch of the Lower Iowa, which brought us to the northern border of the neutral ground. At this point, FREMONT, disgusted with the toils and exposures of that mode of life, of which at a later period he was destined to experience a full share, proposed to depart for Prairie du Chien, a distance of more than 150 miles. I agreed to accompany him, taking with me JACK FRAZER and the two Canadians with their horse carts. I promised FARIBAUT and FORBES, who were left behind with the Indians, that I would rejoin them if possible within twenty days.

Our journey was by no means an agreeable one. The streams, which are numerous in that region were high, and for the most part skimmed with ice, which made the process of swimming them uncomfortable in the extreme.

After some adventures, among which may be mentioned a narrow escape from a visitation by a large war party of Sacs and Foxes—we arrived safely at Prairie du Chien, where FREMONT and FRAZER and myself parted company. I returned with my two Canadians driving their horse carts, and accompanied by an old hunter named REED, who proved to be a right good fellow, as well as a capital shot. When I reached the Indian camp on the Red Cedar, I was met with cordiality by my friends FORBES and FARIBAUT, as well as by the Indians. As I had been absent 28 days, they were all apprehensive that I and my companions had fallen victims to the Sacs and Foxes, whose trail had been discovered by the Dakotas, or been drowned in crossing the swollen streams. We left the Indians to themselves after the lapse of two or three days, and returned to our homes at Mendota, having been absent 70 days.

About noon of the first day's march the sun shone with such fervor that the snow disappeared from the burnt prairie with marvelous celerity, and we had to abandon our sleds in turn, and pack what we could upon the backs of our horses, we leading them by the lariats. As we had considerably more than two hundred miles to perform on foot over the frozen and rugged surface, the prospect was not remarkably bright. Still we got along very well. We fell in with two herds of elk on the route, numbering at least five hundred in each, but we only killed a few of them, as I always made it a rule to abstain from useless slaughter. We arrived at Mendota in due time, having been absent seventy days, and were warmly welcomed by our friends in the village and at Fort Snelling, all of whom had been anxious on our account, there having been rumors afloat that we had been cut off by the savages.

The following year (1841) we made another expedition to the same region on a much larger scale, but I do not propose to weary you with a detailed recital of all the incidents that occurred, for I was absent from the first of October until the first of March succeeding, a period of five months. It may be interesting, however, to describe the mode of inaugurating a movement of this kind, and of making soldiers among the Indians. This, with a few brief details connected with the excursion, will close the narrative of hunting adventures in which I was a participant, although I could extend it to an indefinite length, so much time was I accustomed to spend every year in such sports.

As usual, a feast was announced to be given at Mendota on a day designated, to which I was called upon to contribute two fat oxen and a large quantity of corn. Invitations were extended to the men of the several villages, and there appeared to partake of the good things, at least one thousand men, women and children, the two latter not having been included in the bill. After the gorging process had gone through with, and the pipe smoked, several hundred small sticks painted red were produced, and were offered for the acceptance of each grown warrior, the object of the assemblage having previously been made known by one of the principal men present. It was understood that whoever voluntarily received one of these

sticks was solemnly bound to be of the hunting party, under the penalty of punishment by the soldiers. About one hundred and fifty men accepted, and thereupon were declared duly enrolled. These men then detached themselves from the main body, and after consultation, selected ten of the bravest and most influential of the young warriors to act as soldiers, having absolute control of the movements, and authorized to punish any infraction of the rules promulgated for the government of the camp. It was then announced by the soldiers that in six days thereafter the buffalo skin lodges should be pitched on a spot in the rear of Mendota, and there must be no default in appearing on the part of any one. The interval was employed in preparations. At the appointed time, all were present but one family, the head of which declined to proceed. As soon as this was made known, five of the soldiers went to the delinquent's village, 12 miles distant, and reappeared in a few hours with the man's lodge and its appendages, packed on the backs of his horses, himself and family following with down-cast looks. The poor victim seemed to be utterly amazed at this summary proceeding, and the soldiers kindly let him off without further infliction, but warned him that a second attempt to evade his obligation would be visited with exemplary punishment. He gave them no more trouble, but quietly assumed his place in the ranks.

We allowed the Indians to precede us three or four days, and overtook them on the Cannon river, when alike with the Indians, we became subject to the control of the soldiers. At the close of each day, the limits of the following day's hunt would be announced by the soldiers, designated by a stream, a grove or other natural object. This limit of each day's hunt was ordinarily about ten miles ahead of the proposed camping place, and the soldiers early each morning went forward and stationed themselves along the line, to detect and punish any one who attempted to pass it. The reason for the adoption of such a rule was that in a large camp, the young men, unless restrained, would over run the country for a great distance in advance, and frighten away the game, so that a supply of food would with difficulty be obtained from that source. The penalty attached to the violation of any of the rules of the

camp was discretionary with the soldiers. In aggravated cases they would thresh the offender unmercifully. Sometimes they would cut the clothing of a man or woman entirely to pieces, slit down the lodges with their knives, break kettles, and do other damage. I was made the victim on one occasion, by venturing too near the prohibited boundary. A soldier hid himself in the long grass, until I approached sufficiently near, when he sprang from his concealment, gave the soldier's whoop, and rushed upon me. He seized my fine double-barrel gun, and raised it in the air, as if with the intention of dashing it against the ground. I reminded him that guns were not to be broken, because they could neither be repaired nor replaced. He handed me back the gun and then snatched my fur cap from my head, ordering me back to camp, where he said he would cut up my lodge in the evening. I had to ride ten miles on a cold winter's day bare-headed, but there was no recourse, as it is considered disgraceful in the extreme to resist a soldier while in the discharge of his duty. When I reached the lodge I told FARIBAULT of the predicament in which I was placed. We concluded that the best policy would be to prepare a feast for the soldiers, to mollify them. We got together all the best things we could muster, and when the soldiers arrived in the evening, we went out and invited them to come and appease their hunger in our lodge. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. They entered, and soon devoured all that had been provided for them. We then filled their pipes and presented each of them with a plug of tobacco, at the same time intimating that as they had been well treated, it would not be a kind return to have our beautiful white lodge cut into ribbons. They agreed not to interfere with it, and kept their word. The soldier who had worn my fur cap during the day returned it to me, but I did not venture to make use of it until it had undergone a long process of fumigation.

When we reached the big woods of the Red Cedar, the lodges were permanently established for the winter, and were surrounded by high pickets, which were not imbedded in the earth, but placed so as to rest upon transverse poles, supported by upright forked posts. The branches of the felled trees were then piled around the base of the pickets, forming a *chevaux*

de frise, which rendered an attempt to pull down any portion of the defences, both difficult and dangerous. Spaces were left between the pickets to answer the purpose of loop-holes for musketry. Upon the whole, the fort as it was called, was so constructed, as not to be easily stormed by an enemy. The women and children being thus placed in security, under the guard of a few men who were too old and infirm for active service, the hunters were left at liberty to follow their vocation untrammelled.

The presence of FARIBAUT being required at his trading post on the Cannon river, he departed in company with two young Indians, leaving me alone with the two hired men. I made it a practice to hunt with the Indians every day, except on Sunday, when I remained in my lodge. The Dakota mode of hunting deer is to form an extended line with intervals of eighty or a hundred yards between the hunters, and then advance at a rapid pace, completely scouring the country on their way. Any one falling in the rear has but a poor chance for success. When an animal is killed, the carcass remains on the spot until the return of the owner, after the conclusion of the day's hunt. The skin is then taken off, and with a portion of the hind quarters, is the property of the man who shot the deer or elk, and the remainder is equitably divided among such as have been less successful, or to the widows and orphan children in the camp. The rule is, that while there is any food on hand, it must be distributed to all alike. There was a great abundance of game in the country where we were encamped, so that from twenty to thirty deer were an average day's hunt besides the elk, bear, and other animals killed with fire arms, and beaver and otter taken with traps by the men who were past the age when they could endure the exhausting exercise of deer hunting.

I left the camp at an early hour one day to "still hunt" in a direction different from that to be taken by the Indians. I was successful, and returned to my lodge bearing upon my shoulders the greater part of a young buck. I soon ascertained that there was quite a commotion in the camp. One of the women came to inform me that all the men except five old fellows, who could not travel, had gone down to the forks of the Red Cedar, more

than forty miles distant, where they intended to remain and hunt for three or four days, and she further stated that a strange Indian had been seen behind a tree outside of the camp, taking observations. This intelligence startled me not a little, for I at once suspected that a scout had been sent forward by some war party of the Sacs and Foxes to reconnoitre, preparatory to an attack upon the camp. Seizing my rifle, and followed by two huge wolf dogs, my constant companions, I sallied forth and examined the spot where the Indian was said to have been seen. As there was snow on the ground, a trail could be easily followed. There was no mistake, for there was the moccasin track of a man, and from the appearance he had but recently left the place. I followed the trail for nearly two miles, when it occurred to me that even should I overtake the stranger, I would have no right to shoot him, and it was by no means probable that he would surrender without a fight. I therefore abandoned the pursuit, and went back to the camp with a foreboding that it would be attacked during the night. I called the five old men together, and explained to them the condition of things, and that the salvation of the women and children depended upon their vigilance and courage; that the night must be spent in watching. They assented to my suggestions and we all made such preparations as were in our power to meet the threatened assault. There was one main entrance which I determined to hold in person, with the assistance of a half breed boy, the Canadians having been despatched to a trading house below for some needed articles. The four small entrances were to be guarded by the old men, who were passably well armed.

Taking our stations, we awaited the denouement of the affair. About 8 o'clock in the evening the women reported having seen men moving in the woods on one side of the camp. I forthwith mustered all hands and directed a general discharge of the firearms in that direction, so as to produce an impression that we were on the alert, and had more men in camp than there really were. I fired five shots from my double-barreled gun, rifle and pistols, and all the others followed suit, so that there was quite a respectable display of force. No further alarm was given until three o'clock next morning, when every

one of the numberless Indian dogs in the encampment commenced barking and made a rush to the outside of the stockade. I firmly believed that the decisive moment had arrived, and so thought all the tenants of the lodges, for the old men began to sing their dismal death songs, the women screamed, and the children cried, so that together with the howling and barking of the dogs, there was such a concert of anything but harmonious sounds as never before greeted the ears of a civilized being. I sent the boy to still the tumult if possible, telling him to say to the old men and the women that their loud demonstrations of alarm were certain to invite an attack. The bipeds and quadrupeds were finally silenced, and I must confess that I was rejoiced when the dawn appeared. I went forth at sunrise to examine the surroundings, and found in the snow the tracks of many moccasined feet, and following the broad trail I was led to the place where the enemy, some fifty or sixty in number, had tied their horses to the trees. They probably were deterred from venturing an attack by the strength of the defences and the certainty that they could not effect an entrance without the loss of more men than they were willing to sacrifice. I selected a young active looking Dakota boy who might be fifteen years old, and asked him if he was man enough to follow the trail of the hunters to the forks, and he replied, proudly, that he was. "Hasten, then," said I, "and tell the men to return without delay." He sprang away at a rapid pace, and communicated my message to the hunters, and shortly after midnight of the same day we heard gladly the reports of guns at intervals to indicate their approach. The distance accomplished by the boy in eighteen or twenty hours, going and returning, was considerably over eighty miles. I reproached LITTLE CROW, who was with the party, for the recklessness displayed by him and the others, in leaving so large a number of defenceless women and children in an enemy's country, in an unguarded camp. He acknowledged it was very foolish to do so, and promised that such carelessness should not be repeated. In the morning a number of the fastest runners were dispatched on the enemy's trail, but they were too well mounted and had too long a start to be overtaken.

Before leaving home, I learned that a party of white men

were about being despatched to the Little Red Cedar River to erect buildings for a government agency, the neutral ground having been transferred by the authorities to the Winnebago tribe of Indians. Being desirous of ascertaining the location, I started on what I supposed to be a Sabbath morning, with my two noble hounds, and after a brisk walk of twenty miles through the woods, I stumbled upon a clearing where there was a log hut, and eight or ten men employed in labor of various kinds. I had allowed my hair to grow very long, and for some time past had worn no other covering on my head, and being bearded like a pard, and dressed in Indian costume, with two enormous dogs at my heels, the men crowded about me, wondering where such a wild man of the woods had come from. A gentleman named THOMAS was in charge of the party, who was quite well known to me. I introduced myself by name, but THOMAS failed to recognize me, and evidently suspected I was assuming a character to which I had no claim. Finally, I satisfied him of my identity and he gave me a hearty welcome. As we entered the cabin, I expressed my surprise that he permitted his men to labor on Sunday. "Why," said he, "this isn't Sunday, but Thursday." It was difficult for me to believe I had so far erred in my reckoning, for I was in the habit of noting down from time to time on my memorandum book any incidents worthy of mention, with the dates. It was a fact, nevertheless, that I had been keeping Thursday instead of the Sabbath. Mr. THOMAS pressed me to remain until the next day, but I declined, and took up my march to the camp, which I reached late at night.

In the latter part of the month of February, I bade adieu to the Indians and wended my way to Prairie du Chien, and thence on the ice of the Mississippi to Mendota. I had not had any communication with my friends for four months, and my safe arrival was a great relief to them.

During my residence in the Indian camp, I had been treated with deference and respect, and no attempt was made to annoy me, except in one instance, when some miscreant, probably in a bit of ill humor with the whole camp, kindled a fire in the middle of the night, under the cart which stood very near my lodge, and which contained two kegs of gun-powder of fifty

pounds each. The dense smoke awaked both myself and the Canadians and we rushed out to discover the cause. The floor of the cart was on fire immediately under the kegs, and a delay of a few minutes would have been followed by an explosion which would have blown us and the tenants of the soldiers' lodge close by to atoms, and occasioned great destruction in the other parts of the camp. We removed the powder in haste, and then extinguished the fire. Efforts were made to ferret out the author, but without success, nor was I able to fix suspicion upon any one.

The havoc made among the game may be estimated, when I state, that more than 2,000 deer, 50 or 60 elk, many bears, and a few buffaloes, had been destroyed before I separated from the Indians. To these may be added five or six panthers. FARIBAULT shot a young one before his departure, and narrowly escaped death or severe injury from its enraged mother, which was about springing upon him when one of my hounds seized her from behind, and arrested her course. She shook herself free from her antagonist, and dashed away into the forest, fortunately without injury to the dog in the struggle.

BOUNDARY CHANGES—EARLY LAW MATTERS.

It may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that I was successively a citizen of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota Territories, without changing my residence at Mendota. The jurisdiction of the first named terminated when Wisconsin was organized in 1836, and in turn Iowa extended her sway over the west of the Mississippi in 1838. When the latter was admitted as a State with very much diminished area, the country lying outside of the State boundaries, was left without any government until the establishment of the Minnesota territorial organization placed us where we now are.

It was my fortune to be the first to introduce the machinery of the law, into what our legal brethren would have termed a benighted region, having received a commission of Justice of the Peace from the Governor of Iowa Territory, for the County of Clayton. This County was an empire of itself in extent, reaching from a line some twenty miles below Prairie du Chien

on the west of the "Father of waters" to Pembina, and across to the Missouri river. As I was the only magistrate in this region and the county seat was some three hundred miles distant, I had matters pretty much under my own control, there being little chance of an appeal from my decisions. In fact some of the simple-minded people around me, firmly believed that I had the power of life and death. On one occasion I issued a warrant for a Canadian, who had committed a gross outrage, and then fled from justice. I despatched a trusty constable in pursuit, and he overtook the man below Lake Pepin, and brought him back in irons. The friends of the culprit begged hard that he should not be severely punished, and after keeping him in durance vile for several days, I agreed to release him if he would leave the country, threatening him with dire vengeance if he should ever return. He left in great haste and I never saw him afterwards.

In my own county of Dakota, at a later period, we had some bright and shining lights among those who held commissions as magistrates. One case of assault and battery was tried before a justice at Mendota, who was a very worthy, upright Frenchman, but indifferently versed in the English language. One of the leading members of the bar was imported from Ramsey county for the defense. He made a powerful and logical argument for the prisoners of at least an hour's duration. I was sitting in my office next door to the court room, when the justice entered hastily, and said to me in French: "That infernal lawyer has been talking to me until I am tired, and I have not understood one word in ten that he has said," and he then asked me what he should do. I told him he had heard the evidence, and should be governed thereby in his decisions, and not to pay any attention to the speech, and I believe he did decide properly. When I told the counsel afterwards that he had thrown much eloquence and erudition to the winds, he was astounded, "for," said he, "the justice never took his eye from me while I was speaking, and I flattered myself upon having produced a profound impression."

Another justice, not a hundred miles from Kaposia, was called upon to decide between two adverse claimants, who agreed to waive the right to a jury trial. After hearing the

evidence, the magistrate decided in favor of the plaintiff, whereupon the defendant accused him of partiality and injustice, and the dignity of the bench came very near being seriously compromised by a fisticuff between the court and the party who considered himself aggrieved. An appeal was taken to the District Court by the defendant, and when the writ was served upon the justice ordering him to produce a transcript of his docket and other papers in the case, instead of complying with the mandate of the court, he sat down and committed to paper a long and elaborate address to the judge, setting forth that the appellant had abused him, that he was a mean scamp generally, and concluded by stating to his honor that he had erred in granting the appeal, and if he wanted the papers in the case he might look for them, as he, the justice, would have nothing further to do with it. That paper ought to have been secured for the Historical Society. It was duly dispatched to the judge and I heard it read by the clerk, and I much doubt if ever a document produced a greater sensation in a court room than that did. It was subsequently abstracted from the files, doubtless by some one who had a laudable desire to become learned in the law.

I had the honor of being the foreman of the first grand jury ever empanelled on the west of the Mississippi River, in what is now the State of Minnesota. The court was held at Mendota, Judge COOPER being assigned to that district. His honor delivered a written charge of considerable length, and really it was an able and finished production. Unfortunately, out of the twenty odd men who composed the jury but three, if I recollect rightly, could speak English, the rest being Frenchmen, who were to a man profoundly ignorant of any language but their own. As a matter of course, they were highly edified while engaged in listening to the Judge's charge.

Major JOSEPH R. BROWN, lately deceased, who has been already mentioned, resided at an early day at Grey Cloud Island on the Mississippi, in the county of St. Croix, now Washington. He too was a Justice of the Peace, and on one occasion was called upon to decide between two Canadian Frenchmen named PARANT and LECLAIRE, who claimed the same piece of land at Pig's Eye, a few miles below the city of

St. Paul. BROWN was in a dilemma, as he doubted his authority to decide questions of title to land, yet he was unwilling to allow the dignity of his official station to be lowered in the estimation of the simple people around him, by avowing a want of jurisdiction in the premises. He therefore listened to the evidence *pro* and *con*, and having ascertained that the claim had not been staked out, he cut the Gordian knot of legal uncertainty, by deciding that the land would be awarded to the party who should first arrive on the ground, and stake it out. The decision was accepted as being in accordance with law, and neither of the men being the owner of a horse, a foot race of more than eight miles ensued between them. LECLAIRE being the fleetest runner, succeeded in placing his land marks in the presence of witnesses, before the arrival of his panting competitor. The latter made no further contest, and LECLAIRE proceeded to pre-empt the tract, and lived upon it for several years, and finally died there. This is by no means the only instance in which superior rapidity of movement was the means of securing a valuable pre-emption, but it is believed to be the sole case in the history of the Northwest, in which speed of foot was made to decide a legal question in obedience to the fiat of a magistrate.

MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

REV. SAMUEL POND and REV. GIDEON H. POND, both still living and highly respected ministers of the gospel in this State, came to this region in the spring of 1834, from New England, and established themselves as missionaries with the Lake Calhoun Band. They continued to labor among the Indians for many years, and their intimate acquaintance with their language, enabled them, in connection with Rev. Messrs. RIGGS and WILLIAMSON, to reduce it to a system, and in addition to other works which were printed, to furnish for publication by the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington city, an elaborate and complete Dakota Lexicon. Dr. WILLIAMSON arrived in 1835, and Mr. RIGGS a year later. They still labor for the spiritual benefit of the Indians. They first opened a mission at Lac qui Parle, with Mr. HUGGINS as assistant, who died not long since, and whose son, a pious and devoted missionary,

was killed by the Indians, in 1862, at that station. Messrs. GAVIN and DENTON were sent out by a Swiss society as missionaries among the savages, but were recalled many years since. Rev. Mr. HOPKINS had charge at Traverse des Sioux, where he was accidentally drowned in 1851. Mission stations were at a later period established by Rev. Mr. RIGGS at Yellow Medicine, and by Rev. Mr. HINMAN, of the Episcopal Church, at the Redwood or Lower Agency, which were continued until the expulsion of the Indians from Minnesota.

Rev. Father GALTIER was the pioneer missionary of the Catholic church, having been stationed at Mendota from 1840 until 1844, when he removed to Prairie du Chien, where he died several years ago. He was succeeded by Very Reverend Father RAVOUX, now Vicar General of the Diocese of Saint Paul, and a resident of the city. He arrived in 1841, remained a short time with Father GALTIER, at Mendota, and then visited the posts along the Minnesota river. He passed two winters at Chaska, then a small trading station, laboring with the Indians. He then resumed the position vacated by Father GALTIER, at Mendota, where he resided until the decease of Right Rev. Mr. CRETIN, Bishop of St. Paul, in 1857, when he removed to St. Paul. (I was on intimate terms with Father RAVOUX, and can testify that he was highly respected for his purity of character and devotion, and exercised great influence over whites and Indians.)

ORGANIZATION OF THE TERRITORY.

When the bill for the organization of Minnesota Territory was pending in Congress, there was a surprising degree of ignorance manifested even by members from the Northwest, with reference to the geographical position of the country in question. Hon. JOSEPH ROOT, of Ohio, made a vehement speech against the measure, denouncing as farcical and absurd the formation of a temporary government in a hyperborean region, where agricultural pursuits were impracticable, and where no white man would go unless to cut pine logs. Other members took a similar view of the subject. Probably such of these wise-acres, as are still in the land of the living, have had occasion to modify their opinions somewhat, since that period.

Enough had been ascertained by experiment previous to 1834, to demonstrate that our soil was peculiarly adapted to the production of wheat, barley and other small grains, but it was deemed very questionable, whether any but the small corn raised by the Indians would mature. The problem was solved by Messrs. NORRIS and HASKELL of Washington county, who were the first men to open farms on an extensive scale, and to prove that every variety of maize could be successfully cultivated.

Messrs. ORANGE WALKER and his associates at Marine, and JOHN McKUSICK with his brother JONATHAN at Stillwater, were the pioneers in the lumbering business which has since assumed such gigantic proportions, although JOSEPH R. BROWN is believed to have been the first to descend the St. Croix with a raft of lumber.

In 1847, Wisconsin was admitted as a State, with the Saint Croix as the north-western boundary, leaving the counties west of that stream without a government. The people believed they had a right of representation in Congress, the organic act of the Territory of Wisconsin not having been expressly repealed when the State was admitted into the Union. They accordingly elected me as delegate to Washington city, in 1848, and I was only admitted to a seat, after long and vexatious delays.

When my credentials as Delegate were presented by Hon. JAMES WILSON, of New Hampshire, to the House of Representatives, there was some curiosity manifested by the members to see what kind of a person had been elected to represent the distant and wild Territory claiming representation in Congress. I was told by a New England member with whom I became subsequently quite intimate, that there was some disappointment felt when I made my appearance, for it was expected that the Delegate from this remote region would make his *debut*, if not in full Indian costume, at least with some peculiarities of dress and manners, characteristic of the rude and semi-civilized people who had sent him to the capitol.¹

¹ Were these annals only to meet the eye of the pioneer, or present population of Minnesota, it would be unnecessary to speak of the personal appearance, mental or moral attributes of General SIBLEY, where he and they are so well known, but,

There were thus in Congress, at the same time, Senators and Representatives from the State of Wisconsin, and a delegate from the Territory of Wisconsin, a case for which there was no precedent. The Territory of Minnesota was organized by act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1849, the night before the adjournment. The curious in such matters will find the first appropriation for the support of the territorial government, in a bill entitled, "A bill for the relief of James Norris and for other purposes." There was no time to add the item to the regular appropriation bills at that late period of the session, and the private bill for the benefit of Mr. Norris, passed, with the sum for the expenses of Minnesota Territory tacked to it as an amendment.

In the spring of 1849, Governor RAMSEY arrived at St. Paul, as did the Judges of the Supreme Court, Messrs. GOODRICH, MEEKER and COOPER, and the other territorial officers, when the new government was duly organized and went into immediate operation. Parties commenced to form forthwith, and a furious political war followed, many particulars of which must afford amusement to those yet living, who participated in the strife. It seemed as if the whole burden of national affairs had suddenly been transferred to the six thousand people, who composed the population of the Territory.

In the course of a canvass for delegate to Congress, an

as they will be perused in after time, and in other lands, and inasmuch as the question was raised, it may be well to observe that the pioneers of Minnesota were justly proud of the manly bearing, mental qualities and exemplary character of the man of their choice; regarding these a kind of offset for any lack of population, or commercial importance that might be urged against their claims to recognition. Nor were they visionary. The writer of this note, not then a resident of Minnesota, spent a portion of the winter and spring of 1849, at the national capital, and can bear witness to the justness of these expectations. To say that the delegate from Minnesota did not suffer by comparison with the members of the body to which the old settlers had accredited him, would fail to do justice to their good taste. HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY would, by his stately bearing, have attracted favorable notice at the most refined courts of Europe; his literary contributions to the periodicals of 20 to 30 years ago, both in his own name and under the *non de plume* of "HAL, A DACTAR," proved him to be a forcible and finished writer, while his letter to Senator FOOTE, which appeared in the *Washington Union*, in February, 1850, gave to the outside world the first authentic information concerning these regions, and did much to attract public attention hither. Of his personal character it would seem unnecessary to speak; above reproach, courtly and kind, he, while leading a singularly laborious life, yet finds time to identify himself with every good and charitable work, and is the staunch and sympathetic friend of the frontiersman in his hour of need.—A. G.

excited speaker while eulogizing his favorite candidate before an assembled crowd, as a man of liberal principles, unfortunately mistook the meaning of the word he used, saying he was in favor of Mr. — because he was “the greatest libertine in the country.” The proceedings of the legislative bodies were characterized at times by the same excitement which animated the people generally. The old settlers will recollect, that a considerable minority once left the halls of legislation, and went on a fishing excursion to prevent the passage of some obnoxious bill. It is creditable to all concerned, that the absorbing interest felt in these party struggles, only on one or two occasion culminated in a resort to personal violence. The pistol and the bowie knife were never regarded with favor by Minnesotians, and in that particular they proved their superiority over the population of most of the frontier States and Territories, where these weapons were too often made the arbiter in political and personal controversies.

There was quite a grand celebration of the 4th of July following the organization of the Territory, in the then village of St. Paul. All the dignitaries of the new government, and in fact the whole adult male population joined in the procession to a grove not far distant, where the exercises were to be conducted. Everything was managed in the most orthodox fashion. W. D. PHILLIPS read the Declaration of Independence, and Judge MEEKER delivered the oration. One of our citizens being asked how he enjoyed the performances, said he regarded PHILLIP's speech as decidedly the best effort of the day.

St. Paul, St. Anthony, and Stillwater, were the only villages of any importance in those days. By a sort of general agreement, St. Paul was to be the capital, St. Anthony the site of the university, and Stillwater the location of the penitentiary, and the arrangement was faithfully carried out.

It was only after the treaties of 1851 opened the vast trans-Mississippi region to the whites, that immigration received its first great impulse. From that period, the population increased with great rapidity.

MORALITY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

It has been made a subject of frequent remark, that the

settlement of Minnesota has been singularly free from the disorders and deeds of violence, which have almost invariably accompanied the same process in other western Territories and States. Crimes of magnitude, especially such as involved the destruction of human life, have been so rarely committed, that the whole record of Minnesota in that respect, may be advantageously compared with that of any State in the Union. I attribute this mainly to the fact that Minnesota, California and Oregon were settled simultaneously, and that the gold fields of the Pacific attracted thither a host of reckless adventurers, who would otherwise have found a home among us. Thus while that class emigrated to the other side of the stony mountains in pursuit of the precious metals, the men who had it in view to gain a subsistence by honest labor, sought the fertile prairies of Minnesota with their families. It is hardly necessary to mention, that while our population is many thousands less than it would have been, but for the attractions referred to in another quarter, the State has been vastly benefited by remaining free from the presence of a large number of that description of persons who are popularly said to "live by their wits." The infusion of such an element into our population, would have resulted in a rehearsal on an extensive scale, of those scenes of sanguinary violence, which have disgraced the earlier history of so many of the border States.

PIONEER JOURNALISTS.

Public journalism, which has accomplished so much in advancing the interests of the Territory and State, was first represented by JAMES M. GOODHUE, who established the *Pioneer*, in 1849. A few numbers of the *Minnesota Register* had previously been circulated among our citizens, advocating the claims of the new Territory to public attention, but these were printed in Cincinnati. In many respects, GOODHUE was admirably fitted to conduct a newspaper. He labored earnestly and successfully, while he lived, in behalf of Minnesota. The *Chronicle and Register*, under the auspices of Messrs. McLEAN, OWENS and HUGHES, the *Democrat*, owned and edited by D. A. ROBERTSON; the St. Anthony *Express*, by ISAAC ATWATER; the

Minnesotian, by JOHN P. OWENS, and the *Advertiser* by JOSEPH A. WHEELOCK, were established in the order in which they are named. JOHN H. STEVENS published the first paper on the west of the Mississippi, at Glencoe, in McLeod county, called the *Glencoe Register*. It was a model of a local paper, abounding in details of interest. All of the journals mentioned were edited with ability, and their columns were devoted to the object of attracting immigration to this region, by the publication of editorials and other articles demonstrating the superiority of the new Territory in an agricultural point of view. In fact, taken in the aggregate, the press of this Territory and State, in its earlier and later days, might safely challenge a comparison in typographical excellence and intellectual force, with that of any other of the Western States, and Minnesota can never cancel her obligations to her public journalists, who, however they differed in other matters, united with singular devotion and zeal in pressing the attractions of this region upon the public attention, and in advocating its material interests. But for their labors the State would be far behind her present status in population and in wealth.

MOTIVES FOR STATE PRIDE.

It has been my fortune to visit at one time or another, almost every part of our widely extended State. The area now comprised in the southern counties was my hunting ground, year after year. I have ascended the Minnesota valley to its termination, and have roamed along the shores of the magnificent lakes of the Kandiyohi region, and those northwest towards the Red River. I have traversed the prairies between Fort Ridgely and Mankato south to the boundary of Iowa, and I have stood by the far-off iron monuments which mark the line between Minnesota and the Territory of Dakota, and yet to this moment I am unable to decide which section is the most beautiful and attractive. Like the individual who finds himself surrounded by a bevy of fair maidens, equal in charms but of different styles of loveliness, and adjudges the palm to the one he looks upon, until his eye rests upon another to be dazzled in turn by her attractions, so I, after gazing at the scenery in various parts of the State successively, have asked

myself each time the question, "Where can a more inviting region be found upon the earth." Each landscape has seemed to be unapproachable in its perfection and the symmetry of its proportions, until another, its peer in all respects, has extorted the same measure of unqualified admiration.

Minnesotians are often charged with exaggeration when speaking of the advantages of their own State over their sister States. It is not to be wondered at that they should manifest an honest pride when they point to the position to which she has sprung almost as suddenly as the armed Minerva from the head of Jove. In 1850, she had a population of 6,000 souls, all told, including some of the settlements now embraced in Dakota Territory. In twenty-three years thereafter the number approximates, if it does not exceed 600,000. The last decade has witnessed the commencement of our railroad system until it has expanded into gigantic proportions. Our people are the very embodiment of energy and enterprise. We have a healthy climate, a soil of surpassing fertility. Our men won for themselves and for the State during the late war of the rebellion, a distinction which will last as long as the republic exists. Our fair women manifested equal devotion, in submitting with cheerfulness to the sacrifices demanded of them during the continuance of the fearful contest, and in sparing no labor to provide for the comfort of the soldier in the field, or sick or wounded in the hospital. The entire record is a glorious one, which will not pale by comparison with that of any other State.

Nor should we be unmindful of the fact, which affords the strongest assurance of the indomitable character of our citizens, that after the departure to Southern fields of thousands of our choicest spirits, the most formidable Indian war known in the history of the Northwest burst suddenly and unexpectedly upon our frontier settlements, and that it was closed by the utter defeat of the hostile savages, and their capture or expulsion from the State, in a little more than one month after the first outbreak, by Minnesota men, without any aid from the general government, or from a single soldier outside of the limits of our own State. Why, then, should we not be proud of Minnesota and her people?

CONCLUSION.

It is scarcely possible for such of my readers, as are not old settlers, to appreciate the change made within the last two decades in this Territory and State. Even as late as 1850 there were neither bridges nor ferries, and few common roads other than the foot trails of the red man who then asserted his ownership of all the country west of the Mississippi except the military reservation at Fort Snelling. There was indeed no apprehension of danger from the Indians, for they were generally friendly, treating white visitors to their camp with uniform kindness and hospitality. But otherwise the traveler was compelled to endure all of the privations, and at certain seasons of the year perils from fire and flood incident to a country in its primeval condition. The prairie fires especially in those parts of the Territory where the grass was long and dry were very much dreaded, for it was difficult to escape from them, when they were driven by a strong wind. The old voyageurs were frequently thus overtaken, and although loss of human life seldom resulted, it was not uncommon for a person to sustain personal injury, and a loss of animals and other property. In contrasting such a state of things with the present facilities for travel, exemption from danger, and the luxuries to be obtained in all the inhabited portions of the State, you may be enabled to form some faint conception of the amazement with which the transformation is regarded by the old settlers. To me, I must confess, it seems more like a pleasant dream than a reality.

The retrospect, however satisfactory and indeed brilliant, in view of the rapid advance of the State in population and wealth, is not without its sad and melancholy aspects to such of the old settlers as yet remain. We miss from our companionship many a noble specimen of manhood who struggled and fought with us for the prosperity of our beloved Minnesota. They have gone the way of all the earth, and those of us who still live are daily admonished that our course also will soon be finished. It is a source of great comfort, as the shadows of death approach to encompass us, to be assured that the destinies of the commonwealth we have loved so long and so well will be left in the hands of a generation competent and deter-

mined to control them, with the aid of a good Providence in the interests of morality and religion for the welfare of our children and of the State and nation, and reflectively, of the whole human family.

ST. PAUL, 1873.

NOTE TO THE FOREGOING.

The committee on publication will be pardoned for adding to Gen. SIBLEY's valuable and interesting reminiscences, some personal account of his parentage, early life, civil and military services, etc. Our request to Gen. SIBLEY for the foregoing paper included the above, but the motives for reserve referred to in the beginning of his article has deterred him from complying with that request, we have, therefore, anticipated what we deem to be a general wish, and have briefly sketched some of the leading points of Gen. SIBLEY's life:

SOLOMON SIBLEY, father of the author, was a prominent pioneer of the northwest. He was born at Sutton, Mass., October 7, 1769, and having chosen law as his profession, removed to Marietta, O., in 1795, thence to Cincinnati, O., and ultimately to Detroit in 1797. In 1799 he was elected to the first Territorial Legislature of the Northwest Territory, at Cincinnati. Judge BURNET, the historian, states that he was among the most talented men in the House. He was elected a Delegate to Congress from Michigan Territory, in 1820, and Judge of the Supreme Court 1824 to 1836. He was also United States Commissioner, and in company with Hon. LEWIS CASS, made a treaty with the Indians for most of the territory now included in the peninsula of Michigan. He was also, for some time, United States District Attorney. He died April 4, 1846, universally lamented. [See Hildreth's "Lives of Early Settlers of Ohio," &c.]

Judge SIBLEY married Miss SARAH W. SPROAT, at Marietta, October, 1802. Miss SPROAT was the daughter of Col. EBENEZER SPROAT, a revolutionary soldier, and his wife, formerly a Miss WHIPPLE, daughter of Commodore ABRAHAM WHIPPLE, of the revolutionary navy. She was born at Providence, R. I., January 28, 1782. Her parents and grand parents settled in Marietta in 1788, so that her whole life almost, was spent on the frontier. She was a woman of unusual personal beauty, and rare mental accomplishments, and was, by a wide circle of friends in different States, greatly beloved and respected. She died at Detroit on January 22, 1851. Mrs. ELLET, in her valuable work, "Pioneer Women of the West," gives a full account of the dangers and hard-

ships to which Mrs. SIBLEY was exposed in the war of 1812, and other trying times on the frontier.

HENRY HASTINGS SIBLEY was born at Detroit February 20, 1811. The history of the northwest about that time, the perilous condition of the frontier, the savage warfare that desolated the region, the siege and surrender of Detroit, and the hardships experienced by the whites from 1810 to 1815, are too well known to need repetition. The SIBLEY family bore their full share in those trials. It would almost seem that the subject of this sketch was launched into a career destined from the start to be one of adventure and stirring incidents, repeating the eventful pioneer life of his ancestors. Thus hereditarily predisposed, as it might be said, to a life of close contact with the strange and romantic elements that have always given such a charm to frontier life in the eyes of the courageous and active, his innate disposition received a still further bent from the very condition of society in his boyhood. It was passed in a region favorable for field sports, and the hardy exploits of the hunter and sailor, where every inhabitant was a fireside bard, reciting those wonderful epics of "hair breadth 'scapes," and "accidents by flood and field," perils and feats of the half-mythical heroes of the frontier, legends full of poetry and romance, that seem never to weary the listener.

Young SIBLEY received an academical education in his boyhood, and subsequently enjoyed two years private tuition in the classics from Rev. Mr. CADLE, a fine scholar. His father had destined him for the profession of law, and at about the age of 16, he commenced its study in Judge S.'s office. After a year's attention to this, HENRY H. became convinced that his natural inclinations and tastes would lead him to a more active and stirring life, and so informed his father. Judge S. very wisely told him if such was the case, to pursue his own wishes as to occupation, a decision that gave to Minnesota her honored pioneer, one whose history is so interwoven with its own, that to write the one, is almost *ipso facto* to record the other.

About the age of 17, HENRY H. went to Sault Ste Marie, and was engaged there in mercantile operations for about a year. In 1829 he went to Mackinac, and entered the service of the American Fur Company as a clerk. He remained at this post five years. Here he became acquainted with a number of the prominent pioneers of the great Northwest, and further acquired a desire for frontier life. During this time he made his entry into official life, being commissioned by Governor GEO. B. PORTER, of Michigan Ter., a Justice of the Peace of Michilimacinac county. His commission was received really before he was of age, and was subsequently executed before MICHAEL DOUSMAN, father of the late H. L. DOUSMAN. In 1834, Mr. SIBLEY, then 23 years of age, was persuaded by RAMSEY CROOKS and H. L. DOUSMAN to come to what is now Minnesota. [See page 194.] An account of his arrival is given in his own article. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, one of the Canadians who accompanied him, is still living at Mendota.

On May 2d, 1848, Gen. SIBLEY was married to Miss SARAH J. STEELE, at Fort Snelling. Mrs. SIBLEY died May 21, 1869—a lady of rare virtues and accomplishments, and well fitted to adorn the prominent station in society which she occupied for so many years, in Washington City and Minnesota.

Mr. SIBLEY held for many years the office of Justice of the Peace for Clayton county, Iowa, in which Minnesota west of the Mississippi River was then included. His jurisdiction was coextensive with what now forms all of the State west of that river, a portion of Iowa and a large part of the present Dakota Territory. Most of the criminal cases occurring in this vast region during that period were brought before him. Prominent among these were the murder of HAYS, at St. Paul, in 1838, by PHELAN, and the alleged murder of young SIMPSON, nephew of the Arctic explorer, in 1840.

On October 30, 1848, Gen. SIBLEY was elected by the people of what was then considered as "Wisconsin Territory"—the residue of the old territory of that name left after the State was admitted, outside the boundary of the latter—as their Delegate to Congress. He was admitted to a seat after much trouble, [see Collections, vol. I, p. 61,] and during the session was enabled to secure the passage of a bill organizing the Territory of Minnesota, which became a law March 3, 1849. In the fall of 1849, he was again elected Delegate for two years, and again in 1851, for another term. In the fall of 1853 he declined a further nomination.

In 1857, Gen. SIBLEY served as a member and President of the Democratic branch of the Constitutional Convention, and was soon after nominated and elected Governor. Owing to the delay in the admission of the State, he was not inaugurated until May 24, 1858. In 1871 Gen. SIBLEY also served one term in the House of Representatives, and is at the present time a Regent of the State University and President of the State Normal Board.

The foregoing is a brief memorandum of Gen. SIBLEY's civil services, and we desire to add also a short sketch of his military record.

The Sioux outbreak occurred on August 18, 1862, and on August 19, Gen. SIBLEY was appointed by Gov. RAMSEY to the command of the military expedition, with the rank of Colonel commanding in the field, but really with the powers and duties of a General. Arriving at the frontier, everything was found in a terrible state. New Ulm and other towns had been partly burned, hundreds of persons massacred, the country laid waste, and numbers of women and children captive in the hands of the brutal savages. Panic reigned everywhere. The state authorities were entirely unprepared to meet this outburst of savage fury, which was as unexpected as it was sudden. Arms and ammunition were wanting; there was no government transportation on hand; several thousand of young men had been hurried to Southern fields, leaving only a few hundred raw and undisciplined volunteers to

cope with the numerous, well-armed, and thus far, triumphant enemy. Gen. S.'s first object was to protect the most exposed points, until he could be furnished with reinforcements of men, munitions of war and rations. The Indians were repulsed at New Ulm by the forces under Col. FLANDREAU; at Fort Ridgely and at Birch Coolie successfully, and finally completely beaten in the decisive battle of Wood Lake, on September 28d, by Gen. SIBLEY. By good management, strategy, and his thorough knowledge of Indian character, Gen. S. was enabled to not only effect the release of the white captives, nearly 250 in number, but to take prisoners about 2,000 men, women and children of the enemy. He then constituted a military commission, with Col Wm. CROOKS as President, by which the Indian warriors, to the number of more than 400, were tried, 308 condemned to death for murder and massacre, and others to various terms of imprisonment from one to ten years, for pillage and robbery. The execution of the condemned was prevented by the order of President LINCOLN, at the earnest solicitation of some Quakers in Pennsylvania, and so-called "humanitarians" in New England, very much to the disgust and dissatisfaction of the people of Minnesota. Finally, Gen. SIBLEY was ordered by the President to execute 38 of the criminals convicted of rape and massacre of the whites, which was done on the 21st of December, 1862, at Mankato, the whole number being hanged on one scaffold. The remainder of the convicted Indians were taken to Davenport in the spring following, where they were kept in confinement for some months. A large proportion died of disease, and the survivors eventually released, and taken to Fort Thompson, on the Missouri River, where they rejoined their families.

On September 29, 1862, President LINCOLN commissioned Col. SIBLEY as a Brigadier General for gallant services in the field. The winter was spent in forming a cordon of posts and garrisons, with a line of scouts and patrols across the frontier. A new military department was created, embracing Minnesota, Dakota, Iowa and Wisconsin. Gen. POPE was placed in command of this, but he was here in person only a few weeks, his headquarters being really in Milwaukee, and the management of all military movements in this state was entirely left to Gen. SIBLEY.

Congress having reduced the number of Brigadier Generals, it seemed certain that Gen. SIBLEY's appointment would not be confirmed. The Minnesota Legislature passed the following Joint Resolution on March 5, 1863:

WHEREAS, We learn with regret that the limitation placed by Congress on the number of general officers authorized to be appointed for the volunteer forces, is likely to prevent the confirmation of Brigadier General SIBLEY; and

WHEREAS The good results attending the conduct of the campaign against the Sioux Indians last fall—the safe deliverance of the white captives, the surrender of so large a number of Indians, the protection assured to the frontier; all at so small a loss of life in military operations, entitled Gen. SIBLEY to the promotion so promptly bestowed after the victory of Wood Lake, and indicate his peculiar fitness for the command of the approaching campaign against the Sioux; and

WHEREAS, The failure of Gen. SIBLEY's confirmation, would now occasion the entire loss of his services to the public and the State (inasmuch as he holds no other commission than that heretofore tendered by the President) and would be regarded by the troops under his command, and the people of the State generally, as a misfortune, therefore

Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Minnesota:

That we respectfully and urgently ask the President to appoint Brigadier General H. H. SIBLEY, a Brigadier General of Volunteers, and to assign him to the command of the district of Minnesota, for the approaching campaign against the Sioux Indians.

Gen. SIBLEY's name was, however, not confirmed by the Senate, and deeming his withdrawal from the service a serious check to the success of military operations in the Department, the following appeal was presented to him:

SAINT PAUL, March 19, 1863.

To Gen. H. H. Sibley:

DEAR SIR: The undersigned beg leave to express their disappointment and regret at the failure of the Senate to confirm your nomination as Brigadier General. But, feeling confident of your re-appointment, we respectfully urge that the general welfare and immediate business interests of the State at large, demand your acceptance, should the President tender it. In this we are satisfied that we express the views of all classes of our people. At this most critical period, we should deem your retirement from the field a calamity which would certainly weaken, and possibly destroy, public confidence, now so happily restored in the border counties, under your able military administration. Believing that the welfare of the people of Minnesota will outweigh all other considerations, and overcome any personal scruples which might otherwise prompt you to decline a re-appointment; and assuring you of our confidence and esteem, we subscribe ourselves:

This document was signed by over 50 of the leading business men and firms of the city. Gen. SIBLEY made the following reply:

SAINT PAUL, March 23, 1863.

GENTLEMEN:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of the document signed by so many of the leading men and firms of this city, in which you urge me not to decline a renomination of Brigadier General, if tendered, as you do not doubt it will be. Since that was written, a telegraphic dispatch from the Secretary of War has reached me, announcing my reappointment by the President, so that your prognostications have proved to be correct.

While I feel duly grateful for the confidence manifested by you in my management of military affairs in this District, and for the kind expressions of regard for myself personally, it is nevertheless true, that I rather dreaded than desired to be placed in a position, by the act of the President, where I must promptly accept or decline the honorable station to which he has so repeatedly nominated me. It has been neither by my suggestion nor at my solicitation, that I was originally named for the post, nor have I since made any effort to retain it, or to secure a confirmation by the Senate. Indeed, the deranged state of my private affairs, which have been almost totally neglected for many months, apart from any other consideration, afforded me a very strong reason against my remaining longer in the service.

On the other hand, I recognize the right of the country to its full extent, to call upon any of its citizens to perform a public duty, at whatever sacrifice to himself, and while I feel too much diffidence in my own abilities to venture to hope that I can meet the wishes or expectations of my friends, in a career comparatively so new to me, I cannot disregard the general sentiment of my State, as signified by the unanimous resolutions of the Legislature asking for my confirmation, and by the representations of numerous private citizens. I shall therefore dispatch to the military authorities at Washington, my respectful acceptance of the position to which the President has generously seen fit to re-assign me.

It would not be proper for me to make known the plans of the contemplated campaign against the hostile Sioux. But I can state, without any impropriety, that the Major General commanding the Department [FORSYTH] has given me the most cheering assurances of support in their prosecution, and manifests a determination to bring this war with the savages to a speedy conclusion, by the employment of all the means at his disposal.

The proposed expedition will be a tedious and laborious one to all connected with it, but with the aid of the gallant regiments under my command, composed of our own citizens, all of whom, officers and soldiers alike, are anxious to take the field, I humbly trust that enough will be accomplished during the coming season, to insure the frontier against any danger from Indian forays hereafter, and to relieve entirely the apprehensions of our citizens."

The *Pioneer* of March 28d, 1863, referring to the matter said:

We are gratified to announce that on Friday last, the President re-nominated Gen. SIBLEY to the position which he has filled with distinguished honor during the period of our frontier difficulties. This could hardly have been otherwise. His appointment as Brigadier was conferred on him unsought and unexpectedly, while he was on service in the Indian country, and in compliment to the military abilities which he had there displayed. Returning from the field, at the close of the fall campaign, his administration of affairs in the District of Minnesota, has been marked by such practical good judgment, energy and economy, as to call forth the commendations of the heads of the several military bureaus with which he has had any connection, and to induce the President, unsuggested by any consideration except his own merit, to send his name for confirmation as a Major General. The forced reduction of the list of Generals, under action of the Senate, compelled the President to change Gen. SIBLEY's nomination to that of a Brigadier. We regret to learn that there are doubts as to Gen. SIBLEY's acceptance of this re-nomination. We trust these doubts are unfounded. The people of the State, without distinction of party, or regard to locality, desire his continuance in command.

Gen. SIBLEY, in accordance with the unanimous wish expressed, accepted the nomination tendered by the President, and proceeded with the organization of an expedition to Devil's Lake and vicinity, to attack and defeat the Sioux known to be in that section. The expedition left Camp Pope June 16, marched into Dakota, had three battles with the Indians, besides skirmishes, and advanced as far as the Missouri River, driving the hostile bands across that stream. Having accomplished its objects and freed the Minnesota frontier from all apprehensions of Indian raids, it returned to Fort Snelling in September.

The years 1864 and 1865 were employed in conducting measures for the defence of the frontier, which resulted in completely restoring safety to the western counties and depriving the savages of an opportunity to molest them. November 29, 1865, Gen. SIBLEY was appointed Brevet Major General, "for efficient and meritorious services." He was relieved from the command of the District of Minnesota in August, 1866, by order of the President, and detailed with Major Gen. CURTIS, United States Volunteers, as members of a mixed civil and military commission, to negotiate treaties with the hostile Sioux, and other disaffected bands on the Upper Missouri, which duty was successfully discharged, treaties having been made at Fort Sully with the Sioux, and subsequently ratified by the Senate.

We have thus endeavored to condense in a few lines, the leading points of a long and active career of one so prominently identified with the history of the Northwest, that scarcely more than an outline is given, of what should occupy almost a volume of itself.

THE SIOUX OR DAKOTAS.

A SKETCH OF OUR INTERCOURSE WITH THE DAKOTAHS ON THE MISSOURI RIVER, AND SOUTHWEST OF THAT STREAM.

BY REV. THOS. S. WILLIAMSON, M. D.

NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

The following interesting and valuable paper was written for this Society, by our late member, DR. WILLIAMSON, a few months prior to his death, and was at that time ordered to be published in our Collections. As the Society was not just then ready to begin the printing of this portion of the volume, permission was given to some of the journals of our State, who had made the request, to copy it, and the paper first saw light in that shape. DR. WILLIAMSON was a candid and close observer of the condition of Indian affairs, while, from his full and minute knowledge of Indian history, character, and the policy of our past management of them, his views and statements are valuable. His life had been spent in laboring for their good (as will be found fully narrated in his memoir elsewhere in this volume); and long after he was laid aside from active work, he was busy with his pen in appeals to have justice done the Indians, by carrying out the treaty obligations in good faith.

Whatever relates to these Dakotahs is interesting to the people of Minnesota, among other reasons, because they are descended from the first inhabitants of the Minnesota Valley of whom we have any knowledge. The Sioux who inhabited this valley forty years ago, said that when their ancestors first came to the lower end of this valley, they found the Cheyennes in it. Subsequently, perhaps many years, when they came and took possession of it, they found the Iowa villages in it, and that the earth mounds found in Bloomington and else-

where are the remains of the earth-covered lodges of these Iowas whom they expelled. An examination of these mounds indicates that they are the remains of such earth-covered lodges as are still occupied by the Mandans and some other Indians on the Big Muddy. The Cheyennes were then in the upper part of the valley; and near the Yellow Medicine a fortification is still plainly visible, which it is said was made by them near a good spring of water, and in 1853, when the first plowing for the Sioux was done in that region, large quantities of muscle shells were turned up near the remains of this fortification, indicating that the ground had been cultivated. The Sioux who expelled the Iowas, a kindred race, made a league with the Cheyennes, who, though of a different origin, have ever since been counted a part of the Dakota nation. Their name is of Dakota origin, signifying "speaking a different language," and was given them because all the other Dakotas speak the same language. They spell the name *Shai-enna* in four syllables, which we have abbreviated to two, and ought to spell Shyen, as we pronounce it.

About the time the French traders first came among the Sioux, the ancestors of those now beyond the Missouri had launched out into the prairie, and gotten their present name, *Teton*, formerly written *Tintonha*, dwellers in the prairie. The earlier French maps place them on the Minnesota river, and southwesterly to the Missouri. Two hundred years ago the Shyens probably had their principal residence on the main western branch of the Red River of the North, which still retains their name. Subsequently they went on to the Big Muddy, one or two of the tributaries of which have their name.

The people of the United States had little intercourse with or knowledge of the *Teton*, till the exploring tour of LEWIS and CLARK to the mouth of the Columbia, about 1805. They and the Yanktons were then found occupying both banks of the Missouri for a long distance. The knowledge of them thus obtained, led to a commerce very profitable to our people for many years. "The officers of the Northwest Fur Company bear testimony to their uniform friendship to the Whites. They say that it was the boast of the Sioux in every council for thirty-five years that their hands had not

been stained with the blood of the white man." [Report committee on Indian Affairs, 1876, page 338.] In 1825 our government made a treaty with the *Teton*, Yankton and Yanktonias-Sioux, promising them protection and such benefits and acts of kindness as may be convenient and the president may think just and proper. The discovery of gold in California led to a vast emigration over the plains, which by driving off and destroying the game, was injurious to the Indians, and in September, 1851, commissioners of our government called together the Sioux, or Dakotas, Cheyennes, and most of the other tribes southwest of the Missouri and east of the Rocky Mountains, and at Fort Laramie made a treaty with them. The Indians ceded none of their hunting grounds at this time, but granted us the right to establish roads and military posts, within their limits, and promised to abstain from hostilities. Our commissioners promised them protection from the commission of all depredations by the people of the United States, and \$50,000 a year for fifty years. When the treaty came before the Senate, they struck out fifty and inserted ten years. This amendment was never submitted to the Indians. Not long after, gold was found in the mountains of Colorado, and our people rushed in and seized on the best parts of it, in violation of the treaty; and in February, 1861, at Fort Wise, in Kansas, they were asked for and ceded enough of their possessions to make two great States of the Union, retaining only a small district for themselves. The Sioux were not parties to this treaty, but the Cheyennes were. They continued peaceable until April, 1864, when, on a false report, they were attacked in their camp at daylight, many of them killed, and their property destroyed, and in November following, a camp of about 500 men, women and children, who had been persuaded to camp in the neighborhood of Fort Lyon, under promise of protection, were surrounded by the Colorado cavalry under Colonel CHIVINGTON. All he caught were horribly massacred. A war ensued which cost the government thirty millions of dollars, and brought conflagration and death to the border settlements. The utter futility of conquering a peace having been demonstrated, peaceful agencies were resorted to. Generals HARNET, SANBORN and others

were appointed for the purpose, and in October, 1865, succeeded in getting the Indians to sign a treaty, when the war instantly ceased.

Previous to the signing of this treaty, gold had been discovered in Montana, and emigrants and explorers were pressing through every part of the country of the Dakotas west of the Missouri, killing and scaring away the game. Accordingly when they were assembled this year to make a new treaty or renew the old one, they remonstrated against this, insisting that the right to make roads, &c., formerly granted, had reference only to the country south of the Platte, and many of the chiefs in signing the treaties protested, saying, the emigrants must go either south of the Platte, or north of the Missouri, for it would be ruinous to them, if it passed where they were accustomed to camp in winter, namely, near the Black Hills, or the country drained by the Powder river, and Big Horn; and a part of their people who occupied the latter country, and had not come to treat, would not suffer emigrants to pass through it. They nevertheless abstained from hostilities through the following winter, though suffering severely, as they believed, in consequence of our encroachments on them. The commissioners who made the treaties in 1865, in their report say: "Before these routes between the Platte and Yellowstone are established, and occupied by our people, justice to the Indians and safety to the whites, in our judgment, require some arrangement in the form of compensation to those tribes that now depend on the game of that country for clothing and subsistence." See report of Secretary of Interior, 1866, page 172.

No such arrangement was made. In March, 1866, Gen. POPE, commanding the department of the Missouri, issued an order to establish military posts near the base of the Big Horn Mountains, and on or near the Yellowstone, on the new route to Montana. In June, Col. CARRINGTON in command of 18th Infantry, was ordered to garrison Forts Reno, Phil. Kearney and C. F. Smith, in the country which the Dakotas refused to yield. They protested in vain. In the meantime our civil war was finished, and thousands of emigrants rushed through this country. In July, our troops having proceeded to occu-

py the country, war commenced, which culminated on the 21st of December in the destruction of Lieutenant Colonel FETTERMAN and his soldiers. The Sioux having thus shown their ability, as well as will, to hold this country, in July following, Congress determined to endeavor to obtain by peaceable means what we were unable to gain by war, and passed an act to appoint what has been called the Peace Commissioners, which act was approved July 20th, 1867. Men of the highest standing in our nation were appointed on this commission, namely: the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and Chairman of Senate committee of Indian Affairs, and Generals SHERMAN, KEARNEY, &c. From their report, made in January, 1868, many of the above statements are extracted. This commission succeeded in making treaties with some bands of the Sioux, but could not induce those organized in active hostilities to come to the council, namely the Sioux and Cheyennes of the North, *Red Cloud*, then regarded as the principal chief, sent them word that his war against the whites was to save the Powder River Valley, the only hunting ground left his nation from intrusion. That whenever the military garrisons of Fort Phil. Kearney and Fort C. F. Smith were withdrawn, the war on his part would cease, and he would then meet them in council. The commissioners in their report show that garrisons were sustained there at great expense, and utterly failed of accomplishing the object for which they were established and recommended that the demands of the Indians be complied with. The next year, in accordance with these recommendations, a treaty was made and signed by *Red Cloud*, and the garrisons withdrawn, and the war ceased. I have never seen this treaty. The commissioner of Indian affairs in his report for 1875, page fifth, speaking of it says: "The treaty of 1868 also stipulated that the country north of the North Platte River, in Nebraska, and east of the summit of the Big Horn Mountains, in Wyoming, should be held and considered unceded Indian territory, and no white person or persons should be permitted to settle upon or occupy any portion of the same, nor without the consent of the Indians first had or obtained, should pass through the same." The Sioux have constantly affirmed that this provis-

ion was applicable to what is called their permanent reservation, and all the country west of it to the Yellowstone River, including what is called the Powder River country. The withdrawal of our garrisons from that country, and other facts not necessary to be mentioned here, show that officers of our government so understood it. If we had observed this treaty as faithfully as the Dakotas, we would have had no war with them from that day to this. The treaty was made as early in 1868, as the Indians could be got together. We find that in a report made by Gen. W. S. HARNEY, (one of the commissioners who made the treaty) Nov. 23, 1868, then in charge of the Sioux Indians, he says: "I am perfectly satisfied with the success which has attended the commencement of this work, and can unhesitatingly declare that to secure perpetual peace with the Sioux Indians it is only necessary to fulfill the terms of the treaty made by the Peace Commission." This Commission in their report to the President of the United States, then said: "If the lands of the white man are taken, civilization justifies him in resisting the invader. Civilization does more than this—it brands him as a coward and a slave, if he submits to the wrong. Disregarding this and the articles of the treaty which acknowledged the right of the Dakotas to hunt south of the North Platte for many years, and forbid any of our soldiers going north of it, on the unceded lands, in June, 1869, General SHERIDAN, in an official order, says: "All Indians outside the well-defined limits of their proper reservations are under the original and exclusive jurisdiction of the military authority, and as a rule will be considered hostile." See report of Indian Commission, published in appendix of Report of Indian Affairs, pp. 339, 340.

Treating these Indians as enemies in the unceded territory south and west of the reservation which we had solemnly promised not to invade, led to some conflicts, but not to war. In 1874, General CUSTER made an expedition to the Black Hills. It was done in plain direct violation of the treaty. The Sioux protested strongly as they could in words, declaring that its object was stealing their lands. Subsequent events have shown that Custer and those with him, were what we call spies, who, according to the laws of nations, may be justly put

to death. So the Indians viewed them, but as he was a great military chief, and proclaimed that he came peaceably and would do them no harm unless they began the war, they did not molest him or any of his followers. As was expected, gold was found, and immediately miners rushed in. At first the Indians could have easily destroyed these, or have driven them away, but the officers of our government advised them not to do this, promising that if the Sioux would not molest them, the United States army would drive them out, and keep them out. For months, parts of our army did make a show of doing this, till miners enough had got into the Hills to defend themselves. Then the military was withdrawn. President GRANT, in apology for this, says our army could not be used effectually to keep the miners out, because of mutiny and desertions. He accordingly appointed Commissioners to buy or lease the Hills. These Commissioners met the Indians in council in September, 1875, and as the Indians were not living in the Hills, thought them of little value, and offered for them much less than the Sioux were willing to sell for. Those Black Hills abounded in game, and were the only region in the vast territory claimed by more than 20,000 Dakotas, in which they could sustain themselves for a single winter, if our government should cease to give them rations, and though much of them is rocky and barren, surveys show that without the gold, there is agricultural lands amply sufficient for the support of a larger population, and also abundance of wood. It is thought by those best acquainted with what has been called their permanent reservation, that there is no other portion of it, in which men can live by agriculture. Knowing this, it is not strange they set a high value on them. Seeing this valuable property wrested from them in plain violation of solemn treaties, they were greatly grieved, and some of them thinking forbearance no longer a virtue, killed some of the intruders. Would not we, in like circumstances, have done the same? A large majority disapproved of these hostile deeds, and remained peaceable. Hence those who had commenced hostilities, were ashamed or afraid to return to the agencies, and draw rations, and went to join *Sitting Bull* and others in the Powder River country, who had not signed the

treaty, choosing to support themselves by hunting, rather than depend on our government for rations. But gold had been found in the Big Horn Mountains, and General SHERIDAN, while under orders to keep the intruders out of the Black Hills, which were in the reservation, wrote a letter which was published, in which he mentions facts which make it probable that the gold fields in the Big Horn Mountains are richer than those in the Black Hills. The evident design of the letter was, to divert the miners from the Black Hills to the Big Horn Mountains, and thus diminish the labors of our army. He probably was ignorant that these mountains were unceded territory, and that by solemn treaty we had promised the Indians, that no white man, without leave previously obtained, should go into the country east of their summit. His letter did not arrest the invasion of the Black Hills, but convinced many that there was gold in the Big Horn Mountains, some of whom tried to get at it, whom the Indians did not spare, and acting on the principal of doing to others as they do to us, *Crazy Horse* and some others made raids on the ranches of Wyoming. This was disapproved of by *Sitting Bull* and most of the roaming Sioux, as well as those at the agencies, but how could they, without government or army, restrain their people from robbery, when we, with both, could not restrain ours?

November 9, 1875, E. C. WATKINS, inspector of Indian agencies, made complaint to the Indian Bureau, that *Sitting Bull* and other Indians in the uncaded territory, who had come under his observation in his recent tour, were making raids against friendly Indians and the white settlers of Montana. He mentions no instance or proof of their raids on the whites, and, as the courts of our country have constantly declared we have no right to punish one Indian for murdering another, even when far from their reservations, it is hard to see how we are under obligations to make war on them for fighting each other in their own country. His whole report reflects the views of the miners who coveted the gold of the Indians. He says the true policy is to send troops against them in winter, the sooner the better, and whip them into subjection. This was done. December 3d, the

Secretary of the Interior writes that he had instructed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to notify *Sitting Bull* and others outside their reservation that they must remove to the reservation before the 31st of January, 1876, and if they neglect so to do they will be reported to the War Department as hostile Indians. The honorable secretary entirely ignored several very important facts, namely: 1. That these Sioux were in an unceded country, into which we had solemnly promised no white man should go without their permission. 2. That we had already taken from them the Black Hills, the best part of the reservation of which he speaks, and the only part on which it was possible to subsist themselves in winter. 3. That there were already more Sioux at the agencies than Congress had made appropriations for feeding there. 4. That it was impossible to convey this information to said Indians in time for them to comply with the orders. 5. That more than 100 miles of bleak, barren prairie lay between these Indians and the nearest agencies, and that it was impossible for women and children to cross this in winter without great suffering, and probable loss of life.

The Secretary of War and his subordinates were not slow in making arrangements to whip these Indians. His report to the President as to the origin of the war shows that he knew but little about them, and was entirely ignorant of our treaty relations with them. If some of the officers were better informed, they were bound to obey orders.

As soon as he could get ready, in February or March, General G. CROOK, an officer of great experience, set out to Powder River Valley, and struck and destroyed, according to his report, the village of *Crazy Horse*.

Dr. J. W. DANIELS, for many years Indian agent and inspector, and one of the commissioners who in 1876 obtained from the Indians the cession of the Black Hills, says this village was composed of friendly Indians from the Red Cloud Agency, who, owing to the scarcity of provisions there, had obtained permission to go on a buffalo hunt, and were returning loaded with meat and robes. Being surprised, they abandoned their baggage and fled for their lives. The baggage was destroyed and the horses captured. After the

women and children escaped, the men returned and recaptured their ponies. The weather was so bitter cold that General CROOK returned to Fort Laramie.

Our army is composed of brave men, as well equipped and skillful in making war, as are to be found among civilized men. Inspector WATKINS had spoken of 1,000 men as sufficient to whip these savages into subjection. Our able Generals SHERMAN and SHERIDAN judged more wisely. Preparations were made on a large scale. As early in May as possible, three columns of our army, as strong as could be maintained in that inhospitable region, were put in motion from the south, northeast, and west, to annihilate *Sitting Bull* and his comrades. He sent word to the Red Cloud Agency that if arrangements were made to pay for the Black Hills, or vacate them, he would come in and surrender; that he did not wish to fight the *Big Knives*, but if they came to fight him in his own country he would fight.—[See Letter of W. VANDEVER, Inspector, from Red Cloud Agency, June, 1876, published in *Pioneer-Press*.]

On the 25th of June the gallant CUSTER, with twelve companies of cavalry, surprised and nearly surrounded his camp. So sudden was the onset, that it was impossible for the women and children to save themselves by flight, and a Sioux man has never been known to save himself when his wife, mother or child was in danger. The result is known. CUSTER and more than 260 of his men were slain, fighting bravely. The failure of the Indians' ammunition and the timely arrival of General GIBBON's command, alone saved Major RENO and the other men of CUSTER's command, from sharing his fate.

Since the fall of CUSTER, *Sitting Bull* and his associates have never had ammunition enough for a regular battle, and have avoided fighting whenever it was possible. To supply their urgent wants they have captured supply trains and sometimes ranches, driving off the horses and cattle. If they were bloodthirsty, revengeful savages, they might have done us vast injury by dispersing and murdering defenseless families on the frontiers of Montana, Wyoming and Nebraska. But this they have not done. The avowed object of the war

on these people was to compel them to come on to the reservation, the better part of which we have taken from them. Since the destruction of CUSTER, when their losses were probably greater than ours, many hundreds of them at different times attempted to reach this reservation, and thus get out of the war. Whenever the trails of such detachments have been discovered, our cavalry have hotly pursued them and relentlessly warred on them. Our officers tell us of overtaking these poor, fleeing wretches, of firing on them, of capturing and destroying their tents and baggage, and capturing their ponies, intimating that those who were not killed, escaped with nothing except the clothes they had on at the time. Thus; when on the inhospitable prairie, far from any place where supplies can be obtained, women and children are driven from their beds and tents in the night, deprived of all their food and other property. Since the severe cold of winter set in, one of these parties on their way to the reservation, approached the camp of General MILES. They were doubtless suffering keenly from cold and hunger, and in no condition to fight. Five chiefs went with a flag of truce to make known who they were, and probably hoping to obtain some much needed supplies. The weather was too cold for General MILES and his officers to be out, and they knew nothing of the flag of truce, till the bearers of it were murdered by his faithful allies, the Crows, who doubtless did what they thought Gen. MILES wished them to do. They were mistaken, for the telegram from which so much of this account as relates to him is taken, says he was indignant, not only because of the treachery, but because of the information he might have got from these chiefs. It seems that the Crows soon made ample amends for their mistake, by supplying the wanted information; for another telegram, published at the same time with the above, says that on the next day, five companies of MILES' command surprised and captured the Indian camp, and that it was believed that in their flight they had saved scarcely anything except the clothes they had on. They were in no condition to fight, and it does not appear that they attempted any resistance. Are any of the Turkish barbarities worse than this driving off hundreds of

women and children to perish of cold and hunger, after murdering their protectors while bearing a flag of truce? Dr. J. W. DANIELS, from whom I get my information about this detachment of Indians, says he was well acquainted with two of these murdered chiefs, who had long been firm friends of the whites, and very useful in preserving order at the Red Cloud agency on various occasions, and were there last summer and took part in the council with the United States Commissioners, and after signing the agreement went to bring in the people who were with them, and were on their way to the reservation when they were murdered.

DON. CAMERON, in his letter of July the 8th to the President concerning this war says, "The present military operations are not against the Sioux nation at all, but against certain hostiles of it, who defy the government. No part of these operations are on or near the Sioux reservation." How to reconcile this with the military coming to the agencies on the reservation and taking from those who had not left it, but been peaceable all the time, their ponies and guns, thus taking from them their only means of supporting themselves, I do not see.

The most numerous, and until recently the most powerful tribe of Indians within our borders, are now completely crushed. We have taken from most of them everything except life. They are now poor, miserable beggars, unable to avenge their wrongs, and they know it. They will never again war on us. The negroes never warred on us, yet JEFFERSON says, "I tremble when I remember that God is just." Can we, who are familiar with the history of our late civil war, say this trembling was without cause, or that we have no cause to tremble on account of our treatment of the Indians?

ST. PETER, March 15, 1877.

MEMOIR OF REV. S. Y. McMASTERS, D. D.

BY EARLE S. GOODRICH.

[Read at a meeting of the Society, Dec. 13, 1875, and ordered to be printed.]

The Rev. Dr. STERLING YANCEY McMASTERS, D. D., LL. D., whose death occurred at St. Paul, on the 5th of November, 1875, was born at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, on the 9th of December, 1813.

The family of Dr. McMASTERS was of Scotch descent. His education was completed at the University of North Carolina, whence he graduated with distinguished honors. His studies after graduation were in the line of medicine, the profession of which he intended to adopt; but his religious convictions, which had been early awakened and sedulously fostered, led him to abandon that for the more sacred calling of the ministry. His theological studies, in turn, induced a change of religious faith, from Methodism to Episcopalianism; the reason for which step he set forth in a volume entitled, "A Methodist in Search of the Church."

Of his ministerial career in his native state, we have little record, beyond the fact that his earnest character and ripe scholarship gave him reputation beyond its borders, and occasioned his call, in 1846, to the rectorship of St. Paul's Church, at Alton, Illinois. His success at Alton, was of the most gratifying character, and under his ministrations his parish became a leading one in Southern Illinois. But his scholarly repute and his zeal in educational affairs, caused his services to be demanded in other spheres of usefulness, and in 1851 he accepted a professorship in the Western Military Institute of Kentucky. The bonds of affection which united him with the people of Alton, however, were of those not easily broken; and yielding to their solicitations, he resigned his professorship at the end of a year, and returned to his

former home. Here he remained until 1858, when he removed to Palmyra, Mo., to take the presidency of St. Paul's College, located at that place.

Dr. McMASTERS was at the head of this college at the breaking out of the rebellion; but, though of Southern birth, breeding and association, his patriotism was not bounded by sectional lines, and by all the means which his profession permitted, he opposed the policy of secession. His earnestness in this respect drew upon him the hatred of the rebels of Northern Missouri, and especially of Palmyra, and he was marked for their vengeance. His life was publicly threatened, and at last his house was placed under constant surveillance. In this emergency, he received word from a friendly railroad official that, on a given night and hour, an engine would be sent to a point near the town for his rescue. Providentially the night named was dark and tempestuous, and he was able to elude his enemies and avail himself of the means of escape. Resigning the presidency of his college, he repaired to Illinois, and offered his services to the governor of that state. They were accepted, and he was appointed chaplain of the 27th Illinois Infantry. He remained in that position until his failing health compelled his resignation. The disease which caused his death was contracted while in that service, and thus his name is one more added to the long roll of those whose lives have been prematurely sacrificed at the shrine of fratricidal strife. His knowledge of medicine enabled him to be of special use during his army experience. He was, probably, as unornamental a chaplain as belonged to either army, federal or confederate; but through the sickly camps and crowded hospitals of the southwest, whither his duty called him, his medical skill and priestly presence were a boon and a benediction; and many who owe their lives to his ministrations, have wept over his death, as the loss to them of their preserver, benefactor and friend.

In 1863, Dr. McMASTERS came to Minnesota, and located at St. Paul, as rector of Christ Church. This position he retained up to the time of his death. When he located here his parish was in feeble condition, in debt, and occupying an inferior building on Cedar street, between Third and Fourth.

Under his ministrations the society rapidly grew in membership, requiring larger accommodations, and in 1866, the stone structure, corner of Fourth and Franklin streets, was completed and occupied. In addition to the onerous labor of his recorship, Dr. McMASTERS performed the functions of Registrar of the Diocese and Rural Dean, positions of trust, and placing him next in authority to the Bishop. He also represented the diocese in all the general conventions of the church that met during his residence here. For ten years he was a member of the executive council of the Minnesota Historical Society, in which institution he took a lively interest. In 1871, Governor HORACE AUSTIN appointed him to the State Normal School Board, a position he resigned in 1873, after accepting that of State Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, for which place he left in June of that year. After performing the duties incumbent on him there, he extended his journey to the Holy Land, and remained abroad about six months. During his connection with this diocese he regularly lectured before the Divinity School at Faribault, and delivered occasional addresses upon subjects connected with education.

Dr. McMASTERS was a member of the A. : F. : and A. : M. : , in which he advanced to the thirty-third degree—a degree held by but few members of the Order in Minnesota, and which was conferred upon him for distinguished services to the Order.

Dr. McMASTERS was twice married ; his second wife, after long years of loving, trusting companionship, being left behind to mourn his loss. His first wife was Miss CATHARINE MONTGOMERY, a native of North Carolina, where the marriage took place in 1839. Her death followed in 1847, while her husband was in charge of the church at Alton. By this marriage four children were born, only two of whom are now living—a daughter, the wife of Chief Justice GILFILLAN, and a son, Dr. JAMES MONTGOMERY McMASTERS, now practicing his profession at Sauk Centre, in this State. In 1848 Dr. McMASTERS married for his second wife Miss JULIA RUSSELL BOWERS, of Alton, Ill. Two children were born of this mar-

riage—STERLING RUSSELL McMASTERS, residing at St. Paul, and a daughter who died in infancy.

Such is a brief sketch of the uneventful incidents in the life of one who consecrated great powers to the performance of simple duties. With every competency of intellect and learning and moral worth, he was unambitious, seeking no preferment in his church, but modestly willing to work in the place whereunto he was called. But, fortunately, great men do not need the aids of high official position to make their greatness felt; for the forces of intellect, like those of nature, however silently and unobtrusively they may work, assert their supremacy and compel recognition. So this man, clothed with the humility, and joyfully content to perform the meanest ministries, of his sacred calling, was not only known throughout his communion as a profound theologian, but was also recognized by the skilled and wise, of this and other countries, as learned in many branches of natural history, and as competent, had he so engaged himself, to take rank among the specialists in these subjects of scientific research. Yet, in these subjects, outside of the profession to which he devoted his life, however successful his investigations, he manifested little pride. They were not the prime, but only the incidental objects of his thought and study. He did not seek knowledge for vainglorious display, for the general public knew little of his profound erudition. Nor was it for the mere gratification of a craving desire for learning, which, with so many scholars, debases the most liberal of pursuits into a selfish miserly greed. But he was deeply impressed with the dignity and importance of the vast subjects which his profession required him to elucidate, and he sought from all learning within his reach whatever could give him clearer light, or enable him to transmit a clearer light to others. His piety gave wings to his intellect; and so, in sermons, and books, and common talk, the great theme, which was the substance and soul of all, was illustrated and adorned by the learning of all sciences, and arts, and lands.

The intellect of Dr. McMASTERS was characterized by remarkable clearness of conception and rapidity of movement. His mental eye had that eagle vision which takes in large ex-

panses at a glance, yet in the glance discerns the smallest objects. This quality enabled him to compass a great amount and variety of reading without trespassing upon the time which belonged to the duties of his profession. Joined to a faculty of assimilation quite as remarkable, the acquisition of knowledge with him seemed to come by intuition rather than by labor—an act which the vulgar call genius, but which is the result, simply, of clearer and more rapid mental insight and digestion than is common to the mass of men. But this very clearness and rapidity were, in some respects, an injury to him. It made composition a labor always irksome, and sometimes almost impossible. His ideas outran his pen; and while he has left behind him much to indicate the range and strength, there is little to reveal the graces, of his culture. A book or two, logical and comprehensive, but studiously un-rhetorical; a few pamphlets; some scientific monographs; an occasional sermon; these are all the finished productions which remain of a man whose learning was so various and so profound. Of all the sermons preached during nearly forty years of ministerial labor, but few were fully written; the mass remain only as skeletons, showing the line of argument with an occasional illustrative hint. The writer of this sketch, often charmed and delighted by sermons which, as delivered, seemed in their strength and passion, and wealth of illustration, to be almost inspired, has never found on reading the manuscripts, more than the barest outline of argument. The graces of rhetoric, the moving earnestness of appeal, the apposite illustrations drawn from all sources of literature and of life—these were the extemporaneous decoration, by the artist in the pulpit, of the skeleton which lay in manuscript before him on his desk. In appearance he adhered to the custom of reading prepared sermons, common to his church; and no one, unaware of his habit, would imagine that, as a rule, more than half the spoken sermon was extemporaneous; while his readiness was so remarkable, that those who knew his custom would fail to distinguish between the portions written and unwritten. The *vrai-semblance* was complete.

Two qualities of mind and nature, logic and humor, will

always be associated with Dr. McMASTERS in the memory of those who knew him. The logic came to him legitimately, through his Scotch parentage; the humor was his in spite of it. This logical faculty he possessed in an uncommon degree. Admitting his premises, there was no gainsaying his conclusions. His arguments were so clear, connected and complete, that, in dispute, the only way to escape defeat was to dissent from his first proposition. If you ventured to accompany him a part of the way, he carried you along, perforce, by his own route, to the journey's end. This logical faculty, coupled with the habit, which grows out of it, of seizing hold of the vital points of questions, gave him not only great power in the pulpit, but gained him a large influence in the local and general conventions of his church. It was the remark of an eminent New York divine, that he was always glad to see Dr. McMASTERS rise in general convention to discuss a knotty question, for his Scotch way of putting things was sure to end the controversy. His humor was the spontaneous outgrowth of a genial, cheerful nature. It oiled the joints of his mind, made him the most delightful of companions, and enabled him to be a learned man without at the same time being a pedant. His fund of mirthful stories was inexhaustible; and he delighted to illustrate profound truths, or expose offensive shams, by apposite anecdotes appreciatingly told.

In person, Dr. McMASTERS was of medium height, of a compact frame strongly knit together, of an habitually thoughtful mein, with a countenance that, while genial and kind, was marked by the rugged lines belonging to the race from which he sprang. His head was nobly molded and posed, his features regular, and his eyes remarkably brilliant, changeful and expressive. He was careless of appearances, never conspicuously advertising by his dress the character of his profession. He held religion to be a practical business, and that its teacher should be a practical man; and he so attired and carried himself that the roughest laborer, whose hand he cordially grasped, never thought of querying whether there were, or ought to be, two separate heavens—one for the prinking priest and another for the poor parishioner. There was nothing in common between him and the

Rev. CREAM CHEESE; the school of divinity in which he was bred did not employ the system of hot-house culture, and produce tender plants, useless in the pulpit, and fit only for the sewing circle and the drawing room. He impressed one as a manly man, frank, robust, strong, and thoroughly capable—giving rise to no perplexing doubts whether the hand of the Almighty, or a clerical tailor, had fashioned him.

It is a fancy we often indulge when contemplating the elements of a strong character, to imagine the manner of man which might have been wrought out under the influence of other circumstances, and in different spheres of action. Applying this to the subject of our sketch, we can easily see that the clear and logical qualities of his mind, united with his habitual industry, might have made of him a great scientist, or jurist, or statesman. We cannot conceive, however, that he could ever have been a successful politician. He was too sturdy and honest and uncompromising for that. He could not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." His hatred of all duplicity and shams was in its intensity almost unclerical. And especially so, of the solemn shams. And most especially so, of the shams which intruded themselves into his own communion. The mummeries which many of the younger and weaker of the clergy practice as props to a piety not strong enough to stand on its own legs, excited his utter, if not always his outspoken, disgust.

But it is superfluous to speculate on what might have been, when the life under review combined so much that was fair and lovely and of good report. It is doubtful, after all, if any profession or pursuit yields to its votary a more gratifying compensation than comes to the faithful minister of CHRIST. Certainly none other compares with it in all the essentials of high dignity. The Ambassador of God to Man! there is no other human title so august; no merely human interests so vast as those confided to his care; for they comprise all that is dearest here with all that is most dreaded or desired hereafter. Apart from its dignities, there is in the performance of its lowest offices the reward that follows the comfortable consciousness of doing good. The clergyman habitually comes

in contact with men under circumstances that reveal the better qualities of their character ; and though he may not shrink from scenes of suffering and vice, yet, as a rule, human nature shows him its fairest side. It is his privilege as well as his duty to minister at the altar and the grave, where the brightest hopes of life are born and lie buried ; to bring cheer to the chamber of sickness, and consolation to the house of sorrow ; to so clothe counsel with wisdom that it command assent, and yet so temper it with modesty that it do not give offense ; to praise so discreetly that it shall not engender pride, and admonish so gently that it shall leave no sting ; and, however skilled he may be in the learning of the schools, to show that he far excels in that better knowledge of the heart which cultivates the sympathies and affections, and binds all men together in the bonds of a charity which "suffereth long, and is kind."

These, and all the duties of his sacred office, were performed by Dr. McMASTERS with a full sense of the solemn responsibility resting upon him. For years, however, under the weakening effect of an insidious disease, these duties tasked his body beyond its powers. Yet few of those who saw him going about doing good, knew that his sufferings were greater than the afflictions of those to whom he ministered. But the stern will was superior to bodily infirmity, and there were no signs in the cheerful smile and cordial manner which sprang from the tender heart of the loving pastor, of the disease which racked his body and agonized his brain. In this way the last five years of the good doctor's life were years of such sacrifice as few men are compelled or permitted to live ; and they revealed that rarest heroism which sinks self in duty, and out of the ills and sufferings of life brings patience and cheer, and all the gentle ministries of charity and love.

At last his disease produced a suffering so continuous and acute, that a council of physicians decided upon a dangerous operation as affording the only hope of prolonging his life, or rendering it endurable. This, though skillfully performed, did not avail, for years of suffering had too far reduced his strength, and he survived the torturing surgery for a few days only. But these few days were mercifully passed, for the greater part, in happy unconsciousness of the agony which

closed a life that, far too short, was long enough extended to develop every strong and generous quality of mind and heart, and to present us a grandly modeled character, fully rounded, finished and complete.

SAINT PAUL, Dec. 11, 1875.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF REV. JOHN MATTOCKS.

BY SEVERAL OF HIS ASSOCIATES.

[I. FROM A MEMOIR PUBLISHED IN THE ST. PAUL DAILY DISPATCH,
NOV. 13, 1876, CONTRIBUTED BY J. F. WILLIAMS.]

Rev. JOHN MATTOCKS was born at Peacham, Vt., July 14, 1814. He was a son of ex-Gov. JOHN MATTOCKS, a descendant of one of the earliest settlers in New England, the MATTOCKS ancestor having arrived in Boston from England, about 1630. He graduated at Middlebury College, in his native state, in 1832, and first adopted the profession of law, which he studied, and was admitted to practice. But at this time, being powerfully impressed with religious convictions, he determined to enter the ministry, instead, and for that purpose studied theology with the celebrated Dr. BEMAN, of Troy, N. Y., and in 1838, graduated from the Theological Department of Yale College.

He soon after entered the work of the ministry as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Keeseville, N. Y. He served his congregation for nearly 18 years, and until 1856, when he was called by the First Presbyterian Church, of St. Paul, as their pastor. Hon. GEORGE L. BECKER, one of the pioneer members of this church, first set on foot the movement which led to the call of Mr. MATTOCKS, Mr. B. having known the deceased at Keeseville.

Mr. MATTOCKS and family arrived here in August, 1856, and he commenced his labors as pastor of the church named. One after another of the (Protestant) clergymen who were then in active service in the pulpits of St. Paul, have died or resigned, and at his death he was the senior pastor of St. Paul,—his

pastorate of nineteen years being, for a western city, one of much more than usual length.

Mr. MATTOCKS was early identified with every good movement and cause in our city. He gave much attention to educational matters, and in March, 1860, (Rev. E. D. NEILL having resigned) he was elected Secretary of the Board of Education, and *ex officio* Superintendent of the Public Schools of the city. He filled this station with ability for over ten years, until our school system had extended and grown to such proportions as to demand the entire time of some official, and he resigned the post into other hands. During his term as Superintendent, he performed a vast amount of labor in organizing, controlling and directing our schools, at greatly inadequate compensation. The hundreds, or thousands, more properly, who have had business with him on school matters during that term, will remember his courtesy to all, his patience in settling and smoothing over all difficulties which were continually arising between parents and pupils, and teachers, his tact and rare good judgment in settling disagreements and vexed questions in the Board, his fidelity and earnestness in carrying along such an important and cherished system as our public schools had become during his term. The pupils of our city loved and revered Mr. MATTOCKS as perhaps no one in that relation will ever be again. His name was a household word, and his influence over them was unbounded and salutary. The history of our public schools, when written, must do full justice to these careful, conscientious, and faithful labors of Rev. JOHN MATTOCKS, for more than one decade, during their formative period.

The literary and scientific institutions of our city have also lost in his death, one of their most active supporters. Mr. MATTOCKS had strong antiquarian and scientific tastes. He was one of the oldest (active) members of the Minnesota Historical Society, having been a member since 1856, and one of the Executive Council since 1864, and was also President one year. He was a faithful and punctual worker for its success, and his experience and judgment in all literary or historical, and business matters coming before it, made him one of its most prominent and influential members. In his death the

society has sustained a loss which they must feel keenly—and, indeed, is almost irreparable, following so closely, too, after the loss of Rev. Dr. McMASTERS. And here it is worthy of remark that Mr. MATROCKS formally announced to the society, at its meeting on Monday night, the death of that gentleman, his associate and co-laborer in its ranks for many years, in remarks so appropriate, so well chosen, and so touching, that the writer has seldom, if ever, listened to any eulogy more complete or so fitly pronounced; and could the language used be now copied, it would most accurately and justly describe the speaker's own services and virtues. Mr. MATROCKS had a rare natural gift of good taste and judgment in such matters. It was known to his friends that he could, on any occasion like the above, state a subject more neatly, impressively, and clearly, than falls to the lot of but few, even, of experienced speakers. He always said, (as was written of another), "not a word too much, nor too little, and with the right word in the right place." fitly chosen and weighed, and with no affected ornateness of style, and no undue sentimentality. Perhaps one of the leading mental traits of Mr. MATROCKS was his remarkable good judgment and discretion on all subjects. People sought his advice on every possible matter, out of his profession, literary, domestic, educational, sanitary, scientific, etc., and from his intimate knowledge of human character, and the human heart, and of "the fitness of things," he never failed to give to all thus seeking his aid, valuable counsel.

He was also an active member of the St. Paul Academy of Natural Sciences, and has given several lectures before it, on the subject of geology, in which he was well informed and skilled. He was also an active member of several other similar societies.

His cheerfulness was another trait worthy of mention, and one which made his society and conversation always so acceptable to his friends. He always looked on the "bright side" of every event, and seemed more hopeful even in times of disaster, than others. He would often speak of the amusing and funny points of any subject, in a manner evincing a keen sense of wit.

As a pulpit speaker, his discourses always avoided the sensational or ornate. They were plain, practical, and earnest enforcements of the truth of religion, and the duties of life, and always carefully prepared.

Mr. MATTOCKS possessed mental abilities of no common order. He was a close student, and careful observer of all subjects in which he took an interest. Had he devoted himself to the profession he first chose, and for which he was so well fitted by his mental endowments, he would have won eminence and wealth. But his convictions of duty led him to devote his life and abilities for the good and welfare of others, rather than himself, and now, when his life's labors have been suddenly ended, thousands will bless the memory of one who sacrificed the assurance of wealth and fame, for their spiritual good. The life of a clergyman is one of hard labor and personal sacrifice—too often illy rewarded, and sometimes unappreciated at the time. But beyond this life, and after life's labors have closed, the faithful pastor receives the *real* reward of his loving toil. In how many families of our city must the name of Mr. MATTOCKS be always revered? Of how many family histories does it form an honored part? The baptismal record, the nuptial vow, the funeral sermon,—events in the record of every family—these will bear his name to other generations of many a household of our State, to-day saddened with grief at the news of his death.

II. REMARKS BY HON. HENRY H. SIBLEY, AT A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY, DEC. 13, 1875.

MR. PRESIDENT : It becomes my sad duty, as chairman of the Committee on Obituaries, to announce officially the death of the Rev. JOHN MATTOCKS, which occurred since the last monthly meeting of this Board. He departed this life on the 13th day of November, 1875, at half-past one o'clock A. M.

The loss to the Society occasioned by the unexpected demise of that good man, cannot be over-estimated. He was, as you

are aware, one of the most able, estimable and valuable of its members.

Mr. MATTOCKS was born in Peacham, in the State of Vermont, in the year 1814, his father, Hon. JOHN MATTOCKS, being at the time, governor of the state. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1832, and thereafter commenced the study of the law in his father's office. Subsequently he removed to Troy, in the State of New York, where he became so profoundly impressed with the truths of the gospel, that he resolved to devote his life to the ministry. In accordance with this determination he studied theology with Dr. BEMAN of that city, and he graduated from the theological department of Yale College in 1838. He was installed pastor of the Presbyterian church in Keeseville, Clinton county, N. Y., and continued in that position for eighteen years, when he removed to this city in August, 1856; was called to the pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian church, which he retained until his death. Mr. MATTOCKS was elected a member of the Board of Education in this city in 1859, served in that capacity, and as secretary of the Board, and *ex officio* superintendent of the public schools, for a period of thirteen years.

Such is a brief sketch of the career of the Rev. JOHN MATTOCKS, but how utterly it fails to convey any adequate conception of the character of the man, of his devotion to religious principle, of his labors in the cause of his Master, and of his love to his fellow-men, without distinction of race or creed. Entirely averse to ostentation or parade, he went about doing good, and many bruised and broken hearts received from his lips that consolation which cometh alone from on high. He was probably more extensively known than any other religious teacher in this city, his long residence, his genial temper, and his position as superintendent of schools for so many years, having brought him into personal contact with all classes of our population. His charity knew no bounds, for he devoted a large portion of his slender resources to the poor and needy. He was a humble christian, with no tinge of the pharisee in his composition, and so far from being a bigot, he was catholic and tolerant in his views, albeit strongly attached to the denomination to which he belonged.

In fact, however others might disagree with him, he impressed every one with a conviction of his own sincerity. He was so well acquainted with human nature in all its phases, that he became all things to all men, so that he could win them to CHRIST. He felt that to be his mission upon the earth, and in his daily walk and conversation he manifested his devotedness to that object. His religion was not of the emotional kind, but his discourses from the pulpit were impressive, logical and convincing. He loved to dwell upon the abundant mercies of Our Heavenly Father, and to draw men to repentance by considerations of love to Him, rather than by the terrors of the law and the slavish fear of punishment. He took a deep interest in the revival movements of Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS, being a constant attendant at their meetings, and a participant in the exercises.

The public services rendered by Mr. MATTOCKS, while superintendent of public schools for a long series of years, are well known and appreciated by this community. He contributed largely to the efficiency of these institutions, which have assumed a high rank among the educational agencies of the State. Having himself enjoyed the privileges of a full collegiate course, which he had supplemented with studies of a diversified character, he was eminently fitted to supervise the system of instruction in the schools, and to give them a strong impetus in the right direction. And so kind and gentle, and withal firm, was he in the discharge of his duties, that teachers and pupils alike revered and loved him.

The tender and touching tribute paid by Mr. MATTOCKS, at the last monthly meeting of the Society, and but a few days before his own death, to the memory of his co-laborer, Rev. Dr. McMASTERS, will be long remembered by those who were present on that occasion.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. MATTOCKS very soon after his advent to this city, and that acquaintance ripened into a friendship which was uninterrupted to the end of his life. I am happy to be afforded an opportunity, personally, to testify to his tenderness as a husband and father, his worth as a citizen, and his fidelity as a minister of CHRIST. He was called away suddenly while in

the possession of all his faculties, and in the vigor of mature manhood, before his force was diminished or his natural strength abated. It was, doubtless, the mode of death he would have selected if left to his own volition, for he was always mindful of the injunction of his Master, "Be ye also ready." He was saved from the tortures of a lingering disease, and the stroke which, in a few short hours, deprived him of life, was to him a crowning mercy, for it ushered him into the haven "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

To our deceased friend may be appropriately applied the words of the poet, inscribed originally to the memory of the old Scotch covenanter, who had been for forty years the faithful pastor of his congregation—

"But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

III. REMARKS BY HON. JOHN B. SANBORN, AT A MEETING OF THE
SOCIETY, DEC. 13, 1875, ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE
DEATH OF REV. JOHN MATTOCKS.

It may seem improper for the youngest member of the Board to utter words of eulogy upon our oldest and most valuable member, deceased.

But more than fifteen years have passed since we were intimate friends. From the Sunday when he preached his first sermon in Saint Paul, to the day of his death, his example, not less than his words, have been a constant guide and light through many of the dark scenes and periods of life, and I should do violence to my own feelings, if I did not utter a single word in commemoration of his virtues.

His life and example were such that all may study and follow them with profit.

He lived, as near as man may, a life of righteousness from righteous motives, and thereby complied with the highest moral code of any school. He pointed the moral of the great events of the world by the light of revealed religion, and his faith that all that seemed dark and inscrutable now, would, in the brighter light yet to be revealed, be plain and easily understood, was firm and unwavering.

He was a bold man, and dared to discuss from his pulpit all questions pertaining to the welfare of society or the church, with frankness and decision. His voice never gave forth any uncertain sound. The conservative tendency of his mind was too great for the accomplishment of the largest amount of good, with his mental and moral powers. But on great occasions this conservatism was all thrown aside, and he would become as decided and impetuous as the most thoughtless. Previous to our late war he had favored a most conservative course towards the south. But the sermon that he preached the Sunday after the attack upon forts Moultrie and Sumpter, was the most decidedly patriotic and national of any of that period, and is no doubt still fresh in the minds of all who heard it. He said blood must necessarily be shed now, to save oceans of blood that must otherwise be shed by coming generations, in the never ending strife that will follow the dissolution of the Union. He left no one in doubt as to what his duty was in the impending struggle, and he gave direction to the views of many, by his remarks on this and similar occasions.

No man ever lived who had a clearer perception of the "fitness of things." He was always in the right place. He entered into every occasion and every condition. He poured consolation into the hearts of mourners, with the same ease that he repressed and subdued boisterous or improper mirth, and was equally adapted to the festivities of the wedding altar, and solemnities of the funeral service.

He possessed large and varied learning, united to one of God's greatest gifts, sound, practical common sense. Ideas were his delight, while words without them were his disgust; and in his judgment the greatest attainment of literature was the expression of ideas in the pleasantest and most simple

manner. He advanced far into the mysteries of many sciences. Geology and astronomy were his delight, and in everything he saw constantly the handiwork of God.

Consistent and true in every relation of life, without ostentation and without guile, he consecrated all his attainments and all his powers to the welfare of man and the glory of God. Let not his example nor his teachings be forgotten.

IV. LETTER FROM RT. REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D. COADJUTOR BISHOP
OF ST. PAUL, PUBLISHED IN THE "FREEMAN'S
JOURNAL," MAY 6, 1876.

ST. PAUL, March 30, 1876.

JOHN MATTOCKS, Esq., Chicago:

My Dear Sir:—I regret that pressing and unusual occupations have prevented me from expressing to you before now, my sentiments of deep respect, for the memory of your father, Rev. JOHN MATTOCKS, and of heartfelt sympathy for his family on the occasion of his lamented demise. I trust I will be allowed, even at this late hour, to add a word of mine to the many testimonials already given in favor of the singular worth of one whose friendship, during his lifetime, I very highly prized.

My acquaintance with Rev. Mr. MATTOCKS dates back some twelve years. During this period of time, one purpose or another frequently brought us together, and each meeting but increased the esteem which, from the first, I deemed it my duty to award him. His was a most noble nature—kind, affable and generous. I do not believe he was at any time capable of a harsh thought, or of a word that he could presume would wound the most sensitive soul. He was ever ready to do favors, to afford pleasure to others. The poor had reason to venerate his name, and, what is much to his praise, no ostentation accompanied or followed his good deeds. They were done as a matter of course. His mind was richly stored. The questions were few upon which he was not well

informed. His words, too, in conversation, or assemblies, in which he took part, indicated a man of thought and reflection. He had mastered the subject of his studies. He was free, in a remarkable degree, from all prejudices, or special bias of mind capable of warping his judgment in his estimate of men and things. He was uplifted far above sectarian narrow mindedness. While he proved himself most faithful, as I always heard, to the duties of his particular profession, his mind and heart could ever go abroad of the circle of his ministerial office, and sympathize with his fellow men of all classes, without regard to church or national differences. In a world where men so often labor to narrow down to themselves and to a few around them, their thoughts and feelings, it was most refreshing to come in contact with the man of the type of Rev. JOHN MATTOCKS. He was very frank and outspoken. You were always sure that there was no second thought lurking back of his word to you. Few clergymen become so universally acquainted in a community, as Rev. Mr. MATTOCKS was in St. Paul. Our citizens, of every class and profession, seemed to know him familiarly. I have never found one who was his enemy, or would not speak kindly of him, whenever his name would be mentioned. The universal regret expressed in our city when his death was made known, was the best tribute that could be rendered to his memory.

All felt that a good man had departed, who had been an honor to the city, and whom they fain would have kept with them for many long years. Men like him are too few in number. It would be a better, a kindlier world, were we to meet them oftener in the path of life. The sentiments which I have had towards Rev. Mr. MATTOCKS, I beg leave to extend to his children, with whom I sincerely condole in their present grief.

Most respectfully your friend,

JOHN IRELAND,
Co-Adjutor Bishop, etc.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF HON. WILLIS A. GORMAN.

COMPILED FROM OBITUARY NOTICES IN THE ST. PAUL JOURNALS.

[Ex-Gov. W. A. GORMAN died at his residence in St. Paul, May 20th, 1876, at 2 o'clock, p. m., after a brief illness.]

WILLIS ARNOLD GORMAN, only son of DAVID L. and ELIZABETH GORMAN, and one of two children, was born on the 12th day of January, 1816, near Flemingsburgh, in the county of Fleming, Kentucky. He received a thorough primary and collegiate education, and early applied himself to the study of the law.

At the age of twenty he was admitted to the bar, and in August, 1835, removed to Bloomington, Indiana, where he began the practice of his profession. Without money or friends, Mr. GORMAN here encountered many difficulties in the way of his professional advancement, which only an indomitable energy could surmount. He made his *debut* at the Monroe county bar within a few weeks of his arrival at Bloomington, in the defense of one POLLY, charged with murder. POLLY was guilty, the crime having been witnessed by many citizens, but Mr. GORMAN succeeded in obtaining his acquittal before the jury. This at once made him popular.

In January, 1836, he married MARTHA STONE, daughter of ELLIS STONE, a much respected citizen of Monroe county.

His natural ability and great popularity, induced his friends to urge him to a public career, and when but twenty-three years old, he was elected to represent his county in the State legislature, which position he filled, with honor to himself and satisfaction to his constituents, for five or six terms, and

until the breaking out of the Mexican war. Then Mr. GORMAN was among the first to offer his services to his country, which he did by volunteering as a private, in a Bloomington company, which was to be attached to the "Third Indiana Regiment." In June, 1846, the regiment was mustered into service at New Albany, for one year. Before embarking for the seat of war, an election of officers was held, and JAMES H. LANE (since U. S. Senator from Kansas), was chosen Colonel, and Mr. GORMAN, Major.

This regiment rendered signal service during the first year's campaign in Mexico, and achieved particular distinction on the field of Buena Vista. Major GORMAN had the honor of bringing on this battle, as under order of General TAYLOR, he, with his command of five hundred riflemen, made the assault upon the enemy's flank which opened the engagement. In this fight every fourth man in GORMAN's command fell. He received the compliments of his superior officers for the bravery, coolness and tact exhibited by him in this bloody conflict. During the battle his horse was shot, and fell, with his rider, into a deep ravine; but, although the Major was severely injured by this fall (from the effects of which he never fully recovered), he kept command of his battalion until the enemy fled.

In May, 1847, its term of enlistment having expired, the regiment returned home. Immediately Major GORMAN began the organization of the "Fourth Indiana Regiment," of which he was unanimously elected Colonel. This regiment first participated in battle at the capture of Humantala, and was the first to plant the American flag over the city. The regiment afterwards participated in a number of battles, among which were "Atilixco," "Puebla," "Tlascala," and "El Pinal."

In August, 1849, after his return from Mexico, Col. GORMAN was chosen to represent his district in Congress, which position he filled for two terms. While in Congress he was distinguished for his readiness and versatility in debate. At that time the Senate had among its members men famous in the history of our country, such as DANIEL WEBSTER, THOMAS H. BENTON, LEWIS CASS, DANIEL S. DICKINSON, JOHN C. CALHOUN,

SALMON P. CHASE, and others of the great men of those days, while in the body of which he was a member, there were many who had already, or since have, inscribed their names on the brightest pages of the recorded events of the times. Then the great question agitating the public mind was that of slavery, the agitation of which dates back to 1833, and which finally culminated in the great civil war, in which he later bore so conspicuous a part. In these discussions, and others coming before the House, Col. GORMAN early took an active part, distinguishing himself for the clearness of his views, and the force and earnestness with which they were advanced. In 1851, Col. GORMAN was re-elected to Congress from his district, thus serving four years in that body.

When FRANKLIN PIERCE became President in 1853, he appointed Colonel GORMAN, Governor of the then Territory of Minnesota, to assume the position of which, he reached St. Paul May 13th, taking possession of the office two days following, the 15th, soon thereafter announcing the following appointments: SOCRATES NELSON, Auditor; LAFAYETTE EMMETT, Attorney General; GEORGE W. PRESCOTT, Superintendent of Public Instruction; ROBT. A. SMITH, State Librarian and Private Secretary; ROSWELL P. RUSSELL, Treasurer; S. B. LOWRY, Adjutant General; ANDREW J. WHITNEY, Clerk of the Supreme Court. Gifted with a firm and strikingly handsome person, with an impressive manner, with great natural endowments as an orator, and with much force and energy of character, he at once took a leading part in the politics of the State.

It was during his administration that the celebrated land question came up, and the Governor took a firm stand for what he considered the interests of the people. He recommended, in the distribution of the lands among the railroads, the state should receive at least three per cent of the gross earnings of the roads in lieu of general taxation. Over this question a bitter opposition was raised against him. The first bill introduced was to grant land to the Northwestern railroad company. This he vetoed, because it did not secure to the State such a bonus, in lieu of taxation, as he thought the State should have. He was firmly resolved to abide by his

decision, and a compromise was finally effected. It is to his exertions, therefore, that may be attributed in a great measure, the present income of three per cent upon all the land grants in the State.

It was during this contest that an incident occurred, illustrative of his strict integrity and his utter abhorrence of anything approaching a bribe. Seated in the Governor's office one day, a fine appearing, well dressed man of the world, was ushered in. After a few minutes spent in talk of a general nature, the visitor directed the conversation to the all-absorbing railroad bill, and finally, after much beating about the bush, he managed to convey to the Governor the proffer of \$30,000 if he would withdraw his opposition to the measure of the railroad men. Without a moment's hesitation, General GORMAN jumped to his feet, and with a voice that rang through the room as the blast of a bugle, while his eyes and every feature of his face expressed the utmost scorn, and in language more forcible than polite, he ordered his visitor out of the room before he broke every bone in his body. Speaking of this incident in later years, the visitor was wont to remark, that "Governor GORMAN was a very unhealthy person to approach with an offer of a bribe."

Another characteristic incident is told in connection with the late J. ROSS BROWNE. During President PIERCE's administration, Mr. BROWNE was sent out to examine and report upon affairs in the various territorial governments. Among those visited, was Governor GORMAN. At that time territorial governors were the custodians of Indian funds. Then the money of the country was specie, silver and gold, of all denominations, ranging from the silver five cent piece to the twenty dollar gold piece. Reaching St. Paul, Mr. BROWNE soon thereafter called upon Governor GORMAN. As delicately as possible he made known the object of his visit, desiring to be shown the Governor's account of receipts and disbursements and the amount of funds on hand. The mere doubt or fear expressed in the sending of such an agent of the government, that he was not faithfully discharging his trust, aroused the ire of the Governor, and he shouted out, his voice trembling with illy suppressed indignation: "What! do you or the

government take me for a — thief?" Mr. BROWNE explained, and finally the examination was commenced. The books were gone over and the receipts and disbursements carefully noted. Then the counting of the money was commenced. After going through with two or three bags, and finding the amounts corresponding with the marks on the outside, Mr. BROWNE proposed to merely take the marked amounts on the others, as evidence of the sums they contained. "Not so," said General GORMAN. "You have commenced to investigate my expenditures, and, sir, you shall not leave this room before you have counted every piece of that money, and found that my accounts are square to a cent." And Mr. BROWNE had to count the money, finding, upon completing the task, that the Governor's accounts were "square to a cent."

During his administration he made it a point to deal fairly and justly with the Indians; and, by his policy, uniform peace and good order prevailed among all the tribes. By order of the general government, he made several treaties with the Indians, in 1854-5, all of which were accomplished with entire peace and harmony, and to the satisfaction of the government and the Indians. In behalf of these several tribes, Gov. GORMAN disbursed upward of a million dollars for the general government, without it, or the Indians, losing one dollar. An incident illustrating his firmness and prompt decision in critical moments, may be mentioned in this connection. In 1853 he was ordered by the government to remove the Sioux bands from their homes on the west banks of the Mississippi, opposite St. Paul, to their own reservation at Redwood and Yellow Medicine, as provided by treaty. As there were upwards of six thousand Indians upon the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, and among them the celebrated chiefs, LITTLE CROW and WABASHA, this undertaking was considered a difficult and extremely delicate task. The governor, however, after taking counsel with such men as Gov. SIBLEY, PHILANDER PRESCOTT,¹ FRANKLIN STEELE, H. M. RICE, GEORGE CULVER,

1. PHILANDER PRESCOTT was born at Phelps, N. Y., Sept. 17, 1801. In 1819 he left home in company with his brother, ZACHARIAH W. and engaged in the fur trade among the Dakotas; marrying in 1823, a daughter of one of their chiefs, *Kee-e-Hei* (THE MAN THAT FLIES.) This wife afterwards became a Christian

JOHN FARRINGTON, N. MYRICK, ALEXIS BAILLY,¹ ALEX. FARIBAULT and W. H. FORBES, to all and to each of whom he ever expressed the greatest obligations, commenced the removal of the Indians, only aided by two or three interpreters, and JOSEPH R. BROWN and a few other old traders. He accompanied the Indians on their long and tedious march, and although he had with him \$250,000 in gold for the tribes, he took no force or guard, but permitted the Indians to guard the money themselves. The journey was accomplished in safety, with but one slight incident, above alluded to. When the Indians arrived at the "Big Woods," at a point near where Belle Plaine is at present, they demanded a "big talk," or council, with "the man with the eagle's eye," as they styled the Governor. Their request was granted. The council ring was formed, and the chiefs centered about the Governor. The chief, WABASHA, first addressed the Governor, speaking about as follows: "You have given us plenty of flour, and plenty of beef and white man's meat. But Indians love venison. Our young men want to hunt. The fall hunt is now approaching. When you leave us, your beef will soon be gone. We will have no fresh meat, or dried beef for win-

and was baptized by the name of MARY. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. ELI PETTJOHN, in Shakopee, in 1867, much respected.

Mr. PRESCOTT soon obtained great influence among the Dakotas. He was in the service of the government as agent, interpreter, farmer, etc., for many years, and was a valuable and trusted official. He was a man of considerable education, strong good sense, and acute mental qualities, and wrote many valuable papers on Indian matters, agriculture, reports of agency affairs, etc. A valuable article by him is in SCHOOLCRAFT's Indian Tribes. He was stationed most of the time, from 1837 to 1835, at Ft. Snelling, and when that post was abandoned by the U. S., he removed to Redwood, where he was Indian farmer at the time of the outbreak. On Aug. 10, 1862, the Indians savagely murdered him near Ft. Ridgely, though he had been their friend and benefactor for forty years. He wrote a short time before, a memoir of his life, which covered 60 pages of manuscript, but, it is feared, is now lost. W.

1. ALEXIS BAILLY was born in Michigan, Dec. 14, 1798. He came to Mendota about 1824, and embarked in the fur trade there. He was, soon after, married to Miss LUCY FARIBAULT, (daughter of ALEX. FARIBAULT,) who died several years later. Mr. BAILLY sold his Mendota post to H. H. SIBLEY, in 1835, and about 1840 embarked in trade at Wabasha, where he built a warehouse and store, and remained in business there until the close of his life, though having an interest in the Indian trade at other points. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the First Territorial Legislature. In 1856, he married (at St. Paul) Miss JULIA COREY, of Cooperstown, N. Y., a sister of Mrs. WM. H. FORBES, and Mrs. LOUIS BLUM, of St. Paul. Mr. BAILLY died at Wabasha, June 3, 1861. W.

ter; when we reach our new home the buffalo will run away. Unless our great father permits us to kill game in the Big Woods, our squaws and papooses will starve next winter." When this speech was finished, EAGLE and RED IRON followed, insisting that they be permitted to make their fall hunt in the Big Woods. The Governor appreciated the situation, but was determined not to yield to a demand so inconvenient to all concerned. He replied that he would like to please them, but they had made a treaty; had sold their lands, and were to be paid in regular yearly installments within twenty years. The government would not see them starve, but would help them adopt some part of the white man's habits, and for this purpose would give them implements, and furnish farmers to instruct them. They could not remain there longer than three days. As he finished, one of the warriors of the Lake Calhoun band arose, and said that the traders would get all their money, and they must stay there until the "next moon" anyhow. LITTLE CROW in the meantime had been silent, but he now arose, and in a loud voice said: "If we stay down here and get our money, the traders will be sure to get it, and all our blankets. We have agreed to go, and we must do as our great father asks us. But we would like some better cattle than you have along." He sat down, and the young Calhoun Lake warrior again arose, and said determinedly that the chiefs and women might go on, but the young men would stay; they wouldn't go. At this, the Governor in wrath, told the interpreter to tell that young man he should go to Redwood, if he had to send to Fort Snelling for troops. The council then broke up, and the Indians retired to a private consultation. That night the governor secretly sent a messenger to the fort, asking for a force, and by nine o'clock the next day, one hundred dragoons, under Capt. McGRUDER, with a battery of artillery, drew up before the astonished Indians. After a while, LITTLE CROW made the soldiers a speech advising them to go on, and the Indians all gathered about the Governor to shake hands with him, assuring him of their willingness to start.

No further trouble was experienced. The bands settled quietly down upon their new lands, and remained in that condition for eight years—until 1862.

Many more instances might be related, but these will suffice.

In short, the administration of Governor GORMAN was of that character outlined in the closing extract of his first message to the Council and House of Representatives, when he said :

"I hope that in your legislation you may find it profitable to refer frequently to the great political truths that have guided those wise statesmen of the past, and illuminated the path and progress of republican liberty throughout this great confederacy. Give the people the largest political rights consistent with the constitution of the United States and the organic act of the Territory. Enforce the strictest obedience to the laws. Be guided by the safest economy in all public expenditures; let your action be controlled by the rule that the '*right is always expedient.*' Encourage a high morality amongst the people. Guard the weak against the strong. Give equal rights to all, exclusive privileges to none. And thus, by keeping these great truths before our eyes, we shall merit and receive the approbation of Him who holds the destiny of nations in His hand, and lay the foundation, broad and deep, for a state in whose destiny we shall all be proud."

In 1857 Governor GORMAN was succeeded by Hon. SAMUEL MEDARY,¹ appointed by President BUCHANAN. Gov. MEDARY arrived in St. Paul April 22d, and at once assumed the gubernatorial chair. At the election June 1st, for delegates to the constitutional convention, Governor GORMAN was

1. SAMUEL MEDARY, Governor of Minnesota, 1857-58, was born in Montgomery county, Pa., Feb. 25, 1801. His early education was limited, but he became a printer, and acquired a large fund of general information. Taking a great interest in politics, he joined the Jackson party, and remained an adherent of it through life. He was for many years editor of the *Ohio Statesman*, published at Columbus, O. His editorials, though lacking in polish, were full of vigor, and he became one of the leading men of his party in Ohio. Though a personal friend of DOUGLAS, he separated from the latter when he opposed BUCHANAN. He was, by the latter President, appointed Governor of Minnesota in March, 1857, and soon after assumed the executive chair. He delivered two messages to the Legislature, one to the extra session, and one to the "State" Legislature in December. He never made St. Paul his actual residence, and during the delay in the admission of the State, returned to Columbus. He was, not long afterward, appointed Governor of Kansas, which post he filled a few months, in 1858-59. During the war of secession, he was a "Peace Democrat." He died in Columbus Nov. 7, 1864, from the effects, it is asserted, of poison taken at the dinner table of the National Hotel in Washington, in 1857, when President BUCHANAN and others were so nearly fatally poisoned. W.

elected from St. Paul, and took an active part in the discussion of the various measures considered by that body. He was a candidate for a seat in the U. S. Senate before the Territorial Legislature in 1858, but was defeated by a division of his party friends. In the fall of 1859 he was elected a Representative, but owing to the very long session of the year previous, the Governor did not call the Legislature together.

In the Presidential election of 1860, Governor GORMAN took a prominent part, ably and earnestly championing the claims of "The Little Giant," Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. He was chosen a delegate to the "Charleston convention."

The following year, when the mutterings preceding the late war began to be heard, Governor GORMAN early announced himself as an unqualified Unionist. When the first war meeting was held in St. Paul, after the fall of Sumter, he made a stirring, eloquent and fervid appeal to the patriotism of the citizens, that gave a tone and direction to the feeling of the city. He also set an example by promptly offering his services for the war. His services were accepted by Governor RAMSEY, by whom he was authorized to raise a regiment. In the excitement then existing, this was soon accomplished, the regiment being designated the First Minnesota Infantry, and on the 29th of April, Gov. GORMAN was commissioned Colonel, STEPHEN MILLER Lieutenant-Colonel, and WM. H. DIKE Major. The regiment was ordered to Washington June 14th, 1861, where it was assigned to Gen. McDOWELL's command, by which the battle of the first Bull Run was fought and lost. In this engagement the regiment and Col. GORMAN attracted much notice by their gallantry. On returning to Washington, Col. GORMAN was placed in command of the Brigade composed of the First Minnesota, 82d New York, 15th Massachusetts, and 34th New York. On the 17th of September following, in recognition of his gallant conduct in the Bull Run engagement, and his soldierly qualities, he was, upon the recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. SCOTT, appointed Brigadier General of volunteers, his being one of the first promotions made from the volunteer service. October 22d following, his Brigade took part in the battle of Ball's Bluff, his old regiment,

the First, having the advance in the crossing at Edward's Ferry, and covering the retreat after the defeat. Gen. GORMAN was second in command of this force, and often was in full command, by the absence of Gen. STONE.

The following spring Gen. GORMAN's brigade formed a portion of the column which advanced on Richmond by way of the Peninsula. An attack of fever, however, compelled his relinquishment of the command while the campaign was in progress, and his return to Washington. Later in the season, after POPE's disastrous campaign, Gen. GORMAN was again able to take the field, accompanying Gen. McCLELLAN's column on its march to intercept LEE, at the time of his first invasion of Maryland, and participating in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. In the latter, the casualties of battle gave him the command of his division, the Second Division, Second Army Corps, in which he continued until the re-organization of the army following Gen. McCLELLAN's removal. In the changes then occurring, Gen. GORMAN was ordered to the Southwest, where he remained, performing the duties assigned to him until the latter part of 1864, when, after nearly four years of active and laborious service, with credit to himself and his State, he laid aside his military trappings and honors, and sought in private life, that rest and recuperation to which he was so well entitled, and of which he stood so much in need.

Returning to St. Paul, Gen. GORMAN, after a short season of rest, formed a law partnership with Hon. C. K. DAVIS. In 1869 he was elected City Attorney, which office he held at the time of his death, being re-elected in 1871, 1873 and 1875. In this office he labored at the expense of the acquisition of wealth, and to the detriment of his health, which became seriously impaired a year or two ago; his decline exciting the interest and fears of his most intimate friends, though he himself attended to his official duties with the same self-denying devotion which ever marked his public career.

Gen. GORMAN had been twice married; first at Bloomington, Indiana, January, 1836, to Miss MARTHA STONE, and second to Miss EMILY NEWINGTON, at Christ Church, this city, by the late Rev. S. Y. McMASTERS, April 27, 1865, this

estimable lady surviving her husband to mourn her irreparable loss. By the union with Miss MARTHA STONE, there were five children, as follows: R. F. GORMAN, the eldest, and present clerk of the Board of Public Works; JAMES W. GORMAN, who was Assistant Adjutant General on the General's staff from September, 1862, up to the time of his death, which occurred at Indianapolis, Indiana, February 19, 1873, from disease contracted in the service; LOUISA G., former wife of HARVEY OFFICER, Esq., who died of Consumption, March, 4, 1870; E. S. GORMAN, practicing attorney at law in this city, and MARTHA B., now Mrs. WOOD, residing at Evansville, Indiana. The mother of these children departed this life at Bloomington, Indiana, the home of her maidenhood, where she was temporarily residing, during the absence of General GORMAN with his military command, March 1, 1864. By the last union there was no issue.

Though Gen. GORMAN possessed some eccentric traits of character, the effect of an ardent and impetuous temperament, which were not favorable to sustained success as a politician, he always maintained a leading and influential position in his party. His ready eloquence and fine abilities were always at its service, and his enthusiastic devotion to its cause, almost recalled the generous ardor of a knight of the Crusades. He displayed the courage, the impetuosity, and the independence of his character, in his vigorous opposition to various schemes relating to the material development of the State, such as the Five Million Loan Bill, which he thought unwise and dishonest, though supported by the most powerful political combinations of the time.

Socially, Gen. GORMAN was a very agreeable gentleman, and in all the relations of life a warm-hearted, kind, and generous man. His faults were those arising from the impulsiveness of an ardent temperament, and a lively imagination. But there was no element of meanness or maliciousness in his character. * * * In his demise, hundreds felt that they had lost a warm and valued personal friend; and though he led an active life, which brought him into strong political contests, he laid down his well-worn armor without leaving any bitterness

behind. On the contrary, the mourning was general and well nigh universal. * * *

He knew that his end had come, and he met it bravely. Yesterday morning [May 19.] he took leave of his family, and with Spartan and eloquent firmness, addressed each personally, giving precepts and advice which will never be forgotten. Bishops GRACE and IRELAND had already administered to him extreme unction, and he feelingly enjoined upon his children to adhere to the Catholic Church. Though his body was helpless, his intellect was clear; and while weeping friends stood around, he spoke with such force and tenderness as to render it one of the most touching death-bed scenes ever witnessed.

The news of the death [May 20.] spread with rapidity over the city, and flags were hoisted at half mast over the State Capitol, Custom House, City Hall, and the engine houses.

THE OBSEQUIES.

From the Pioneer-Press, May 24. 1876.

Yesterday was one of the most beautiful spring days that ever dawned. Nature wore her brightest smile, but the hearts of the people of this city were sad and heavy; for it was their painful duty, on that perfect day, to follow to its last resting place, the remains of one of their number who had long held a position of honor in their councils and in their hearts. They were to pay the last tribute of affection, and look for the last time upon the features, of one who for nearly a quarter of a century has moved among them, and who now had the affectionate regards of all.

The death of such a man is regarded as a public calamity, and hence, yesterday, the day of the funeral of the lamented deceased, was a day of general mourning, and during the hours devoted to the funeral services, business was almost suspended. Men left the marts of trade to pay their last sad respects to the departed citizen.

The hour set for the service was half past ten in the morning, and long before that time, throngs flowed into the spacious cathedral, or gathered in its vicinity, awaiting the arri-

val of the funeral cortege. On every side were heard eulogies of the deceased; all remembered him with kindness, and spoke of him in terms of praise. As the hour approached, the Bar Association, numbering upwards of seventy lawyers, filed into the cathedral, headed by the Judges of the Supreme and District Courts, and the Court of Common Pleas. They were seated in pews at the left of the center aisle. Shortly after, an escort of forty guns, from the 20th U. S. Infantry, officered by Capt. COE and Lieuts. WISHARD and BANNISTER, appeared with the full regimental band, and took position in front of the church. Gen. SYKES, of the 20th, arrived with his staff, and passed to sittings reserved for them.

In the meantime, an escort consisting of the Mayor and Council, the city officers, the veterans of the Mexican war, many members of the old Minnesota 1st, the Acker Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a large body of the members of the fire department, had proceeded with the Great Western band to the house of mourning. Receiving the remains, the procession escorted it and the bereaved family to the Cathedral, passing up College avenue to St. Anthony hill, and thence by Third, Wabasha and Sixth streets.

The plain, rich casket was lifted from the hearse and carried by the pall bearers to the steps of the sanctuary. The friends who were selected for this sad task were Gen. H. H. SIBLEY, H. M. RICE, J. S. PRINCE, J. M. GILMAN, H. F. MASTERSON, MORRIS LAMPREY, Col. ROBERTSON and JAMES STARKY. The bearers occupied the front pews in the center aisle, immediately in front of the members of the family, who mourned a loving husband, father and friend. Back of them, and filling the great number of pews on each side of the long aisle, were the citizen soldiery who had been comrades with the General in times of war, while behind the Bar Association were located Gov. PILLSBURY, with the State officers, ex-Gov. DAVIS, Mayor MAXFIELD, the City Council, the county officers and county board, and representatives from the Stock Raisers' Association, the State Agricultural society and other organizations with which the deceased was connected. The remainder of the space in the great edifice, was thronged with sympathizing citizens and their families.

The sanctuary wore the sable garb of mourning, and the glancing beams of the blazing star over the high altar, shed a mystic light upon the funeral symbols. The impressive requiem mass was celebrated, Rev. Father JOHN SHANLEY officiating, the grand music by MULLER being finely rendered by a choir of about twenty singers. A most tender and eloquent funeral sermon was preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop IRELAND, who selected the words: "It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment." The discourse produced a profound impression on the immense congregation, and it was indeed a beautiful tribute to the dead. The preacher closed with an impressive peroration, after which the last sad rites were performed over the remains. The casket was then opened and thousands gazed for the last time upon the honored and familiar face.

The pall bearers again raising the coffin, on whose lid had been placed a cross, an anchor, a star and a wreath, all wrought of beautiful cut flowers, passed from the church as the organist played a requiem march. The procession was of great length, and presented a most imposing appearance, surpassing any ever before seen in this community. It passed up Wabasha street to Rice, where all of the escort on foot, except the detachment of the regular army, filed from the line and returned to the city. On reaching Oakland cemetery, the cortege proceeded directly to the beautiful family lot in the western corner of the grounds, and in the presence of the family and friends, the remains of General GORMAN were gently lowered to their last resting place, and after many dear ones had bestowed floral offerings upon the lid of the coffin, the firing party of the Twentieth infantry discharged three volleys over the grave, the soldiers' salute to a comrade gone. Slowly and sadly, the bereaved friends sought their carriages, and returned to the busy scenes of life.

EULOGY BY EX-GOV. C. K. DAVIS, BEFORE THE RAMSEY COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION. •

At a meeting of the Ramsey County Bar Association, held on May 24, 1876, Gen. JOHN B. SANBORN offered resolutions expressive of the respect felt by the Bar for their deceased associate, and their sorrow at his loss, accompanying them by a warm eulogy on his character.

Ex-Gov. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS then spoke as follows:

Mr. PRESIDENT: The custom which directs the bar to commemorate the virtues and abilities of its departed members by making the record of justice the depository of such tributes as have just been rendered, is at no time so fully vindicated as on occasions like this, when the oldest lawyer at the bar is summoned to go the way of all the earth.

It is in a certain sense a final and irreversible judgment of affirmance pronounced upon the record of a well spent life. Gen. GORMAN was a man who, in his time, played many parts, and no estimate of him will be nearly adequate, which does not take them all into consideration, not only to illustrate his merits, but also to explain how immaterial are the imperfections which necessarily inhere in, but do not blemish a character, which has been tried by so many tests. Many a man, by adhering to the plane and level of one profession, arrives at that dull and uninteresting perfection which leaves nothing for panegyric, but common place, and absolutely nothing for censure. This father of our bar was not of these; he was a soldier, a statesman and a lawyer. He ran those careers, and each with honor. He has received the cavil and the praise incident to each, and at the end of each has been met with honor by those who sent him forth. It is probably because my personal relations to him, during and since the late war, were so intimate, that I have been asked to give expression of the sentiments which are entertained towards him by his professional brethren, who knew him better than any others.

The declaration of war with Mexico, found him a young man in the fullness of his intellectual and physical vigor. At the first call of his country, he was one of the first to answer, and from the beginning to the end of that war of aggrandizement and conquest, which resulted in giving to the nation,

not only its dominant position upon the Pacific, but also territorial and political symmetry throughout, he was continually in the field, participating in every battle fought by the army to which he belonged, and what is of equal, though perhaps of less resplendent glory, aiding by his civil abilities to make the history of the military occupation of the conquered country so honorable to our nation, by its freedom from rapine, and from that victorious insolence which generally marks the demeanor of successful invaders. He was for a time, military Governor of one of the largest Mexican cities, and it is the concurrent testimony of all who witnessed his administration, that the presence of the conquering army was hardly felt. The courts of justice were opened. The magistracy was sustained in its administration of the law of that land. No temple was desecrated, no sacred bound of property was broken down, no domestic privacy was invaded, no private right was infringed. He came from that contest with honorable hurts of body, but bearing a secure record of duty well performed by a patriot.

When the war for the Union began, the first gun fired by the hands of confederate traitors, aroused all of the patriotism of his nature. It is not for me to tell you who heard and saw all that he did then, to recite his stirring appeals for the perpetuity of the Union of our fathers; how he forgot party; how utterly he abhorred the timorous and vacillating cry of "peace," when there was no peace; how, at his call, was marshalled, with electric quickness, that first regiment, the pride and glory of the State, whose record under his command is written, ineffaceably, in the history of those dark and doubtful days, when Liberty stood stabbed and tottering among her contending sons.

During the latter part of his military career, my relations toward him were most intimate. His demeanor towards me was most paternal. I was struck at once with his desire for the subordination of the military to the civil law. I never knew him to countenance the use of the military power to abridge or to decide a civil right. As characteristic of his disposition, I may mention that when he assumed command at Helena, the city had been in federal occupation for nearly

one year. Every trace of civil administration was gone. The courts had been closed for months. It was an important commercial point, and within that time some very extensive mercantile establishments had been founded, whose large transactions necessarily gave rise to legal questions. Appeals to him for redress of clear grievances were frequent. He would not be persuaded to touch them by any direct decision of his own. He selected from his command three officers, each eminent members of the legal profession, established a court of civil jurisdiction, of which they were the judges. They were ordered to proceed according to the form of the common law, upon matters which had arisen since the capture of the city. I remember particularly one important case, where a bill was filed for the dissolution of a mercantile partnership, upon charges of fraud against the resident and managing partner. A receiver was appointed, the accounts were stated, and the entire business closed most equitably. Ex-United States Senator SEBASTIAN was one of the counsel in the case, and was unqualified in his praise of the integrity and ability of the court. The stability and security which were thus given to the business interests of the town, can hardly be appreciated by any one who has not witnessed the utter lawlessness of transient civilians, in places which are under military rule solely. It is well known that on many political questions which were necessarily incident to the conduct of the war, his views were not in accordance with many of the extreme measures which the administration felt compelled to adopt. As a matter of personal judgment, he was never convinced of the necessity of arming the freedmen, though he warmly approved their emancipation.

But when it became apparent that the administration was about to arm the colored people, he anticipated its action by organizing and drilling a regiment of freedmen, so that when the orders came to put arms into the hands of these people, they were ready to receive them and go into the service. This regiment was the First Arkansas, and did its full duty in aiding to repel the attack which was made upon the town on the morning of July 4, 1864.

As a statesman he was prominently identified, as a member

of Congress, with the compromise measures which were so fully discussed in 1849 and 1850. He bore a most conspicuous and honorable part in shaping the frame of our present State government. His administration while Governor of the Territory was marked by independence, ability and honesty. He was never accused of being the tool or property of any ring or clique. They who remember, most distinctly and with some feeling, the warm contests of that period, do not charge him with betrayal of any trust. Among his acts as a member of the Constitutional Convention, he was accustomed to recur, with honorable pride, to his efforts in aiding to establish the policy of this State, in regard to the Common School Fund.

His errors, if there are any, are forgotten, for they are upon collateral and transitory questions. In all that pertained to the permanent well-being of the State, his actions have stood the test of time, and none of their results ever arose in reproach against him in his latter years. •

In his profession, he had no superior as an advocate. His devotion to a client knew no bounds, and he brought to the trial of any case in which he was engaged, resources and tact which made him a most dangerous antagonist. When he had mastered the legal principles involved in a case, his presentation of them to the court was marked with great power of reasoning and precision of statement. The last years of his life were engrossed in the legal business incident to the office of City Attorney, and all of us know how entirely he devoted himself to its duties; how faithful he was to the interests of this community. He was a lovable man. There was no kinder neighbor. No man ever heard him derogate, by a malignant word, the fair fame of man or woman. He preserved, through his long and difficult career, that purity of mind, which is so often lost under the influence of great success, or great disappointments. He never did, or counselled, a mean act. His position on any question could be ascertained for the asking. His large generosity expanded in the praise of other men; he had none of that spirit of detrac-

tion which speaks to their detriment. Who is there of us who would be more missed than he ?

Never again for any of us in this world will glance that kindly eye—will sound that sweet and sympathetic voice—will clasp that warm and stainless hand.

He might have filled a larger space in the view of men, but we could not have loved and honored him more, had he been one

“ Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.”

It is one of the facts to which we cannot reconcile ourselves, that the force of such personal examples as his, perishes so soon. Nothing is permanent but the permanency of change; and the sure and saddening change in which a good man disappears, and shortly after, his memory and his works go after him, “Like a dream of the shadow of smoke,” seems to us who, look with finite vision, like uncompensated loss. Let us protect him and his memory, as far as we may, against the inevitable resolution of all things into dim forgetfulness. Assuring ourselves that in our time we shall not see, fortunate will those who come after us be, if they can possess as a companion, so brave, so faithful, so spotless a man as WILLIS ARNOLD GORMAN.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

ITS HISTORY—ROMANCE OF THE FUR TRADE—ITS PHYSICAL
FEATURES—TREATIES—THE VOYAGEURS, ETC.

————— *See next page*

ANNUAL ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, JAN. 24, 1879.

BY HON. JAMES H. BAKER.

There is an aristocracy in nature, as among men. There are natural objects of such extent and grandeur, that they are forever in the eye of the world. The altitude of mountains, the extent of continents, the volume and length of rivers, are always sources of admiration and pride. Their greatness swells the mind with a sense of their majesty and grandeur. That wonderful chain of great lakes, enthroned on a great volcanic upheaval in the center of the North American continent, and descending in grand gradations, from great altitudes, now over rapids like the Sault Ste. Marie, and again over cataracts like Niagara, to the plain of the ocean, present a series of "unsalted seas," whose extent, marvelous beauty and picturesque grandeur, give them pre-eminent rank among the commanding objects of the natural world. But excelling all other lakes in the ample volume of its waters, like the Himalaya among mountains, or the Amazon among rivers, is that one whose simple name alone, indicates its surpassing greatness,—Lake Superior.

When it was, in what epoch of the world's great history, these grim masses of primitive rock in which this lake lies imbedded first lifted their basaltic scalps to the sky, the geologist himself cannot tell. When the waters went down, and the volcanic masses up, it matters not. Millions of years gaze at you from the grey cliffs which encircle this sea. And the same primitive upheaval spreads north, through realms as large as Europe, filled with wild lakes, roaring cataracts, rugged cliffs and impassable solitudes, in savage grandeur, to that frozen zone where the wild swan flies to his summer home. Everything about this lake is inspiring. More than a thousand miles from the sea, it reproduces in the heart of a continent the majesty and power of the "dark, deep, blue ocean." It is a sea, not a lake. It breeds storms and fogs and rain, like an ocean. It is an independent factor in the world's water system.

© OF THE PRE-HISTORIC RACE ON ITS SHORES.

We are accustomed to think of this ^{Baker} great inland sea as being wholly alone in the solitudes of nature, till revealed by the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century. But it is a region not without annals. It is true there are no ruins, no broken temples, and no living spectres of dead empires salute the eye along its shores. And yet the pre-historic man has been there. The antiquarian can visit the southern shores and islands of the great lake with delight. Here are rich legacies of the immemorial past. The southern shore of the great lake for 175 miles, is bounded by alternate beds of trap and conglomerate of the Lower Silurian age. In these ancient beds are veins of native copper. That this copper-bearing region was resorted to in remote ages by a race of whom the Indians themselves have no tradition, there is ample testimony. There are the opened veins, with heaps of rubbish, in which have been found chisels, knives, wooden bowls for bailing water, levers for raising masses of copper, and ladders for ascending and descending the pits. There are other and abundant evidences of extensive copper-mining. None of the existing tribes of Indians, or their known ancestors, ever

worked these mines. The Copper-Miners were connected with the Mound-Builders, for free copper is found in their mounds, and free copper is not found elsewhere in the United States than on the shores of Lake Superior. This necessitated, and proves, a great inland commerce between the shores of the Ohio river and the great lake, at some pre-historic period. We have but re-discovered these copper mines, and now supply ourselves from the same sources as the Mound-Builders. From their works in pottery, stone and metal, it is apparent that these people were highly civilized for that period. Their's were the arts of peace and industry, as shown by their memorials. Who these people were, whither they have gone, or how they perished, is left to conjecture. They had no HERODOTUS to transmit their story, and there is a void in human history that forever baffles us. How long since they lived and flourished on these shores, is not wholly conjecture. Scientific men have given an antiquity of not less than five thousand, and more probably seven thousand years, to the Swiss-lake habitations recently exhumed. We may therefore safely say, from like data and reasoning, based upon memorative works, that five thousand years ago an active, industrious, and commercial people dwelt upon the shores and islands of Lake Superior. We are only recording upon those shores the monuments of a second civilization.

HISTORIC PERIOD OF THE GREAT LAKE—THE JESUIT FATHERS.

Religion was the grand inspiring motive which first gave Lake Superior to the knowledge of our era. It is just 238 years since the followers of LOYOLA first landed at the Sault Ste. Marie, at the lower extremity of the basin of this inland sea. Fathers JOGUES and RAIMBAULT landed at the Sault in 1641. RENE MESNARD came in 1660. ALLOUEZ came in 1665, and MARQUETTE in 1668. ALLOUEZ established at the Sault the first permanent mission, and explored the whole southern shore of the lake seven years before the coming of FRONTENAC. These two latter fathers prepared and afterwards published in Paris, the first rude map of these waters, from actual observation, in 1672. CHAMPLAIN had published a map in 1665,

from hearsay, and located Superior, calling it the "*Grand lac*." MARQUETTE was the first to erect his cabin on the American side of the Sault Ste. Marie. Thus the Jesuit fathers were the first white men upon whose vision burst the splendid scenes of this inland sea. Coming to plant the banner of the Cross, they first explored its shores. There is no more heroic record than that of these devoted missionaries. They only required the pen of a LIVING to have made their history immortal. They endured hunger, cold, scourging, and often death itself, in threading its forests, swimming its rivers, and coasting in frail canoes its rugged and dangerous shores. There is little which remains to mark their heroic advent and career, for they were illy received by the natives, and too often sealed their religious devotion with their lives. They imprinted their early presence as nomenclators, for they called its rivers, capes and islands for their patron saints. The first discoverer of the great lake, Father ISAAC JOGUES, was afterwards taken prisoner by the Iroquois Indians, suffered the most terrible indignities, his hands fearfully mutilated, and he was scourged from village to village, when, finally, ransomed by a Dutch officer, he returned to his native France. He demanded of the Pope the privilege of saying mass, and those torn hands, which had been mutilated with savage barbarity on the shores of Lake Superior, were lifted in mute eloquence before the image of JESUS, beneath that dome made immortal by the genius of MICHAEL ANGELO. It should here be noted as a fitting triumph to the discoveries of the Jesuit fathers, that MARQUETTE, crossing the great lake in a bark canoe, first discovered the Mississippi on the 17th of June, 1673. BANCROFT says, "The people of the West will yet build his monument." The Minnesota Historical Society should certainly desire to place a stone in such a memorial pillar.

THE NATIVES WHOM THE JESUITS FOUND.

The Jesuit fathers found its shores the fastnesses of numerous warlike tribes. Chief among these were the Chippewas. They were found in force, and filled almost the entire basin of Superior. A powerful race, tracing their origin centuries

back to the waters of the St. Lawrence, they had followed the great water-courses to the west, and when the Jesuits came, were the predominating power of the great lake. The French early formed an alliance with these Indians, and the attachment subsists to this day. Their language the French called the court language of the Aborigines. The Chippewas gave the name *Kitchi-Gummi* or "Big Lake," to Lake Superior. From their nomenclature the missionaries called it the great, or Superior Lake. SCHOOLCRAFT, who spent eleven years of his life among these Indians, at the foot of the lake, says that the Chippewa name gives the idea of "sea," and as a poetical synonym he gave it the name of "Alcona," which means, "Sea of the Algonquins."

CHIPPEWA ORIGIN OF THE NAME "MINNESOTA" — THEIR
MYTHOLOGICAL NOTIONS.

It is not altogether certain but the name of our State is also of Chippewa origin. In one of my expeditions upon the north shore, being accompanied by an intelligent Chippewa chief, I found the shrub, Balm of Gilead, a small tree of medicinal virtue, in great abundance. He gave me its Chippewa name as *Mah-nu-sa-tia*, and said it was the name given by their people to all that country west of the great lake, because it was the country yielding the *Mah-nu-sa-tia*. On conversing with other intelligent Chippewas, I found this statement was invariably confirmed. They claim it as the traditional name of the land to the west of the lake. As they pronounce the name of the shrub, it has the familiar sound of the oft-quoted Sioux word, *Min-ne-so-ta*. It is among the probabilities that the Jesuit fathers first used this term from the Chippewas.

We must remember that Minnesota was discovered by the way of Lake Superior; that those who discovered it were learned only in the Chippewa language; that the Chippewas were their only and daily associates, and that, in the absence of all other names, they would certainly presumably follow the Chippewa nomenclature. Nearly all our names east of the Mississippi river, were from the Jesuit fathers, through Chip-

pewa sources; why not that of the State also? The early Chippewas of two centuries ago, were a bold, brave people. They impressed themselves upon the whole lake region. Their homes extended from far east of the Sault Ste. Marie, and to the west beyond the waters of the St. Louis river. The shores of the great lake abound in their mythology. Their great chief dwelt on one of the Apostle islands. There, too, was the residence of "MISHOSTA," who possessed a magic canoe, which would shoot through the waters by uttering a charmed word. There, also, was a rude temple, and tradition says that an eternal fire was kept up, with a temple service. They peopled the shores of the great lakes with innumerable spirits, giants, and wizards, who were wakeful during summer, but slept during winter. Their traditions and power encircled these waters, and from its earliest discovery almost till this day, Lake Superior has been essentially a Chippewa lake.

ORIGIN OF THE SIOUX AND CHIPPEWA FEUD—FANCIFUL
ORIGIN OF THE WHITEFISH.

Along these shores was the origin of that ancient feud which has endured for three centuries between the Sioux and the Chippewas, more intense and bitter than the War of the Roses. It began about the year 1650. The tradition of its origin, as given by SCHOOLCRAFT, is that a Menominee chief ordered the mouth of the Menominee river stopped, so that the fish could not ascend. This caused a famine among the Chippewas who dwelt in the interior. The Sioux supported the Menominees in this unfriendly act. Hence the bitter quarrel which has embittered and ensanguined all these years.

The Sault Ste. Marie is given as the place of the fanciful origin of the whitefish, the most delicious fish of the lakes. In the stomach of these fish are found white particles like roe, or particles of brain. The Chippewa tradition therefore has it that this fish sprang from the brain of a woman who fell into the rapids, and had her skull dashed to pieces on the rocks. She had been guilty of a domestic infidelity, and in being carried across the rapids on the back of a chief, he threw her into the foaming flood, and thus accomplished the poetic justice of the tale.

THE FIRST TRADERS ON THE LAKE—ALEXANDER HENRY—FIRST
COPPER COMPANY, AND SILVER FIRST FOUND.

But as early as 1760, the adventurous Frenchman and robust Saxon came, to work a change in the scenes and possessorship of the great lake. Traders were numerous and quarrelsome. But in 1765, by an edict of royal authority, the traders were required to procure license, and were to some extent under the surveillance of the military authorities. The first authorized trader was ALEXANDER HENRY,¹ grandfather of NORMAN W. KITSON, Esq., of St. Paul, to whom, in 1765, was given authority for the exclusive trade of Lake Superior. His first stock consisted of the freight of four large canoes, on a twelve months' credit, to be paid for in beaver pelts. Furs were the only circulating medium, the "greenbacks" of that day. The pursuit of pelts was the one and only business of that era. All accounts were kept in beaver skins. The market prices are quoted in the old journals. A single blanket was worth ten beaver skins; a common gun, twenty skins; a pound of powder, two; and a pound of shot, one. A pint of rum would buy anything an Indian possessed. Some idea of the extent of this trade may be learned from the fact that HENRY, in one short expedition to the North Shore, in three days' trading, secured 12,000 beaver skins, besides many otter and marten. HENRY's history on Lake Superior, from 1760 to 1776, is a series of the

¹ ALEXANDER HENRY was born in New Jersey, August, 1739. In 1760 he joined the expedition against Canada, which resulted in the capture of Montreal, and surrender of Canada. He then entered trade at Montreal, and was, in 1761, induced to engage in the fur trade at Mackinac, to which place he took a stock of goods. On June 4, 1763, Fort Michillimackinac was surprised and captured by the Ojibwas, and the English inhabitants massacred. HENRY was concealed in M. LANGLADE's house, by a slave Indian woman, and his life thus spared, but he was soon discovered by the savages, and made prisoner. All his property was lost. He remained a prisoner a year, and was then released at Fort Niagara. He afterwards (1765) returned to Mackinac, and secured a permit for the exclusive trade of Lake Superior. He entered into partnership with MICHAEL CADOTTE, and established a post at Chagouemig. In 1775 he visited the Hudson's Bay region with an outfit of goods. He went as far as Cumberland House and Churchill river, and returned to Montreal in October, 1776. He soon afterwards embarked in business in Montreal, in which he was engaged at the time of his death, and was also the King's Auctioneer for that district. He published a very valuable and interesting account of his travels and adventures in the Northwest. He died at Montreal, April 4th, 1824. W.

most remarkable adventures and romantic fortunes. He was possessed of that robust courage and heroic daring essential to his era. In 1770, papers were issued in England to Mr. HENRY, in company with a Mr. BAXTER, "for a company of adventurers to work the copper mines of Lake Superior." They opened veins on both the north and south shore. But the enterprise proved a failure. In one of their mineral expeditions, a Russian gentleman picked up a piece of ore of eight pounds weight, took it to England, and it yielded silver at the rate of 60 pounds of silver to 100 pounds of ore. It was deposited in the British Museum, and is the first recorded specimen of silver from Lake Superior. Other similar specimens were afterwards found by servants of the fur companies; but such explorations were strictly prohibited, as the sole interest authorized and encouraged by these great companies was the fur business, to which an empire was devoted and a race sacrificed.

THE REIGN OF THE FUR COMPANIES—THEIR WARS AND CONSOLIDATIONS.

But in 1784 the celebrated Northwest Fur Company was organized at Montreal from among the most active of the traders. They monopolized the shores of the lake, and with relentless severity expelled all private adventurers. The Hudson Bay company's posts had not yet reached that far south. The Northwest company were lords of the lake. They dwelt in semi-baronial state at their grand chateau at the Sault Ste. Marie, or transacted the yearly business at their castellated rendezvous at Grand Portage, now in Lake county, Minnesota. The domination of this power along the great lake was marked by despotism, yet full of adventure, courage and dissolute ways. Far away from the eye of authority and civilization, while they gathered rich cargoes of furs, they sowed the seeds of debauchery and wrong. The X. Y. company was organized in 1798, at Montreal, by strong men, with capital, who had been excluded from the organization of the former company. Great jealousy ensued, followed by violence and even murder, on the shores of the distant lake. Finally,

the companies coalesced, and hid in oblivion their wars and their wickedness. Then followed the war of interests, and the war in fact, between the advancing posts of the Hudson's Bay company towards the north. Open robbery, violence and bloodshed, marked this commercial competition. They destroyed each other's posts and shot each other's agents, and thus war raged on our northern confines long years before there was a white settlement in Southern Minnesota. While this feud thus continued in the wilderness with unabated fury, it was carried to the courts and to the British parliament, and finally a compromise and a second consolidation of both of these great fur interests was effected on the 26th day of March, 1821.

THE FIRST SAILORS OF LAKE SUPERIOR—A WONDERFUL RACE—
THE VOYAGEURS.

But we must pause here to notice a body of men, brought into action by the fur companies, who rapidly became a distinctive class, and who have a history, filled with romantic daring. The *voyageurs* and *couriers des bois* were the pioneers of the commerce of Lake Superior. They were the fearless men who brought the companies' supplies along the entire chain of lakes and rivers, from Montreal to the Grand Portage, on the north shore of Lake Superior, in large open canoes; or more daring still, had gathered the company's furs along the distant posts on the Saskatchewan and Peace rivers, and even from Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake itself, and brought them through wild lakes, along roaring rivers, and portaging over rocks and around cataracts to the Grand Portage. This was a year's work. They assembled annually at the Grand Portage, the first of each July, to interchange furs and supplies. Here the accounts were settled, and the pelts assorted, pressed and packed. Then there was a grand frolic; gallons of rum were issued, the violin and bagpipe pealed forth enlivening strains; the banqueting hall, which was sixty feet long, groaned with game and fish, and they danced till morning. Not less than fifteen hundred people, of both sexes, were assembled at these gatherings; and one

hundred large, and two hundred small canoes, were in the navy yard at that time. Such were the scenes of activity and life on the shore of Lake Superior at the very time of the Declaration of Independence. But the *voyageurs* who comprised the the essential portion of this assemblage, were a wonderful body of men. Mostly French or *brules* (half-breeds), swarthy, sun-burnt, hardy and daring, they were the heroes of the paddle, and for long years their jocular songs were heard, and their fleets of canoes were to be seen along the rugged shores of the great lake. They were great singers, and sang songs to the music of the paddle. At a later date they annually performed the almost incredible feat of crossing and recrossing the continent in birch-bark canoes, in a single season. They would start in a canoe, from Columbia, on the Pacific ocean, in April, and threading rivers and lakes, shooting rapids, and portaging over mountains, without halt, in fair or foul weather, sleeping but four hours in the twenty-four, would reach Fort William, on Lake Superior, by the 1st of July, with all the regularity of a steamboat; and returning across the continent, with equal precision, arrive at Fort George, at the mouth of Columbia river, by the 20th of October. They were indeed a wonderful race, jocular, full of song and stories of wild adventure. They were a lively, fickle, polite, reckless and immoral set. Those were the days of easy virtue on the North Shore. Said one of these men, long past seventy years of age: "I could carry, paddle, walk and sing with any man I ever saw. I have been twenty-four years a canoe man, and forty-one years in service; no portage was ever too long for me. Fifty songs could I sing. I have saved the life of ten *voyageurs*. Have had twelve wives and six running dogs. I spent all my money in pleasure. Were I young again, I should spend my life the same way over. There is no life so happy as a *voyageur's* life."

ADVENT OF AMERICAN INFLUENCE UPON THE LAKE UNDER ASTOR
—FRANKLIN'S TREATY.

But to resume the current of history concerning the great lake. It is now 215 years since the French established themselves at the foot of the basin of Lake Superior. They floated

the *fleur de lys*, and made known the power of the *grand monarque*, till Quebec fell before the intrepid Wolf, in 1759. From that time till the final triumph of the American arms in the treaty of 1783, the British flag floated over the waters and shores of this inland sea. But the treaty of the sagacious FRANKLIN, to whom we are wholly indebted for our interest in Lake Superior, was not yet an accomplished fact. Up to the war of 1812, both sides of the Sault Ste. Marie, so far as trade was concerned, was still under British control. The British traders told the Indians that it still belonged to England, and that the result of the war of 1812 would leave the control of the entrance to the great lake in their possession. But that war left the title where FRANKLIN left it in 1783. It ran the boundary through the Straits of St. Mary to the mouth of Pigeon river. And, in 1816, congress enacted that British traders and capital should be excluded from the American lines. This was the death-knell to the power of British traders on the lake. Then it was that JOHN JACOB ASTOR, a German furrier, of New York, availing himself of this congressional act, went to Montreal and bought all the posts and factories of the Northwest company, south of the line FRANKLIN had established. The American Fur company, under ASTOR, now came to supersede the old order of things around Lake Superior. ASTOR filled the country with American lads from Vermont. Under the ASTOR influence the shores of Superior became gradually Americanized. With this undertaking ASTOR also associated his grand dream of rendering the shores of the Pacific a tributary empire.

ASTOR'S AGENTS, CROOKS, STUART—THE DECAY OF THE FUR COMPANIES.

ASTOR selected his agents with a sagacity which indicated his judgment of men. Foremost among these was RAMSEY CROOKS,¹ father of Col. WM. CROOKS, of St. Paul. CROOKS

1. RAMSEY CROOKS was born in Greenock, Scotland, Jan. 2, 1787, and came to America when sixteen years old, engaging in mercantile life at Montreal. In 1805 he entered the service of Mr. GILLESPIE, an Indian trader, and proceeded to St. Louis, then a frontier village. His energy, shrewdness and courage soon gave him a reputation as a trader, and he penetrated all parts of the Missouri Valley in search of furs, enduring great hardships and braving many dangers. In 1809 he engaged in the service of JOHN JACOB ASTOR, and for years led a

was ASTOR's confidential agent and general manager in the West. He was cultivated and accomplished, speaking French like a Frenchman, and universally admired for his talents. Associated with CROOKS was ROBERT STUART, another Scotchman of fine ability and force of character. These men introduced a new class of traders. Their headquarters were at La Pointe, on an island at the head of the lake. Among the new traders under CROOKS, was CHARLES H. OAKES, a youth from Vermont. OAKES came to the Sault Ste. Marie in May, 1822, as an independent trader. Two years afterward he entered the service of the American Fur company, and remained with it till it retired from business, having been in the trade a period of nearly a quarter of a century. Associated with OAKES, was CHARLES WM. WOLF BORUP, a young Dane from Copenhagen, who came to America, and finally to the wilds of the Northwest to seek his fortune. He was genial, accomplished and polite, and remained with the company till it ceased to do business. Associated with these was CLEMENT H. BEAULIEAU, now at the White Earth agency. There are many others whose active lives were spent in the fur trade which centered around the great lake, and whose history is filled with wild adventures and romantic incidents, such as WILLIAM MORRISON, known among the Indians as "WHITE BEAR;" HON. ALLAN MORRISON, WILLIAM AITKIN, LYMAN WARREN, JOHN H. FAIRBANKS, Col. J. D. CRUTTEN-DEN and JULIUS AUSTRIAN. In 1847 the American Fur company closed its business and sold its interests to CHOUTEAU (Jr.) & Co., of St. Louis, who were represented by H. M. RICE. About the same time CROOKS, BORUP and OAKES organized

life or adventure and peril among the Rocky Mountains and Pacific coast, the bare narration of which would fill volumes. In 1817 he became a partner in the American Fur company, and until 1830 resided mostly in New York, superintending the purchase of goods for the company. In 1834 Mr. ASTOR sold out his interest to Mr. CROOKS, and he was elected President of the company. In 1842 reverses compelled the company to make an assignment, and Mr. CROOKS, who was then a wealthy man, was reduced to limited means. He engaged in the fur business in New York, and died in that city June 6, 1859. Mr. CROOKS was well known to all the early fur traders and pioneers of Minnesota. He had traveled over every portion of this state while it was a wilderness, and knew its topography intimately. All the Indian tribes of the Northwest knew RAMSEY CROOKS, and his influence over them was powerful. BLACK HAWK said that "he was the best friend the Indians ever had." W.

the Northern Fur company, which continued in existence for little over a year, when its property and effects passed by purchase into the hands of the St. Louis company, under RICE. In 1849, RICE retired from the trade, and the fur interests of Lake Superior, no longer represented by a powerful and controlling company, soon ceased to maintain its ancient supremacy, and has gradually melted away before the advent of new interests.

THE AMERICAN FLAG FIRST FLOATS AT SUPERIOR—TREATIES
CEDING ITS SHORES.

June 16th, 1820, LEWIS CASS first hoisted the American flag at the entrance of Lake Superior. At that time, CASS made the first treaty with the Indians ceding territory connected with its shores. The first cession was a piece of country sixteen miles square, fronting on the Ste. Marie river. The Indian title still existed around the entire lake. The great treaty at Prairie du Chien, Aug. 19, 1825, only settled boundaries between tribes, and the subsequent treaty of Aug. 5, 1826, granted the United States the right to search for and carry away metals or minerals along its shores. This treaty first opened the south shore to commercial activity. A treaty was made October 14, 1842, by ROBERT STUART,¹ commissioner, at La Pointe, in which the Chippewas ceded all the land on the south shore of the lake, from Fond du Lac, to near what is now the city of Marquette. August 2, 1847, J. A. VERPLANCK and HENRY M. RICE, concluded a treaty at Fond du Lac, by which the Chippewas ceded all their land west of the lake, south of Crow Wing river and north of the Watab, and beyond the Mississippi. And finally, September 13th, 1854,

1 ROBERT STUART was born in Scotland, probably about 1785, and came to America while a youth, settling in Brooklyn, N. Y., where his handsome person, intelligence and energy won him many friends, and he secured employment with the American Fur Company, of which he became one of the most valuable agents. He married a Miss SULLIVAN, of Brooklyn, and had several children. He was for many years in charge of the American Fur Company's business at Mackinac, a post of great responsibility, which he managed with much ability. Retiring from the fur trade with a competency, in 1834, he settled at Detroit. He was not long afterwards appointed U. S. Superintendent of Indian affairs for Michigan, in which capacity he made several important treaties. Mr. STUART died suddenly at Chicago a few years ago while on a visit there, sincerely mourned by a very large circle of friends.

H. H. S.

the Chippewas, by a treaty at La Pointe, ceded all that land in Minnesota, known as the North Shore. This completed the environment of the shores of the great lake, and perfected the transfer of title from its Chippewa possessors to the United States. The great SCHOOLCRAFT recounts, with patriotic pride, the first appearance of American troops on the waters of Superior. They went from their station at Sault Ste. Marie, to the treaty at Prairie du Chien in 1825. Sixty men, with officers, a commissariat and medical department, started out in three great twelve-oar barges, four boats of subsistence and a fleet of canoes, with music and flags flying; and the fleet, stretching out for miles, he declares, was a most noble and imposing spectacle. Never before had the power of the government been exhibited on the waters of Lake Superior. For eighteen days they coasted along its romantic shores. The weather was fine, the scenery grand, and everywhere the Indians came in canoes to witness the imposing spectacle.

These treaties with their grand results, close the early history of Lake Superior. From that time onward, it belongs to commerce and civilization. For two centuries it had been the scene of wild adventure and romantic hazard. Religious enthusiasm first gave these bright waters to the world, and the great fur companies afterwards held them with baronial power. In the deep recesses of its bays and woods, some of the largest corporations the world has yet seen, fought their battles for supremacy. We have here endeavored to rescue from oblivion some of the scenes of the long ago, so that the early history of this superb lake might not wholly perish.

EARLY COMMERCE OF THE LAKE—HISTORY OF SHIP CANAL AT THE SAULT STE. MARIE.

The advent of the first vessels on the lake is not wholly lost in obscurity. CARVER, in his journal, says that the French had a small schooner there when he crossed the lake, in 1776. HARMON relates that the Northwest company had built a small vessel before his arrival, which was in June, 1800. HENRY records that he built a sloop of forty tons, in 1770, for his trade upon the lake. These are the earliest ves-

sels to which any reference is made in any written memorials. Some idea of the extent of the canoe commerce along its shores may be gathered from the statement of HARMON, who records that he met in the summer of 1800 no less than 100 canoes in one fleet, loaded with furs, bound for the Sault Ste. Marie. He again records that he met thirty canoes and 300 men on the first day of June, 1800. HENRY records that he met forty canoes on Pigeon river, loaded with furs from Athabasca Lake and bound for Grand Portage. The only commerce of the great lake since its discovery, was that in pelts. SCHOOLCRAFT relates, in his journal, that on the 9th day of November, 1833, "wheat in bulk and flour in bags and barrels were brought down from St. Joseph's, through the straits of Michigan. Beef and wheat had been brought the season before." This is the first record made of the shipping of native products; other than pelts, from any of the upper lakes. . But a great commerce could never flourish on Lake Superior till a great natural obstacle was removed. The St. Mary river is the key to Lake Superior. There are rapids in this river from the level of one lake to that of the other, of 22 feet. The removal of the obstacle was a matter of early consideration, and in 1837 Gov. MASON, of Michigan, under the authority of the legislature, authorized the first survey of a proposed canal. The Hon. H. M. RICE, of St. Paul, then a young man, took part in this preliminary survey. The state of Michigan applied to the general government for a grant of lands to aid in this work, and finally, after much opposition, a grant of 750,000 acres was made in 1852. ERASTUS CORNING and JOSEPH FAIRBANKS were the contractors, and finished the work May 21, 1855. The lands received by the contractors embraced some of the localities now occupied by the richest copper mines, and were sold for immense sums. The insufficiency of the original canal soon became apparent, and this induced the state of Michigan, by a unanimous vote of her legislature, to cede the canal to the United States, which was done in 1868. The general government has nearly completed a much larger canal by the side of the first, at an expense of about \$3,000,000, so that there will be two

outlets to expedite the transit of vessels. The Canadians greatly desire a canal on their side, where the distance is much shorter than on the American. They have estimated the cost, in their Blue Book, at \$550,000. Such a canal would render complete, Canada's great canal system, really the greatest in the world. It should be noted that HARMON's Journal records the fact that even in the year 1800, the Northwestern Fur Company here made a rude canal, capable of floating large loaded canoes without breaking bulk. But no eye can foresee, or pen predict, the swelling commerce from a double empire—the British and American—in the rapid progress of events yet destined to pass over these inland seas, in its march to the ocean.

LAKE SURVEYS, TIDES AND WATER-LEVELS.

But this growing commerce on so vast an inland sea has pressed itself upon the eye of the general government. So early as 1841, under the secretary of war, an annual appropriation was begun, and since continued, looking to the complete survey of these lakes. The topography, hydrography, complete triangulation, soundings, observations of winds, tides, survey of harbors, level of lakes, and all other things necessary to a perfect scientific knowledge of the field observation, has been methodically executed under the able control of Gen. C. B. COMSTOCK, of the engineer corps of the army. His annual reports upon the "Surveys of the North and Northwestern Lakes," comprise a series of volumes which illustrate the accuracy of the methods and the completeness of the system of the government surveys, and reflect distinguished honor upon the professional skill of those engaged in the work. The charts which are the result of these labors, furnish the sailor with correct guides, and science has been enriched with accurate researches. We find that the great lake, ocean-like, has a solar and lunar tide, which was first observed by Captain (late General) MEADE, while stationed at Superior, in 1860. Self-registering tide-gauges have since been established, and positive results secured. This seeming tide was first attributed to what was known as a prevalent "lake breeze;"

but science has established a regular flux and reflux wave, directly referable to solar and lunar influences. The average rise and fall every twenty-four hours, is the fourteen hundredth part of a foot, with a maximum tide, at new and full moon, of twenty-eight hundredths of a foot. There are great changes in the water-levels of all the lakes. This phenomenon is wholly dependent on the annual fall of water on the watersheds of the lake basins, and the comparative evaporation caused by the intensity of the solar heat. Temporary fluctuations are accounted for by the theory of lake winds.

HEIGHT OF THE LAKE ABOVE OCEAN TIDE.

The height of all the lakes above mean ocean-tide has at last been definitely determined. A line of water-levels from the beach-mark made at Albany, New York, by the Coast Survey, fixing the mean ocean tide, has been run to Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and thence a line of levels has been run from beach-mark to beach-mark, through all the lakes to Duluth. The heights of the lakes have thus been established with precision. Lake Superior is 602 feet above mean tide at New York. Lake Huron is 582 feet, and the difference of level between Lakes Michigan and Huron, is only two-tenths of a foot. Lake Erie is 573 feet, and Lake Ontario is 247 feet above ocean-tide. It is interesting in this connection, to note that the ordinary level of the Mississippi at St. Paul, is 80 feet above the level of Lake Superior. This is upon the authority of D. C. SHEPARD, Esq., railroad engineer. Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi, according to NICOLLET, is 1,675 feet above the sea. It is singular to relate that we have no water-levels above St. Paul, except those that were given us by that eminent Frenchman and scientist, in his memorable visit to this region in 1836.

GEOLOGICAL AND SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATIONS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

A region so filled with such attractive physical features, has drawn to it men of science from all countries. Canada has more than once sent hither her geologists. Dr. DOUGLASS

HOUGHTON, naturalist, prosecuted scientific observations there in 1845, for the general government, and was drowned, while in the discharge of his duties, October 13, 1845. OWEN and NORWOOD, also United States geologists, explored its coasts in 1847-8. CHARLES WHITTLESEY made geological reconnoissances in 1848, 1859 and 1864, the result of which was published in Ohio, in 1866. The celebrated AGASSIZ was there with a party of professors and students during the summer of 1848, and gave the world a volume filled with his observations. FOSTER and WHITNEY examined its iron and copper formations in 1851. A. H. HANCHETT was there in 1864, and made a report upon its geological features to the Governor of this State. Finally, in pursuance of a plan for the complete geological history of Minnesota, Prof. N. H. WINCHELL, of the State University, during the past summer, has made a complete geological reconnoissance of the north shore, preparatory to a more minute examination yet to follow. It should also be recorded that Lieut. BAYFIELD, a scientific officer of the British navy, in 1822 made careful surveys of the lake, and his charts were in use till they were superseded by the more elaborate delineations of the United States engineers.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS—THE ADVENT OF RAILROADS.

Of the first settlements on its shores, the torts of the old traders take precedence in point of time. First was that of the Sault Ste. Marie, about 1670; in 1679, Capt. J. DELUTH, as he signed himself, built a trading post at the mouth of Pigeon river, the site of which I have seen; in 1692, FRONTENAC sent Sieur LE SUEUR to build a fort at La Pointe; about 1760 the grand rendezvous at Grand Portage was established; in 1775 there was a large fort at the head of Nepigon Bay. A little later Moss Fort, in James Bay, and Fort William, on the Kamnistiquia river, were in operation. La Pointe and Fond du Lac were old trading posts when Portland, on the main shore, and Duluth, on Minnesota Point, were started respectively in 1855 and 1856. These were consolidated the ensuing year. The first occupants of the soil were WM. NETTLETON, ORRIN RICE and J. B. CULVER. There were early

settlements in the iron and copper regions, which I have not time to mention. The next epoch to mark the new development, was the advent of railroads. The first to touch these waters was the Michigan Peninsula railroad, from Green Bay to Marquette, in 1867. The Lake Superior & Mississippi railroad was finished August 1st, 1870. This connected the Mississippi and the great lake, opening a new artery to commerce, and stimulated the growth of Duluth. But a new spur was given to enterprise at the head of the lake by the inception in 1864, of the great trans-continental project of the Northern Pacific Railway, with which enterprise the name of JAY COOKE is forever identified. Associated with this imperial project, and coeval in origin, is the great Canadian Pacific Railway, whose point of departure from the lake is at Fort William or Thunder Bay. I was present, three summers ago, when the first iron was laid on this second enterprise, which is to connect the great fresh sea with the Pacific Ocean.

Thus we have traced the successive epochs of development, from our first knowledge of the lake as a Chippewa sea in the far off solitudes of the wilderness, till advancing commerce seeks to link its destiny with the two great oceans of the world.

ANTIQUITY OF SETTLEMENTS ON THE LAKE.

We are accustomed to associate Fort Snelling and Mendota with our notions of the earliest settlement by white men, on the soil of Minnesota. But in 1692 FRONTENAC sent an officer to build a fort and establish a French garrison at La Pointe. It was built on the south end of the island, and a garrison of thirty soldiers kept there, 130 years before Fort Snelling was ordered established by the secretary of war. Grand Portage was a commercial emporium, full of trade, shops, style and fashion, with drinking establishments and police officers, the very day JOHN HANCOCK signed the Declaration of Independence. Fathers JOGUES and RAIMBAULT were holding up the cross to the natives at Sault Ste. Marie, on the shores of the great lake, five years before ELLIOT had yet preached to the Indians dwelling within six miles of Boston harbor. MAR-

QUETTE had saluted the "Father of Waters" within the territory of Minnesota, a hundred years before the battle of Bunker Hill. While LOUIS Fourteenth was on his throne, Cardinal RICHELIEU, from his cabinet, directed those footsteps which first touched the soil of Minnesota.

It is to the waters of our great sea, that the people of our state must look for the memorials of the white man's first impress upon their soil. If we have any of the qualities of antiqueness they come to us from the shores of Lake Superior. When Nineveh flourished and Palmyra yet stood upon the plains, men were fashioning copper on the shores of the northern lake. And it is within something more than tradition that a mighty naval engagement took place near the Apostle Islands, in which a hundred canoes were engaged, and which dyed its waters with blood, 160 years before PERREY's victory on Lake Erie. Indeed, the French missionaries were building the altars of their God at the Sault Ste. Marie, at a period nearly coeval with the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

ITS SUPERB SCENERY—GALLERY OF PICTURES.

There are more splendid pictures in the scenery of the north shore of Lake Superior, than are catalogued in the galleries of the world. There is not the dizzy glory of the Yosemite, but in these wild, irregular rocks, forever washed by the waves of this crystal sea, nature seems to rise above herself in her incomparable and infinite variety. As you enter from the east, through a gate-way, worthy of the grandest lake on the globe, vast Laurentian masses, hoary with age, salutes your coming. Capes Gros and Iroquois, bold warders of the portals of the lake, lift their massive scalps of northern sienite a thousand feet in the air. They stand higher and grander than the famous pillars of HERCULES which guard the entrance to the Mediterranean sea. For days and weeks you may paddle in your light canoe, along shores with dark cliffs of basaltic trap, now sterile and fire-swept, and again wooded to the water's brink with balsam, fir and birch. You pass innumerable bays, wild, fantastic indentations,

romantic promontories, and creeks and rivers rushing fiercely from superb cascades, under the shadow of great rocks. There is no limit to the ever varied scene. Here you note the ice abrasions, where great storms have hurled icy batteries, through centuries, and chiseled the rocks of the rugged shores into rude architectural resemblances, or worked out those weird caves, which we find along the Palisades, like Fingal in the Hebrides.

Its bays are spacious and picturesque. Nepigon Bay is the largest, deepest and most beautiful harbor on Lake Superior, and perhaps in the world. Its front is barred from the stormy waves of the sea by great islands, among which St. Ignace rises 1,300 feet in height. It would take a week to explore the wild recesses of this rock-bound bay. Next in beauty and size to Nepigon is Thunder Bay, with its dark cliffs of basaltic trap and grand island scenery. Here the navies of the world might float in security beneath the shadows of Thunder Cape and Pie Island. Near by you find Silver Islet, which, like the fabled island of Monte Christo, is veined with fabulous wealth. It was once hawked upon the streets of London as a trifle. Since then it has produced more silver than any equal area upon the globe. Then there are the Palisades, basaltic cliffs, where woe betides the mariner in storms. Beyond we find Agate Bay, named for that Sicilian river, where the threaded pebbles were first found. Bushels of these delicately tinted and cloud-blended stones have here been gathered, and are now adorning rings and seals, cups and handles, the world over. There, too, is Isle Royal, with its jeweled fingers running into the sea, the gift of FRANKLIN. Its ridges of amygdaloidal trap are thick with copper. Away to the south are the Pictured Rocks, those wonders of geology. But we cannot linger amid these attractive scenes.

ITS GRAND PHYSICAL FEATURES—THE OFFICES IT PERFORMS.

Let us momentarily consider some of its physical features and facts connected therewith. Consider it as a vast sea of fresh water, lying in the great hollow of solid igneous rocks. It has a length of 360 miles, and in its greatest width 140

miles. It covers an area of 32,000 square miles. It possesses a coast line of 1,500 miles, and has a mean depth of 1,000 feet. While its surface rises to a height of 602 feet above the level of the sea, there are portions of its bed more than 600 feet below the level of the Atlantic. In great storms its waves will rise to a height of 20 feet. The purity of its diaphanous waters is without a rival in the world. In a breezeless sea you can distinctly see objects at a depth of 75 and 100 feet. The temperature of the water is always cold, and at a mean depth of eight feet is as frigid as at mid-winter. Every drop of water in Lake Superior is an emblem of purity. Hence its health-inspiring conditions through all the summer months. Ozone pervades it like a second atmosphere, and more and more its rugged shores and castellated islands will be sought by those in the pursuit of health and pleasure. Among the great offices of this bright sisterhood of lakes, are those to regulate the flow of the water and furnish moisture for inland rains. But a minimum portion of the waters of the innumerable rivers which empty themselves into this great basin, are discharged at the outlet of Sault Ste. Marie. I have myself counted 44 creeks and rivers pouring into it between Duluth and the international line, a distance of only 152 miles. When we consider the number and size of all its affluents through a circuit of 1,500 miles, we can form some idea of the vast volume of waters which it receives. Were not this vast mass of inflowing waters bottled up at the season of dissolving snows by this great lake, they would break through every barrier, and carry ruin and destruction in their paths. Here the mighty reservoir holds it in abeyance, and meantime the work of evaporation goes on, which furnishes rain to an empire. How great the evaporation we may judge, when we remember that it has been determined that the Red Sea evaporates a layer of eight feet of water annually. The abundant fish which swarm in its pure waters, have that sweetness and solidity, which scarcely make them second to the inhabitants of the salted seas.

We may consider, with no idle imagination, that the very bottom of this lake is paved with wealth. The great iron ridges of the Peninsula of Michigan run into, and are lost in

the waters of the lake. The great copper strata of the south shore dip towards the north and disappear beneath the lake itself. They re-appear in the rich amygdaloidal hills of Isle Royal. So that all that vast intervening bottom of lake basin must be veined with copper. The argentiferous veins of Silver Islet carry their jeweled wealth down into the sea, and are lost beneath the waves of the lake. I have seen a score of silver lodes which run into, and are lost beneath these waters. Pieces of free silver have been picked up on the north shore for a hundred years, which have evidently been torn by the action of the ice, in storms, from their argent home in the bottom of the lake. So that it is not solely imaginative, when we say that the floors of this translucent sea are strewn with precious metals.

Thus have I feebly attempted to present you the bolder outlines of the history of this wonderful sea, from the Aztec twilight to that dawn of history when the captive Jesuit, JOQUES, in his wanderings, cut the name "JESUS" on the trees of its shores, as if taking possession of the country in the name of his God, along through two centuries of daring adventure, till we have brought it to the time when we ourselves are co-partners in its destiny. And while I have endeavored to rescue from oblivion some of the scenes of "the long ago," I have also sought, through its superb physical features, to impress upon you that Superior, in all its attributes, is to be considered indeed the Queen of Lakes.

MEMORIAL NOTICES OF REV. GIDEON H. POND.

BY MESSRS. RIGGS, WILLIAMSON AND SIBLEY.

I. NOTE BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

On Sunday, January 20, 1878, Rev. GIDEON H. POND, one of the oldest residents of Minnesota, or of what is now known as Minnesota, died at his home in Oak Grove, near Bloomington, Hennepin Co. In noticing the death of this pioneer of civilization, whose name must always have an honored place in the history of our State, the Minneapolis Tribune says:

"We hope the Historical Society of Minnesota will appoint some one to prepare a memoir for their Transactions, of the man who unselfishly worked in Hennepin County for nearly forty-four years, for the benefit of humanity." This would have been done, had not the very full, carefully prepared, and generously conceived tributes to his memory by his life-long associates, Messrs. RIGGS, WILLIAMSON, SIBLEY, and others, published soon after his death, so fully covered the entire subject, that it seemed unnecessary for any one else to go over it again, as well as precluded the possibility of any one else doing it so well. The Committee on Publication have, therefore, deemed their duty best done by simply giving the eulogies referred to, just as they were written; the names of the writers being a guaranty of the completeness and correctness of their respective biographical sketches of Mr. POND.

In the death of Mr. POND, the Minnesota Historical Society lost one of its most valuable members. With his associates, Messrs. WILLIAMSON and RIGGS, he joined it soon after its organization, and constantly labored to promote its objects and usefulness. The earlier Collections of the Society, Vol. 1, (1852) and again in Vol. 3, (1867) contain valuable and elaborate papers by him on Indian mythology, and customs. No less important, as preserving the knowledge of these subjects, are his published or MS. sermons or discourses, his contributions to the *Dakota Friend*, of which he was editor, printed in St. Paul in 1850-52, half in English, half in Dakota, and articles contributed to the public press from time to time, or to church periodicals.¹ We can only regret that one who could so well and accurately record this information, did not write more on those topics; but other and pressing duties left him but little opportunity to do so, despite his proverbial industry and perseverance. He never declined any duty assigned him by the Society, and never relaxed his interest in it, but sent contributions to its cabinet of Indian Curiosities, from time to time, and visited it whenever convenient, the last time but a brief period before his death; and he was then planning still more labors in its behalf. His death leaves a vacancy in our ranks, which it will be impossible to fill, while his fidelity and readiness serves for a worthy example to his fellow members.

Mr. POND was a member of the first Territorial Legislature, in 1849, and though, from his quiet and unobtrusive nature, he did not take a conspicuous part, he performed valuable service as a legislator, and impressed his associates with his candor and good judgment in all matters. His name is worthy to be enrolled among those who have contributed to shaping the policy and giving form to the laws and institutions of our commonwealth.

¹ On page 37 *et seq.* of this volume (Part 1, Vol. III.) will be found some record of the valuable labors of Mr. POND, in translating school books, religious works, hymns, &c., into the Dakota tongue, to aid in the work of the mission.

II. SKETCH OF MR. POND'S LIFE, BY REV. S. R. RIGGS : PUBLISHED IN
THE *LAPI OAYE* (WORD-CARRIER) APRIL, 1878.

Born and brought up in Litchfield county, in a town adjoining Washington, Connecticut, Rev. GEORGE BUSHNELL visited that hill country in his youth, and was deeply impressed with the manifest and pervading religious element in the community. Taken there by a special Providence more than a quarter of a century ago, and enjoying the privilege of a visit in some of the families, it seemed to me that it had been a good place to raise men. This was on the line of the impression made upon me years before that. When I first met, in the Land of the Dakotas, the brothers SAMUEL W. and GIDEON H. POND, they were both over six feet high, and "seemed the children of a king."

In this hill town of Washington, on the 30th of June, 1810, GIDEON HOLLISTER, the younger of the two brothers, was born. His parents were ELNATHAN JUDSON and SARAH HOLLISTER POND. GIDEON was the fifth child, and so was called by the Dakotas *Hakay*. Of his childhood and youth, almost nothing is known to the writer. He had the advantage of a New England common-school education; perhaps nothing more. As he grew very rapidly, and came to the size and strength of a man early, he made a full hand in the harvest field at the age of sixteen. To this ambition to be counted a man and do a man's work, when as yet he should have been a boy, he, in after life, ascribed some of his infirmities. This ambition continued with him through life, and occasional overwork at least, undermined a constitution that might, with care and God's blessing, have continued to the end of the century.

He came to the Land of the Dakotas, now Minnesota, in the spring of 1834. The older brother, SAMUEL, had come out as far as Galena, Illinois, in the summer previous. The pioneer minister of that country of lead, was Rev. ARATUS KENT, who desired to retain Mr. POND as an adjutant in his great and constantly enlarging work; but Mr. POND had

heard of the Sioux or Dakotas, for whose souls no one cared, and, having decided to go to them, he sent for his brother GIDEON to accompany him.

When they reached Fort Snelling and had made known their errand to the commanding officer of the post, Maj. BLISS, and to the resident Indian agent, Maj. TALIAFERRO, they received the hearty approval and co-operation of both, and the agent at once recommended them to commence work with the Dakotas of Lake Calhoun village, where some steps had already been taken in the line of civilization. There, on the margin of the lake, they built their log cabin. Last summer Mr. KING's grand Pavilion, so called, was completed on the same spot, which gave occasion for Mr. GIDEON H. POND to tell the story of this first effort in that line :

"Just forty-three years previous to the occurrence above alluded to, on the same beautiful site, was completed a humble edifice, built by the hands of two inexperienced New England boys, just setting out in life-work. The foundation stones of that hut were removed to make place for the present Pavilion, perchance compose a part of it. The old structure was of oak logs, carefully peeled. The peeling was a mistake. Twelve feet by sixteen and eight feet high were the dimensions of the edifice. Straight poles from the tamarack grove west of the lake, formed the timbers of the roof, and the roof itself was of the bark of trees which grew on the bank of what is now called "Bassett's Creek," fastened with strins of the inner bark of the bass-wood. A partition of small logs divided the house into two rooms, and split logs furnished material for a floor. The ceiling was of slabs from the old government saw mill, through the kindness of Major BLISS, who was in command of Fort Snelling. The door was made of boards split from a log with an ax, having wooden hinges and fastenings, and was locked by pulling in the latch string. The single window was the gift of the kind-hearted Major LAWRENCE TALIAFERRO, United States Indian agent. The cash cost of the building was one shilling, New York currency, for nails used in and about the door. "The formal opening" exercises, consisted in reading a section from the old book by the name of Bible, and prayer to Him who was its acknowledged author. The "banquet" consisted of mussels from the lake, flour and water. The ground was selected by the Indian chief of the Lake Calhoun band of Dakotas, MAN-OF-THE-SKY, by which he showed good taste. The reason he gave for the selection was, that "from that point the loons would be visible on the lake."

"The old chief and his pagan people had their homes on the surface of that ground, in the bosom of which now sleep the bodies of deceased

Christians from the city of Minneapolis, the Lake Wood cemetery, over which these old eyes have witnessed, dangling in the night-breeze, many a Chippewa scalp, in the midst of horrid chants, yells and wails, widely contrasting with the present stillness of that quiet home of those

'Who sleep the years away.'

That hut was the home of the first citizen settlers of Hennepin county, perhaps of Minnesota, the first school room, the first house for divine worship, and the first mission station among the Dakota Indians."

My own personal acquaintance with Mr. POND commenced in the summer of 1837. He was then, and had been for a year previous, at Lac qui Parle. In September my wife and I joined that station, and the first event occurring after that which has impressed itself upon my memory was the marriage of Mr. POND and Miss SARAH POAGE, sister of Mrs. Dr. WILLIAMSON. This was the first marriage ceremony I had been called upon to perform; and Mr. POND signalized it by making a feast, and calling, according to the Savior's injunction, "the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind." And there was a plenty of such to be called in that Dakota village. They could not recompense him, but "he shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Mr. POND had long been yearning to see the inside of an Indian. He sometimes said he wanted to be an Indian, if only for half an hour, that he might know how an Indian felt and by what motives he could be moved. And so, when the early spring of 1838 came, and the ducks began to come northward, a half-dozen Dakota families started for Lac qui Parle to hunt and trap on the upper part of the Chippewa river, in the neighborhood of where the town of Benson now is. Mr. POND went with them, and was gone two weeks. It was in the month of April, and the streams were flooded and the water was cold. There should have been enough of game easily obtained to feed the party well. So the Indians thought. But it did not prove so. A cold spell came on, the ducks disappeared, and Mr. POND and his Indian hunters were reduced to scanty fare, and sometimes they had nothing for a whole day. But Mr. POND was seeing inside of Indians, and was quite willing to starve a good deal in the process. However, his stay with them, and their hunt for that time as well,

was suddenly terminated, by the appearance of the Ojibwa chief, *HOLE-IN-THE-DAY*, and ten men with him. They came to smoke the peace pipe, they said. They were royally feasted by three of the families, who killed their dogs to feed the strangers, who, in turn, arose in the night and killed the Dakotas. As *GOD* would have it, *MR. POND* was not then with those three tents, and so he escaped.

No one had started with more of a determination to master the Dakota language than *GIDEON H. POND*. And no one of the older missionaries succeeded so well in learning to talk just like a Dakota. Indeed, he must have had a peculiar aptitude for acquiring language; for in these first years of missionary life he learned to read French and Latin and Greek, so that the second *Mrs. POND* writes: "When I came, and for a number of years, he read from the Greek Testament at our family worship in the morning. Afterward he used his Latin Bible, and still later his French Testament."

While *MR. POND* was naturally ambitious, he was also peculiarly sensitive and retiring. When the writer was left with him at *Lac qui Parle*, *Dr. WILLIAMSON* having gone to Ohio for the winter, although so much better master of the Dakota than I was, at that time, he was unwilling to take more than a secondary part in the Sabbath services. "*Dr. WILLIAMSON* and you are ministers," he would say. And even years afterward, when he and his family had removed to the neighborhood of *Fort Snelling*, and he and his brother had built at *Oak Grove*, with the people of their first love, *GIDEON H.* could hardly be persuaded that it was his duty to become a preacher of the Gospel. I remember more than one long conversation I had with him on this subject. He seemed to shrink from it as a little child, although he was then thirty-seven years old.

In the spring of 1847, he and *MR. ROBERT HOPKINS*¹ were

¹ *ROBERT HOPKINS* was born in *Brown Co., O.*, May 23, 1816. He pursued his education for several years at *South Hanover College, Indiana*. He was married to *Miss AGNES C. JOHNSTON*, in the winter of 1842-3, and the following spring they came to *Lac qui Parle*, as assistant missionaries of the *A. B. C. F. M.*, and soon after formed a new station at *Traverse des Sioux*. He was ordained in 1848, by the *Dakota Presbytery*. On July 4, 1861, he was drowned in the *Minnesota* river at *Traverse des Sioux*, while bathing, after eight years faithful labor as a missionary.

licensed by the Dakota Presbytery, and ordained in the autumn of 1848. We were not disappointed in our men. Mr. HOPKINS gave evidence of large adaptation to the missionary work, but in less than three years he heard the call of the Master, and went up through a flood of waters. Mr. POND, notwithstanding his hesitation in accepting the office, became a most acceptable and efficient and successful preacher and pastor.

After the treaties of 1851, those lower Sioux were removed to the upper Minnesota. White people came in immediately, and took possession of those lands. Mr. POND elected to remain and labor among the white people. He very soon organized a church, which, in a short time, became a working, benevolent church, for some years the *banner* Presbyterian church of Minnesota in the way of benevolence. When in 1873, Mr. POND resigned his pastorate, he wrote in his diary, "I have preached to the people of Bloomington *twenty years*." He received home mission aid only a few years.

In the Spring of 1853, Mrs. SARAH POAGE POND departed, after a lingering illness of eighteen months, and left a "blessed memory." There were seven children by this marriage, all of which are living and have families of their own, but GEORGE, who died while in the Lane Theological Seminary. In the summer of 1854, Mr. POND was married to his second wife, Mrs. AGNES C. J. HOPKINS, widow of Rev. ROBERT HOPKINS. The second Mrs. POND brought her three children, making the united family of children at that time ten. Six have been added since. And there are twenty-two grandchildren, six of whom are members of the church of CHRIST, together with all the children and their companions. Is not that a successful life? Counting the widowed mother and those who have come into the family by marriage, there are, I understand, just fifty who mourn the departure of the patriarch father. A little more than two score years ago he was one; and now, behold a multitude!

MARY FRANCES HOPKINS, who came into the family when a girl, and afterward married EDWARD R. POND, the son, writes thus: "To me he was as near an own father as it is

possible for one to be who is so by adoption, and I shall always be glad I was allowed to call him 'father.'"

The members of the Synod of Minnesota will remember, with great pleasure. Mr. POND's presence with them at their last meeting at St. Paul, in the middle of October. For some years past he has frequently been unable to be present. This time he seemed to be more vigorous than usual, and greatly entertained the Synod and people of St. Paul, with his terse and graphic presentation of some of the LORD's workings in behalf of the Dakotas.

During the meeting I was quartered with Mrs. Governor RAMSEY. On Saturday I was charged with a message to Mr. POND, inviting him to come and spend the night at the Governor's. We passed a profitable evening together, and he and I talked long of the way in which the Lord had led us; of the great prosperity He had given us in our families and in our work. Neither of us thought, probably, that that would be our last talk this side the golden city. The next day, Sabbath, he preached in the morning, for Rev. D. R. BREED, in the House of Hope, which, probably, was his *last sermon*. In the evening he was with us in the Opera House, at a meeting in the interest of Home and Foreign Missions.

"His health gradually failed," Mrs. POND writes, "from the time of his return from the Synod, though he did not call himself sick until the 11th of January, and he died on Sabbath, the 20th, about noon." She adds: "His interest in the Indians, for whom he labored so long, was very deep, and he always spoke of them with loving tenderness, and often with tears. One of the last things he did was to look over his old Dakota hymns, revised by J. P. W. and A. L. R., and sent to him for his consent to the proposed alterations."

"His simple faith in the LORD JESUS caused him all the time to live a life of self denial, that he might do more to spread the knowledge of JESUS' love to those who knew it not." The love of CHRIST constrained him, and was his ruling passion.

Of his last days the daughter says:

"He really died of consumption. The nine days he was

confined to bed he suffered much, but his mind was mostly clear, and he was very glad to go. I think the summons was no more sudden to him than to ELIJAH. He was to the last, loving and trustful, brave and patient. To his brother SAMUEL, as he came to his sick bed, he said: 'So we go to see each other die.' Sometime before, he had visited SAMUEL when he did not expect to recover. 'My struggles are over. The LORD has taken care of me, and will take care of the rest of you. My hope is in the LORD,' he said.

"Toward the last it was hard for him to converse, and he bade us no formal farewell. But the words, as we noted them down, were words of cheer and comfort: 'You have nothing to fear for the present or the future.' And so was given to him the victory over death, through faith in JESUS."

Is that dying? He sleeps with his fathers. He has gone to see the King in His beauty, in a land not very far off.

As loving hands ministered to him in his sickness, loving hearts mourned at his death. On the Wednesday following, he was buried. A half dozen brothers in the ministry were present at his funeral, and fittingly, Mr. BREED, of the House of Hope, preached the sermon.

This is success.

III. TRIBUTE TO MR. POND BY GEN. H. H. SIBLEY, IN THE PIONEER PRESS, JAN. 26, 1878.

To the Editor of the Pioneer Press :

"Within a week past your paper contained the announcement of the death of Rev. GIDEON H. POND, in Bloomington, in the county of Hennepin, and the notice was accompanied by a brief sketch of his career. Mr. POND was so old a settler, and his connection with missionary work among the Sioux Indians so important, that his demise should not be regarded as an ordinary event in the history of our territory and state.

When the writer came to this country in 1834, he did not expect to meet a single white man except those composing the garrison at Fort Snelling, a few government officials attached to the department of Indian affairs, and the *voyageurs* employed by the great fur company in its business. There

was but one house, or rather log cabin, along the entire distance of nearly 300 miles between Prairie du Chien and St. Peters, now Mendota, and that was at a point below Lake Pepin, near the present town of Wabasha. What was his surprise then, to find that his advent had been preceded in the spring of the same year by two young Americans, SAMUEL W. POND and GIDEON H. POND, brothers, scarcely out of their teens, who had built for themselves a small hut at the Indian village of Lake Calhoun, and had determined to consecrate their lives in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the wild Sioux. For many long years these devoted men labored in the cause, through manifold difficulties and discouragements, sustained by a faith that the seed sown would make itself manifest in God's good time. The efforts then made to reclaim the savages from their mode of life, the influence of their blameless and religious walk and conversation upon those with whom they were brought in daily contact, and the self-denial and personal sacrifices required at their hands, are doubtless treasured up in a higher than human record. When the Indians were removed, in compliance with treaty stipulations, the brothers accompanied them, ministering to their bodily and spiritual wants, and remaining with them until incessant labors and exposure, admonished the self-sacrificing pair of the fact that there was a limit to human endurance, beyond which it is not their duty to venture. There were other responsibilities resting upon them, demanding time and attention, so that after more than a quarter of a century passed in active missionary service with the Indians, they retired from the field, the Rev. S. W. POND to Shakopee, and his brother GIDEON to Bloomington, where he became the pastor of a congregation, in charge of which he continued until disabled by physical infirmities. Gifted with an uncommonly fine constitution, the subject of this sketch met with an accident in his early days, from the effects of which it is questionable if he ever entirely recovered. He broke through the ice at Lake Harriet in the early part of the winter, and as there was no one at hand to afford aid, he only saved his life after a desperate struggle, by continuing to fracture the frozen surface until he reached shallow water, when he suc-

ceeded in extricating himself. His long immersion and exhaustive efforts brought on a severe attack of pneumonia, which for many days threatened a fatal termination.

The withdrawal of the brothers from missionary ground, by no means diminished their interest in the welfare of the ill-fated race to whom the best period of their lives had been devoted. Their leisure hours were spent in translating portions of the Bible and kindred works into the Dakota or Sioux language, with which both of them were as familiar as were the Indians themselves. Indeed, to them, and to their veteran co-laborers, Rev. T. S. WILLIAMSON and Rev. S. R. RIGGS, the credit is to be ascribed of having produced this rude and rich Dakota tongue to the learned world in a written and systematical shape, the lexicon prepared by their joint labors forming one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington City, which has justly elicited the commendation of experts in philological lore, as a most valuable contribution to that branch of literature. Furthermore, the brothers continued to receive frequent visits from their straggling native friends, whose invariable demand for food and other necessities, have been cheerfully met to the extent of the slender resources of their entertainers.

Both of the Messrs. POND were regularly ordained Presbyterian ministers, but their love for their fellow men was by no means bounded by sectarian bias. Singularly modest and unobtrusive, the spirit of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and "vaunteth not itself" dominated all their actions, and secured for them the respect and attachment of many who were not in accord with their peculiar religious tenets.

The surviving brother cannot but lament the departure of him with whom he was wont to hold loving counsel during many years, but with the immediate family of the deceased and his many friends, including all of the old settlers, he finds consolation in the reflection that the spirit of the departed has entered into that rest which is abiding and eternal.

ST. PAUL, JAN. 25, 1878.

IV. TRIBUTE TO MR. POND, BY REV. THOS. S. WILLIAMSON, PUBLISHED IN THE "HERALD AND PRESBYTER," MARCH 20, 1878.

Rev. GIDEON H. POND was born in Litchfield county, Connecticut, June 30, 1810. In May, 1834, with his older brother, SAMUEL W., who survives him, he came to Fort Snelling, to make known the gospel to the Dakotas, then more wild than any of the Aborigines of our country to whom the gospel had ever been preached. The brothers were sons of a farmer; knew no language but English, and had no education except such as they had received from a pious mother, and in the common schools of Connecticut. They had heard that the Sioux near the Falls of Saint Anthony, were very poor and miserable, having no one to tell them of the SAVIOUR so precious to themselves, and came to help them. They had no promise or expectation of aid from any society or individual. They brought with them a good supply of clothing, part of which had been manufactured by their mother's own hands; some money, earned by their own, and their Bibles. By permission and advice of the Indian Agent, they built, with their own hands, a small log cabin near the Indian village at Lake Calhoun, now in the suburbs of Minneapolis. After plowing the fields of the Indians, with a yoke of oxen furnished by the agent, they made one for themselves, and raised a crop of corn, which went far toward supporting them for the year; all the time applying themselves diligently to the acquisition of the Dakota language, which had not then been reduced to a written form. To acquire, and reduce it to writing, with the little help they would get from an interpreter, required much patient study; but they accomplished it.

In the summer of 1836, he, by invitation, went to Lac qui Parle, where the Indians were more inclined to receive instruction, than those near Fort Snelling. For nearly three years, he there assisted us in learning the language, and in preparing the first school books printed in it; in teaching the Dakotas their religion and letters, and in building, and other secular labors. There, also, he was married to his first wife, Miss SARAH POAGE, who had come out as teacher, with her sister, Mrs. WILLIAMSON.

In the spring of 1839, his brother and wife being left alone

in the mission work near Fort Snelling, he returned to their assistance, and at the earnest request of the Indians, was appointed farmer for them under government, at a salary of \$600 a year. The duties of this office he discharged to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, till he felt it his duty to resign, that he might devote himself more entirely to laboring for the spiritual welfare of the Indians.

In September, 1846, Dakota Presbytery was organized, and he and ROBERT HOPKINS were received under its care as candidates for the ministry. Next year they were licensed to preach, and in September, 1849, they were ordained. The field about him was, at that time, a very hard one in which to sow the good seed of the word. The medicine men among the Indians, a numerous and influential class, saw that the success of the gospel would destroy their craft. They were encouraged in their opposition by the Roman Catholic traders, who had great influence, and said (perhaps believing it true) that Christianity and civilization were very injurious to the Indians; and they made them believe that, in consequence of their listening to missionaries, several thousand dollars of their annuities were kept from them every year. Nothing was attempted against the persons of the missionaries, but the medicine men went from village to village, threatening with death any who listened to religious instruction, or suffered their children to attend school, and boasting that by their conjurations they had caused the death of several persons, whose deaths, there is good reason to suppose they had caused by poison. These persons had not professed to be Christians, but manifested an inclination to become such. It is not strange, that, in such circumstances, the number of converts was small. But the good seed was not all lost.

In the autumn of 1862, many of these Sioux were imprisoned for warring against the United States. During the following winter the gospel was preached to them in prison, and they gladly received it, saying, "The Messrs. POND told us these things long ago. We knew they were true, but were afraid to obey; therefore evil has come upon us." By request, Rev. G. H. POND visited and preached to them, and, on February 3, 1863, baptized more than fifty men, on profession of

their faith in JESUS. Several of these have since been ruling elders, and one, at the time of his death, was a licensed preacher.

But Bro. POND's labors were not confined to the red men. The Presbyterian Church, organized in Fort Snelling in 1835, by the removal of all the officers and most of the members, had become nearly extinct. By his labors it was resuscitated and re-organized in 1849, and, to be more central for the members, the place of meeting was transferred to Little Falls Creek, where he preached regularly for several years. After Minneapolis, west of the Mississippi, began to be settled, he preached there, and gathered the first Presbyterian Church in that city. When, in consequence of having sold the land, the Dakotas were compelled to leave the neighborhood, he would have chosen to go with or follow them, but the circumstances of his family did not admit of it; and from that time he labored chiefly among the white population. For several years he preached two or three sermons every Sabbath, and rode twenty to thirty miles to meet his appointments. He also attended one or two evening prayer-meetings weekly, traveling from five to fifteen miles to do so, even in nights when the snow was drifting, and the thermometer was far below zero.

As the country became more densely settled, the field of his labors was contracted, but the amount of them not diminished. Few of those who settled near him were Presbyterians, or members of any Protestant church; yet from among them he gathered a self-sustaining Presbyterian Church, the first, and as yet, the only one of the kind in Minnesota, outside of the cities and county-seats. In all this time, his salary was so small that, in order to support his family, he labored three or four days each week with his hands; accomplishing more in those days than most men do in six. I suppose the largest salary he ever received, was \$600 a year from the United States government, for farming for the Indians. At that time he and his wife were members of the Dakota Mission. By a rule of the A. B. C. F. M., all moneys received by members of any mission as compensation for secular labor, was at the disposal of the mission and not of the person receiving it. In his case the mission said that, as he had never received any salary

from the Board, and the other farmers for the Indians, receiving a like salary from the Government, spent the whole of it in supporting their families, his salary was his own, and we had nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, as he knew that the rest of us received only a bare support for our families, which at that time was less than \$600 for any family, he determined he would not have more than the rest, and after he resigned, made an exact calculation, and found that he had saved several hundred dollars, he gave it all to benevolent objects. I know not the exact amount, but know he gave to the A. B. C. F. M., the American Home Missionary Society, American Bible Society, and the American Tract Society, each \$100; \$400 to the four.

While laboring thus assiduously, neither his family nor the cultivation of his own mind, nor his sermons, were neglected. Most of his English discourses were written out in full, though he did not always read them. Though not a fluent speaker, wherever he preached, people heard him gladly. He purchased a good, though not a large library, and made a good use of it. After coming among the Dakotas, he not only learned their language, but Latin, Greek and French, and read the Holy Scriptures in all these languages.

Few will suppose a man could accomplish so much without a helpmeet. God was pleased to give him two such, worthy of him. Of the first, I have already made mention. She was called to her rest in 1853, leaving him seven children. One of these, after graduating at Marietta, died of cholera while a student at Lane Theological Seminary. The other six are all living and useful members of CHRIST's church.

Some two years after, he married the widow of Rev. ROBERT HOPKINS, a grand-daughter of ROBERT G. WILSON, D. D., long pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Chillicothe, and some years President of Ohio University, at Athens. At the time of her second marriage she had three children of Mr. HOPKINS' living; and she bore Mr. POND six, all whom are living, and communicants in Christian churches, as are the husbands and wives of his six, and her four children who are married. Of his twenty-two grand-children, six are communicants, and the oldest who is not, is only eleven years old.

He left to his widow and minor children a good farm, on which he lived more than thirty years, and had built a good house and barn, and his cattle and horses, unincumbered with debt. He had naturally good health, but labors like his, wear out our clay tenements. After preaching twenty years to his neighbors who composed the Bloomington church, in the fall of 1873 he resigned the pastorate of that church, feeling that his strength was insufficient to discharge the duties as he had done; though for several months, until another pastor was obtained, he occupied the pulpit most of the time. Subsequently he preached occasionally there, and elsewhere, when he felt able and was invited to do so. The esteem in which he was held as a preacher appears from the fact that when Synod was in session at St. Paul last autumn, by special invitation, on Sabbath morning he preached in the wealthiest Presbyterian church in the city.

For several months he had suffered from soreness in his lungs, which increased, and resulted in acute pneumonia. When informed that he would probably die soon, he seemed pleased, and said: "I have no anxiety. I would prefer to die now."

* * * * *

He never lost his interest in the Dakotas, nor did they cease to love him. Within the last ten years several families of them returned and settled near him. These he instructed in their own tongue, and nearly a dozen became communicants in his church, and regular attendants, being taught in the Sabbath school by one of his children. They were at his funeral, and when they saw his face for the last time, big tears dropped from their cheeks to the floor of the church.

IN MEMORY OF REV. THOS. S. WILLIAMSON, M. D.

I. FROM A SKETCH BY REV. STEPHEN R. RIGGS, D. D., IN THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST, JULY 17. 1879.

Fifty years ago in this month of July, my mother was lying sick unto death in the town of Ripley, Ohio. We were comparatively strangers there, having come down from Steubenville only three months before. There came daily into that sick room, a young physician of a half-dozen years' practice. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Dr. WILLIAMSON. During the next three or four years, no man in Ripley attended our examinations in Latin and Greek more regularly, or manifested a deeper interest in our progress. This was my boy acquaintance with him. But now for forty and two full years, he and I have been intimately associated in the missionary work in the land of the Dakotas.

THOMAS SMITH WILLIAMSON was born in Union District, South Carolina, in March, 1800. He was the son of Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMSON and MARY SMITH—a second marriage. At this time the father was pastor of the church at Fair Forest. When only a boy of eighteen he had been drafted into the army, and accompanied GATES in his unfortunate expedition throughout the Carolinas. Afterwards he was graduated at Hampden Sydney College, and became a minister of the Gospel. By both his marriages he had come into the possession of slaves, as well as from his own father, THOMAS WILLIAMSON, whose wife was ANN NEWTON, a distant relative of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. By the will of his father, the slaves so coming to him were to be set free; and to accomplish this object for all in his possession, Rev. WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, in 1805, while THOMAS SMITH WILLIAMSON was a little lad, removed from South Carolina to Adams county, Ohio.

Thus the boy THOMAS had the advantage of growing up in the atmosphere of a free state, and with inherited antipathies to the wrong of slavery. In due time he was sent to Jefferson College, at Cannonsburg, Pa., where he graduated in the autumn of 1820. For the next three or four years he gave himself to the study of medicine, attending lectures, first at Cincinnati, and afterwards in Yale Medical College, where he took his degree of Doctor of Medicine in the spring of 1824. Returning to Ohio, he commenced the practice of his profession in West Union. But the next year he removed to Ripley, where he built up a very fair practice, in which he continued eight years.

In the spring of 1827 he married into one of the first families of Mason county, Ky., MARGARET POAGE, daughter of Col. JAMES POAGE, who was the proprietor of the town of Ripley. Into this new family there came during the next six years three children, but the LORD took them, and the father and mother were left alone. This, more than anything else, induced him to abandon the practice of medicine and seek the Gospel ministry. In these family bereavements he heard the Master's voice saying to him, "Come up higher."

Accordingly in the spring of 1833 he placed himself under the care of the Chillicothe Presbytery, and commenced the study of theology. The winter following, he spent in the Lane Theological Seminary, and was licensed to preach by his Presbytery in the spring of 1834. The change in his profession was made with the intention of devoting himself to missionary work among the aborigines of this country. And now, immediately after his licensure, we find him with an appointment from the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions "to proceed on an exploring tour among the Indians of the Upper Mississippi, with special reference to the Sacs and Foxes, but to collect what information he could in reference to the Sioux, Winnebagoes and other Indians."

He went as far as Fort Snelling, and found what appeared to be an open door among the Dakotas or Sioux. There he met the brothers POND, SAMUEL W. and GIDEON H., from Connecticut, who had only gone up the Mississippi a few

weeks before he did, and were now building their log cabin on the margin of Lake Calhoun. So he returned to Ohio, made his report to those who sent him, and on the 18th of September, 1834, was ordained as a missionary by the Presbytery of Chillicothe. A few months later he received his appointment as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Dakotas; and on the first day of April, 1835, Dr. WILLIAMSON with his family, accompanied by ALEXANDER G. HUGGINS and family, embarked at Ripley, Ohio, on a steamboat; and on the 16th of May they arrived at Fort Snelling. Here they stopped for a few weeks, and participated in a work of grace then going on within the garrison, and assisted in organizing the first Christian church in what is now the state of Minnesota.

Already they had left civilization far behind them, but the open door to Dr. WILLIAMSON and his party seemed to be far in the interior. They would fain have stopped at the Dakota village on Lake Calhoun, but their thought was not the LORD's thought. JOSEPH RENVILLE, the fur trader from Lac qui Parle, was there, and invited them to go up with him. Accordingly, on the 23d of June, they embarked on the Fur Company's Mackinaw boat, and ascended the St. Peter's or Minnesota river, as far as Traverse des Sioux, which they reached on the last of the month. From that point they made a land journey over the prairie, of about 125 miles, to Lac qui Parle, which they reached on the 9th of July, 1835. There, on the north side of the Minnesota river, and in sight of "The Lake-that-Speaks" to man, or "The Lake of Echoes," as it was formerly understood, they established themselves as teachers of the religion of JESUS.

Of the "Life and Labors" pressed into the next forty years, only the most meager outline could be given in this article. I prefer, rather, to make some groupings from which the life may be imagined.

There only lacks one year now of two round centuries, since HENNEPIN and DU LUTH met in the camps and villages of the Sioux on the Mississippi. Then, as since, they were recognized as the largest and most warlike tribe of Indians on the continent. Until Dr. WILLIAMSON and his associates went

among them, there does not appear to have been any effort made to civilize and Christianize them. With the exception of a few hundred words gathered by army officers and others, the Dakota language was unwritten. This was to be learned, *mastered*; which was found to be no small undertaking, especially to one who had attained the age of thirty-five years. While men of less energy and pluck would have knocked off, and been content to work as best they could through an interpreter, Dr. WILLIAMSON persevered, and in less than two years was preaching CHRIST to them, in the language in which they were born. He never spoke it easily, nor just like an Indian, but he was readily understood by those who were accustomed to hear him. Many years after, when he and I were traveling among the Tetons of the Missouri, who speak a dialect different from the one we learned, they complained that they could not understand the Doctor's religious talks. I suggested that he speak more slowly; which he did, and with better effect.

When I joined the band of workers at Lac qui Parle, in the Autumn of 1837, I found Dr. WILLIAMSON and Mr. GIDEON H POND engaged in obtaining through the French language and Mr. RENVILLE, some translations of the word of God. The Gospel of Mark was the first book completed, and Dr. WILLIAMSON made a visit to Ohio in the fall of 1839, to have it printed. The Gospel of John and some other portions were translated into the Dakota in the same way. As translations these were not very exact, but they were invaluable to us, since they gave us so many moulds, so to speak, of Christian thought. After that we commenced translating from the original Hebrew and Greek; and for these forty years it has been my privilege to work side by side and hand to hand with Dr. WILLIAMSON, in the labor of giving the Bible to the Dakotas.

Not in this part of the work alone, but in other forms of missionary labor as well, I have often admired the indomitable courage and perseverance of Dr. WILLIAMSON. There have been dark days in the history of the Dakota Mission, when my own heart would, I think, have failed me if it had not been for the "hold on and hold out to the end" of my best

earthly friend. And when, the other day, I heard that he was gone, I seemed to feel as I imagine a man in line of battle would, when his comrade standing right in front of him is stricken down; shoved to the front.

It was by a divine guidance that the station of Lac qui Parle was commenced. The Indians there were very poor in this world's goods, not more than half a dozen houses being owned in a village of 400 people. They were far in the interior and received no annuities from government. Thus they were in a condition to be helped in many ways by the mission. Under its influence and by its help, their corn patches were enlarged and their agriculture improved. Dr. WILLIAMSON also found abundant opportunities for the practice of medicine among them. Not that they gave up their pow-wows and conjuring, but many families were found quite willing that the white *Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-we-chash-ta* (GRASS ROOT MAN) should try his skill with the rest. For more than a quarter of a century, his medical aid went hand in hand with the preaching of the Gospel. By the helpfulness of the mission in various ways a certain amount of confidence was secured. Through the influence of Mr. RENVILLE, a few men, but especially the women, gathered to hear the good news of salvation. A native church was organized. Dr. WILLIAMSON writes: "In the year ending May, 1836, three persons had been received on examination; in the following year, four; and in the next year, nine; ten in the year ending May, 1839; in the next year, five; and in that ending in the spring of 1841, nine; making forty in all. In May, 1842, it was recorded: "Within a year, nine full-blooded Dakotas have been received to the church; three men and six women."

This shows a successful mission work. In the year 1842, the book of Genesis and a portion of the Psalms, together with about two-thirds of the New Testament, besides a Dakota hymn book and several school books, were printed. But in the meantime the war prophets and the so-called medicine men, were becoming suspicious of the new religion. They began to understand that the religion of CHRIST antagonized their own ancestral faith; and so they organized opposition. The children were forbidden to attend the mission school;

Dakota soldiers were stationed along the paths, and the women's blankets were cut up, when they attempted to go to church. Year after year the mission cattle were killed and eaten. At one time, Dr WILLIAMSON was obliged to hitch up milch cows to haul his wood with; the only animals left him.

Regarding this period, Dr. WILLIAMSON himself, in his sermon before the Synod of Minnesota in 1858, said :

" But we had other difficulties to contend with, besides those arising from learning a difficult and unwritten language. PAUL, the Apostle of the Gentiles, had to labor, not only in journeying and preaching the Gospel, but even in the rich city of Corinth, the labor of his own hands provided for himself necessary food and clothing; and those who are like him, striving to preach CHRIST where he has not been much known, must not think it strange if they have to imitate him, in laboring with their hands. When the Dakota Mission was commenced we were informed that we must use the strictest economy in our expenses.

About the close of the year 1837 or 1838, we were instructed that our drafts on the treasury of the Board must in no case exceed eleven hundred dollars a year. There were at that time, laboring at the two stations, Lac Harriet and Lac qui Parle, three ordained ministers, two other men as teachers and farmers, six women, two of whom were teachers, and eight or ten children. At that time we had not a house fit to live in at either of the stations, and the best house belonging to the Mission was a year or two after abandoned. This restriction continued for five years, during which time the number of ministers and other laborers continued about the same, and the children increased to fourteen. In these five years the whole amount of money drawn by the Mission from the treasury of the Board, as shown by the annual reports, including four hundred dollars a year, or two thousand dollars in all, paid by the United States government on account of the schools taught by the assistant missionaries, was only four thousand, six hundred and fifty-five dollars and thirty-seven cents—less than one thousand a year for the furnishing of food, clothing and shelter, including also traveling expenses, the publication of books for the schools, as well as books for our own use and contingent expenses, for from twenty to twenty-four persons, besides several Indian children that were kept in our families during a part of the time.

During the whole of this five years, a majority of these persons had their home at Lac qui Parle, where food and clothing were dearer than at any place in the United States, and as dear as at any station sustained by the American Board of Foreign Missions, in any part of the whole world.

We had no smithshop nor post-office nearer than two hundred miles, and no mill till we erected one with our own hands. It is true that at this time we received considerable donations of clothing and some of pro-

visions from friends in Ohio, but after paying several cents a pound for freight and charges on those as well as all our other supplies, we had to haul them one hundred and twenty-five miles over a prairie where no men dwelt, and which, on various occasions we traversed alone without seeing a human being, or a quadruped except our team. In these journeys in which, for the sake of taking home a little more of such things as we needed, or getting home a little sooner, we mostly walked to drive our team by day, often wading through bogs, in which occasionally we became mired so that it was necessary to unhitch, and taking out our load from the wagon, carry it through the swamp on our shoulders.

These labors by day, with watching our team and fighting the mosquitoes by night, caused such lassitude and exhaustion of the physical powers, that on various occasions, for a week after getting home from one these trips, we were unfit for any labor, bodily or mental."

These were dark, discouraging years, very trying to the native church members, as well as missionaries. It is not strange that when in 1846, Dr. WILLIAMSON received an invitation, through the agent at Fort Snelling, to establish a mission at LITTLE CROW's village, a few miles below where St. Paul has grown up, he at once accepted it, gathering from it that the LORD had a work for him to do there. And indeed He had. During the five or six years he remained there, a small Dakota church was gathered, and an opportunity was afforded him to exert a positive Christian influence on the white people then gathering into the capital of Minnesota. He preached the first sermon there.

When, after the treaty of 1851, the Indians of the Mississippi and lower Minnesota were removed, Dr. WILLIAMSON removed with them, or, rather, he went before them, and commenced his last station at *Pay-zhe-hoo-ta-zee* (the Yellow Medicine). There he and his family had further opportunity to "glory in tribulations." The first winter was one of unusual severity, and they came near starving. But here the LORD blessed them and permitted them to see a native church grow up, as well as at Hazlewood, the other mission station near by. It was during the next ten years that the seeds of civilization and Christianity took root, and grew into a fruitage, which in some good manner sustained the storm of the outbreak in 1862, and resulted in a great harvest afterwards.

Twenty-seven years of labor among the Dakotas were past.

The results had been encouraging, gratifying. Dr. WILLIAMSON's oldest son, Rev. JOHN P. WILLIAMSON, born in the missionary kingdom, had recently come from Lane Seminary, and joined our missionary forces. But suddenly our work seemed to be dashed into pieces. The whirlwind of the outbreak swept over our mission. Our houses and churches were burned with fire. The members of our native churches; where were they? Would there ever be a gathering again? It required just such a physical and moral revolution as that to break the bonds of heathenism in which these Dakotas were. It seems also to have required the manifest endurance of privations and the unselfish devotion of Dr. WILLIAMSON and others to them in this time of trouble, to fully satisfy their suspicious hearts that we did not seek *theirs*, but *them*. The winter of 1862-3, Dr. WILLIAMSON having located his family at St. Peter, usually walked up every Saturday to Mankato, to preach the Gospel to the 400 Dakota men in prison. "That," said a young man, "satisfied us that you were really our friends." Sometimes it seems strange that it required so much to convince them.

History scarcely furnishes a more remarkable instance of divine power on human hearts, than was witnessed in that prison. On the first day of February, 1863, Rev. GIDEON H. POND was standing with Dr. WILLIAMSON, when they "baptized into the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST, *three hundred in a day.*"

Ever since the outbreak, Dr. WILLIAMSON had had a home for his family in the town of St. Peter and its vicinity. For two years of the three in which the condemned Dakotas were imprisoned at Davenport, Iowa, he gave his time and strength chiefly to ministering to their spiritual needs. Education never progressed more rapidly among them than during these years. They almost all learned to read and write their own language. They spent much of their time in singing hymns of praise, in prayer, and reading the Bible. They were enrolled in classes, and each class was placed under the special supervision of an elder. This gave them something like a Methodist organization; but it was found essential to a proper watch and care.

This experience in the prison and elsewhere, made it more and more manifest that to carry forward the work of evangelization among this people, we must make large use of our native talent. Our first licentiate was JOHN BAPTISTE RENVILLE, the youngest son of the JOSEPH RENVILLE under whose auspices the mission had been commenced at Lac qui Parle. In the spring of 1865, the Dakota Presbytery, which was the first organization within the bounds of Minnesota, held its meeting in the town of Mankato. Dr. WILLIAMSON preached the opening sermon on "Our Christian Duty to the Inferior Races, the African and the Indian." The doctrines he advanced, and the statements he made, were not popular then and there. But probably no disturbance would have been made, if hostile Sioux had not been in the neighborhood and killed the JEWETT family. This was unknown to us till the next day. But the unreasoning populace said it was because Dr. WILLIAMSON had come to town and preached that sermon. And so while we were examining JOHN B. RENVILLE, the chief men of the town came in and demanded the retirement of the Doctor.

Probably no white man ever doubted that Dr. WILLIAMSON was the honest and hearty friend of the Indian. With a class of men it was the head and front of his offending, that, in their judgment, he could see only one side, that he was always the apologist of the red man, that in the massacre of the border in 1862, when others believed and asserted that a thousand or fifteen hundred whites were killed, Dr. WILLIAMSON could only count three or four hundred. He was honest in his beliefs, and honest in his apologies. He felt that necessity was laid upon him to "open his mouth for the dumb." They could not defend themselves; they have had very few defenders among white people.

In the summer of 1866, after the release of the Dakota prisoners at Davenport, Iowa, Dr. WILLIAMSON and I took with us Rev. JOHN B. RENVILLE, and journeyed up through Minnesota and across through Dakota to the Missouri river, and into the eastern corner of Nebraska. On our way we spent some time at the head of the Coteau, preaching and administering the ordinances of the Gospel to our old church

members, and gathering in a multitude of new converts, which we organized into churches, ordaining elders over them, and licensing two of the best qualified to preach the Gospel. When we reached the Niobrara, we found the Christians of the prison at Davenport and the Christians of the Camp at Crow Creek, now united, and they desired to be consolidated into one church, of more than 400 members. We helped them to select their religious teachers, which they did from the men who had been in prison. So mightily has the Word of God prevailed among them, that almost the entire community professed to be Christians. For four consecutive summers, it was our privilege to travel together in this work of visiting and reconstructing these Dakota Christian communities. We also extended our visits to the villages of wild Teetons along the Missouri river. Dr. WILLIAMSON claimed that the Indians must be more honest than white men; for he always took with him an old trunk without a lock, and in all their journeys he had not lost from a thread to a shoestring.

For nearly thirty-six years, Dr. WILLIAMSON was a missionary of the American Board. But after the union of the Assemblies and the transfer of the funds contributed by the New School supporters of that Board to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, the question of a change of our relations was thoughtfully considered and fully discussed. The Doctor was too strong a Presbyterian not to have decided convictions on that matter. But there were, as we considered it, substantial reasons why we could not go over, as an entire mission. And so we agreed to divide, Dr. WILLIAMSON and his son, Rev. JOHN P. WILLIAMSON, transferring themselves to the Presbyterian Board, while my boys and myself remained as we were. The division made no disturbance in our mutual confidence, and no change in the methods of our common work. Rather have the bonds of our union been drawn more closely together, during the past eight years, by an annual conference of all our Dakota pastors and elders and Sabbath school workers. This has gathered and again distributed the enthusiasm of the churches; and has become the director of the native missionary forces. With one exception

Dr. WILLIAMSON has been able to attend all these annual convocations, and has added very much to their interest.

His great life work, that of translating the Bible into the language of the Sioux nation, was continued through more than two score years, and was only completed last Autumn. In this, as in most things, he worked slowly and carefully. He commenced with Genesis, as has been already stated, and worked onwards. The exception to this was that, many years ago, he made a translation of the book of Proverbs. But he closed his work with the books of Chronicles. He lived to read the plate proofs of all, and to realize that the entire Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were in the language of the Dakotas, though he did not live to see the book complete.

While the Synod of Minnesota was holding its session in St. Paul, in October, 1877, Dr. WILLIAMSON was lying at the point of death, as was supposed, with pneumonia. Farewell words passed between him and the Synod. But his work was not then done, and the LORD raised him up to complete it. Now when the Bible was finished, there seemed to be no further object that he should live for, and he declined almost from that day onward.

On my way up to the land of the Dakotas, in the middle of May, I stopped over a day with my old friend. He was very feeble, but still able to walk out and sit up a good part of the day. Of this visit I made this memorandum :

"He is now in his eightieth year, and is really quite feeble. He has been hoping that as the warm weather comes on, he may rally as he has done in former years. But his feeling seemed to be that as the great work of giving the Bible to the Dakotas was completed, there was not much left for him to do here. He remarked that he had during the last forty-four years, built several houses; one at Lac qui Parle, one at Kaposia, one at Yellow Medicine, and one near St. Peter. The two on the upper Minnesota had fallen to pieces or been destroyed, and the others were looking old, and would not remain long after he was gone. But the building up of human souls that he had been permitted to work for, and which, by the grace of God, he had seen coming up into new life, through the influence of the word and the power of the Holy Ghost, he confidently believed would *remain*.

When I reported to his Dakota friends the near prospect of his dissolution, there arose in all the churches a *great prayer-cry* for his recovery. This was reported to him, but he sent back, by the hand of his son ANDREW, this message: "Tell the Indians that father thanks them very much for their prayers, and hopes they will be blessed both to his good and theirs. But he does not wish them to pray that his life here may be prolonged, for he longs to depart and be with CHRIST."

And so his longing was answered. He died on Tuesday, June 24, 1879, at 2 a. m.

On the further shore he has joined the multitude that have gone before. Of his own family, there are the three who went in infancy. Next, SMITH BURGESS, a manly Christian boy, was taken away very suddenly. Then LIZZIE HUNTER went in the prime of womanhood. The mother followed, a woman of a quiet and a beautiful life. And the sainted NANNIE went up to put on white robes. Besides these of his family, a multitude of Dakotas are there who will call him father. I think they have gathered around him and sung, under the trees by the river, one of his Dakota hymns:

Jehowa Mayoocha, nimayakiye,
Nitowashte iwadowan.
Jehovah, my LORD, Thou hast saved me,
I sing of Thy goodness.

Of his last days on earth, JOHN P. WILLIAMSON writes thus: "Father seemed to be tired out in body and mind, with as much disinclination to talk as to move, and apparently as much from the labor of collecting his mind, as the difficulty of articulation. We had thought that perhaps at the last, when the bodily pains ceased, there might be a little lingering sunshine from the inner man; but such was not the case; and perhaps it was most fitting that he should die as he lived, with no exalted imagery of the future, but a stern faith which gives hope and peace in the deepest waters." My life-long friend—my fellow-worker in the Gospel of JESUS among the Dakotas—he needs no eulogy from me! His works do follow him!

II. FROM A MEMOIR IN THE *HERALD AND PRESBYTER*, JULY,
1879. WRITTEN BY HIS SON, A. W. WILLIAMSON.

From 1864 to his death, he made his home at St. Peter, superintending the work of native laborers by means of very extensive correspondence, and by missionary tours occupying the greater part of his summers; and in conjunction with Dr. Riggs, revising and completing a very careful translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Dakota. He finished revising the last proofs about three months before his death. So long as he was able to sit up, which was to within about three weeks of his death, he continued to keep up his work by correspondence, spending the remainder of his time on an article proving by their tradition, mythology, and especially from their language, that the Dakotas originally came from Europe, and that it is probable that the Poncas, Omahas, Mandans, and some other tribes kindred by language to the Dakotas, were the mound builders of the Ohio Valley.¹ He suffered much for several months before his death, but bore it with patient resignation, only asking of his friends that they should not pray that he might be detained longer from going to be with JESUS.

Never brilliant, he was yet, by his capacity for long-continued, severe exertion, and by systematic, persevering industry, enabled to accomplish an almost incredible amount of labor. Needing a knowledge of French as a stepping-stone to a knowledge of Dakota, he studied it diligently during his tedious trip out, and while driving his team over the prairie for supplies, and learned it so thoroughly that ever after, he was able to read French as readily as English. He professed equal facility in Latin, in Attic and New Testament Greek, and in the Hebrew Scriptures. In all his works he was distinguished by conscientious thoroughness. Often would he study many hours with the aid of the best help he

1. His last visit to the rooms of the Historical Society, but a few weeks prior to his death, was to consult authorities regarding this question, and he labored diligently on it several hours each day while in the city, though suffering much bodily pain at the time.

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could secure, both English and Latin, to settle in his mind the exact force of a Hebrew or Greek expression before attempting to render it into Dakota.

In his family he was a kind and affectionate husband and father, not permitting any pressure of other duties to cause him to neglect the training of his children. All of his sons graduated from college with honorable standing, one becoming a foreign missionary, one a teacher, one a lawyer. He was not at all eloquent in speech, yet thorough knowledge of God's word, practical good sense, and his lucid explanations, gave him considerable power in the pulpit; but his chief power as a messenger of God lay in his example, in his making himself a true, devoted and trusted friend for those for whom he labored, and in a Christian conversation which often seemed as if dictated by God's spirit.

In his last days his mind as well as his body, was weak and weary.

THE INK-PA-DU-TA MASSACRE OF 1857.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MINNESOTA HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, DECEMBER 8, 1879.

BY HON. CHARLES E. FLANDRAU.

At the request of the Historical Society I have prepared the following account of the massacre which took place at and about Spirit Lake, in the year 1857, which has been known generally as the *Ink-pa-du-ta* war. I now submit the same for your consideration, and if approved, to become one of the records of your society.

Prior to 1842, the Sac and Fox tribes of Indians occupied the country which is now the State of Iowa. On the 11th day of October, 1842, these Indians made a treaty with the United States government, by which they sold all the lands west of the Mississippi river, to which they had any claim or title, or in which they had any interest whatever, reserving the right of occupancy for three years from the date of the treaty, to all that part of the land ceded, which lies west of a line running due north and south from the painted or red rocks on the White Breast fork of the Des Moines river, which rocks were situated eight miles from the junction of the White Breast with the Des Moines.

The country north of Iowa and west of the Mississippi river as far as the Little Rapids on the Minnesota river, was occu-

pied by the M'de-wa-kan-tons and Wak-pe-ku-te bands of Sioux Indians. These latter Indians were at war with the Sacs and Foxes. The Wak-pe-ku-te band were under the leadership of two principal chiefs, named *Wam-di-sapa* [BLACK EAGLE] and *Ta-sa-gi*. The lawless and predatory habits of *Wam-di-sapa* and his band, prolonged the war with the Sacs and Foxes, and to a great extent created difficulties between the band of *Wam-di-sapa* and the rest of the Wak-pe-ku-te, which troubles gradually separated his band from them. *Wam-di-sapa* and his people moved to the west toward the Missouri, and occupied the lands about the Vermilion river, and so thoroughly was he separated from the rest of the Wak-pe-ku-te, that when the last named Indians, together with the M'de-wa-kan-tons, made their treaty at Mendota in 1851, by which they ceded the lands in Minnesota owned by them, the remnant of *Wam-di-sapa's* people was not regarded as being a part of the Wakpe-kute at all, and took no part in the treaty.

By 1857 all that remained of *Wam-di-sapa's* straggling band, was about ten or fifteen lodges under the chieftainship of *Ink-pa-du-ta* or the SCARLET POINT, sometimes called the RED END. They had planted in the neighborhood of Spirit Lake prior to 1857, and ranged the country from there to the Missouri, and were considered a bad lot of vagabonds.

Between 1855 and 1857 a few settlers had located on a small stream which has its source in Minnesota west of Spirit Lake, and flows to the south, which was known at that time as *In-yan-yan-ke* or Rock River. This settlement was about forty miles south of Spirit Lake, in Iowa.

In the spring of 1856 Hon. WILLIAM FREEBORN, of Red Wing, (after whom the county of Freeborn, in this state, is named) projected a settlement at Spirit Lake, which by the next spring had attained the number of six or seven houses, with as many families.

About the same time another settlement was started about ten or fifteen miles north of Spirit Lake, on the head waters of the Des Moines, where a town was laid out and called Springfield. The principal party in the Springfield settlement was a Mr. WILLIAM WOOD, of Mankato, who went

there to live, and who opened a trading house. In the spring of 1857 there were two stores and several families at Springfield.

These settlements were on the extreme frontier, and very much isolated. There was nothing to the west of them, and the nearest settlements on the north and northeast were on the Minnesota and Watonwan rivers, while the small settlement on the Rock river above mentioned, about forty miles south, was the nearest neighbor in that direction. All these settlements, although on ceded lands, were really in the very heart of the Indian country, and absolutely unprotected and defenseless.

In August, 1856, I had received the appointment of United States Indian agent for the Sioux of the Mississippi, the agencies of which Indians were on the Minnesota river, at Red Wood, and on the Yellow Medicine river, a few miles from its mouth; but having been on the frontier for some time previous to such appointment, I had become quite familiar with the Sioux, and knew in a general way of *Ink-pa-du-ta's* band, its habits and whereabouts. In 1854 and 1856 they came to the payments and demanded a share of the money of the Wak-pe-ku-te band, and made a good deal of trouble, but were forced to return to their haunts on the Big Sioux and in the adjoining country, without accomplishing their purpose.

Early in March, 1857, these Indians were hunting in the neighborhood of the settlement on Rock river, and one of them was bitten by a dog belonging to a white man. The Indian killed the dog. The owner of the dog assaulted the Indian, and beat him severely. The white men then went in a body to the camp of the Indians, and disarmed them. The arms were either returned to them, or they obtained others, which, I never could with certainty discover. They may have been given back to them on condition that they would leave, which theory seems very probable, as they immediately came north toward Spirit Lake. They must have arrived at the Spirit Lake settlement about the 6th or 7th of March. They proceeded at once to massacre the settlers, and succeeded in killing all the men they found there, together with some

women, and carrying off four women, three of whom were married and one single. Their names were: Mrs. NOBLE, Mrs. THATCHER, Mrs. MARBLE and Miss GARDNER. They then came on north to the Springfield settlement, where they killed every body they found, including Mr. WILLIAM WOOD. I regret very much that I did not obtain from Mrs. MARBLE or Miss GARDNER, whom we afterwards rescued, the names of the victims, as I fear that no record was ever made of them. I learned at the time, and so reported to the government and newspapers, that the number killed was about twenty, as near as could be ascertained; but more accurate information subsequently obtained, increased the number to forty-two, which latter number, I am sure is very near the truth.

The first information received of this terrible affair was through the efforts of a Mr. MORRIS MARKHAM, who had been living in the family of Mr. GARDNER, at Spirit Lake, previous to the massacre. He returned from an absence of some time in Iowa, on the 9th of March and proceeded to his former home. He found the house sacked and three dead bodies lying in it. He then visited two other houses and found them deserted and plundered. He then secreted himself until night, when he went to a fourth house, and saw six or eight lodges of Indians encamped near it. Taking it for granted that these Indians had done the mischief, he went at once to Springfield and reported what he had seen. Had not this news reached Springfield before the arrival of the Indians, the result would have been more disastrous than it was. Some of the people fled, but Mr. WOOD and others remained, and lost their lives in consequence. It has always been my opinion that, being in the habit of trading with these Indians occasionally, they did not believe that they stood in any danger; and what is equally probable, they may not have believed the report; every one who has lived in an Indian country knows how frequently startling rumors are in circulation, and how often they prove unfounded.

At any rate, the people at Springfield sent two young men to my Agency with the news. They brought with them a statement of the facts as related by Mr. MARKHAM, signed by

some persons with whom I was acquainted. They came on foot, and arrived at the Agency on the 18th of March. The snow was very deep, and was beginning to thaw; which made the traveling extremely difficult. When these young men arrived, they were so badly affected with snow blindness that they could scarcely see at all, and were completely wearied out. I was fully satisfied of the truth of the report that murders had been committed, although the details were, of course, very meagre. I at once held a consultation with Colonel ALEXANDER, commanding the Tenth United States Infantry, five or six companies of which were at Fort Ridgely. The Colonel, with commendable promptness, ordered Capt. BARNARD E. BEE to proceed at once to the scene of the massacre, with his company, and to do all he could, either in the way of protecting the settlers or punishing the enemy.

The country between the Minnesota river, at Ridgely, and Spirit Lake, was at that day an utter wilderness, without an inhabitant. In fact, none of us knew where Spirit Lake was, except that it lay about due south of the fort, at a distance of from eighty to one hundred miles.

We procured two guides of experience from among our Sioux half-breeds, JOSEPH COURSOLLE, more generally known as JOE GABOO, and JOSEPH LAFRAMBOISE. These men took a pony and a light train, to carry their blankets and provisions, put on their snow shoes, and were ready to go anywhere, while the poor troops, with their leather shoes and their backloads, accompanied by a ponderous army wagon on wheels, drawn by six mules, were about as fit for such a march as an elephant is for a ball room; but it was the best the Government had, and they entered upon the arduous duty bravely and cheerfully. I had a light sleigh and a fine team, with my outfit aboard, with a French Canadian voyageur for a driver, and old PHILANDER PRESCOTT for my interpreter; being well outfitted for the occasion, as I always took good care to be when on Indian duty in the winter time.

We started on the 19th day of March, at about 1 p. m., at first intending to go directly across the country, but we soon decided that course to be utterly impossible, as the mules could not draw the wagon through the deep snow. It became

apparent that our only hope of reaching the lake was to follow the road down by the way of New Ulm to Mankato, and trust to luck for a road up the Watonwan in the direction of the lake; we having learned that some teams had recently started for that point with supplies. The first day's march was appalling. The men were wet nearly up to their waists with the deep and melting snow, and utterly weary before they had gone ten miles. Captain BEE was a South Carolinian, and though a veteran, had seen most of his service in Mexico and the south. Mr. MURRAY, his lieutenant, was a gallant young fellow, but had not seen much service. Neither of them had ever made a snow camp before; and when we had dug out a place for our first camp, and were making futile attempts to dry our clothes before turning in for the night, I felt that the trip was hopeless. So much time had elapsed since the murders were committed, and so much more would necessarily be consumed before the troops could possibly reach the lake, that I felt assured that no good could result from going on, so I said to Captain BEE, that if he wanted to return, I would furnish him with a written opinion of two of the most experienced voyageurs on the frontier, that the march was impossible of accomplishment, with the inappropriate outfit with which the troops were furnished. It was then that the stern sense of duty which animates the true soldier, exhibited itself in these officers. The Captain agreed with me that the chances of accomplishing any good by going on were very small, but he read his orders, and said, in answer to my suggestion, "My orders are to go to Spirit Lake, and to do what I can. It is not for me to interpret my orders, but to obey them. I shall go on until it becomes physically impossible to proceed further. It will then be time to turn back." And go on he did. We followed the trail up the Watonwan, until we found the teams that had made it, stuck in a snow drift; and for the remaining forty or fifty miles, the troops marched ahead of the mules, and broke a road for them; relieving the front rank every fifteen or twenty minutes.

When the lake was reached, the Indians were gone. A careful examination was made of their camps and fires by the guides, who pronounced them three or four days old. Their

trail led to the west. A pursuit was made by a portion of the command, partly mounted on the mules, and partly on foot; but it was soon abandoned, on the declaration of the guides that the Indians were, by the signs, several days in advance. The dead were buried, a guard was established under Lieut MURRAY with twenty-four men, and Capt. BEE, with the balance, returned to the fort.

I learned afterwards from Mrs. MARBLE, one of the rescued women, that the troops in the pursuit came so near, that the Indians saw them, and made an ambush for them, and had they not turned back, the prisoners would all have been murdered. The guides may have been mistaken in their judgment of the age of the camps and fires, and may have deceived the troops. I knew the young men so well that I have never accused them of a betrayal of their trust; but it was probably best as it was, in either case, because, had the troops overtaken the Indians, the women would all have certainly been butchered, and some of the soldiers killed. The satisfaction of killing some of the Indians would not have compensated for this result.

Of course this affair created great excitement throughout the territory. So little was known about the Indians who had perpetrated this outrage, that suspicion attached to the whole Sioux nation. In order to allay the fears of the people, I wrote a letter to the *Pioneer and Democrat* of date of April 11th, 1857, explaining who *Ink-pa-du-ta* was, and what relation he bore to the annuity Indians, and giving the facts of the massacre, as nearly accurate as they were then known. This letter was published in that paper on the 21st day of April, 1857.

I was engaged in devising plans for the rescue of the captives and the punishment of the Indians, in connection with Colonel ALEXANDER, of the Tenth Infantry, but had found it very difficult to settle upon any course which would not endanger the safety of the prisoners. We knew that any hostile demonstration would be sure to result in the destruction of the women, and we were without means to outfit an expedition for their ransom. While we were deliberating upon the best course to pursue, an accident opened the way

to success. A party of my Indians were hunting on the Big Sioux river, and having learned that *Ink-pa-du-ta's* band was camped at lake *Chan-pta-ya-tan-ka*, about thirty miles to the west of that river, and also being aware of the fact that they held some white women as prisoners, two young men, brothers, of the name of *Ma-kpe-ya-ka-ho-ton* and *Se-ha-ho-ta*, visited the camp, and after much talk, they succeeded in purchasing Mrs. MARBLE. They paid for her all they possessed in the way of guns and horses, and brought her into the Yellow Medicine Agency, and delivered her into the possession of the missionaries stationed at that point, Rev. S. R. RIGGS, Dr. WILLIAMSON, and their families. She was at once turned over to me, with a written statement from the two brothers who had brought her in, which was prepared for them at their request by Mr. RIGGS, who spoke their language fluently. I will allow them to tell their own story. It was as follows:

"HON. C. E. FLANDRAU—*Father*: In our spring hunt, when encamped at the north end of the Big Wood on the Big Sioux river, we learned from some Indians who came to us, that we were not far from RED END's camp. Of our own accord, and contrary to the advice of all about us, we concluded to visit them, thinking that possibly we might be able to obtain one or more of the white women held by them as prisoners. We found them encamped at *Chan-pta-ya-tan-ka*, a lake about thirty miles to the west of our own camp. We were met at some distance from their lodges, by four men armed with revolvers, who demanded of us our business. After satisfying them that we were not spies, and had no evil intentions in regard to them, we were taken into RED END's lodge.

"The night was spent in reciting their massacres, &c. It was not until the next morning that we ventured to ask for one the women. Much time was spent in talking, and not until the middle of the afternoon, did we obtain their consent to our proposition. We paid for her all we had. We brought her to our mother's tent, clothed her as we were able, and fed her bountifully with the best we had, ducks and corn. We brought her to Lac qui Parle, and now, father, after having her with us fifteen days, we place her in your hands.

"It was perilous business, which we think should be liberally rewarded. We claim for our services \$500 each. We do not want it in horses, they would be killed by jealous young men. We do not wish it in ammunition and goods, these we should be obliged to divide with others. The laborer is worthy of his own reward. We want it in money, which we can make more serviceable to ourselves than it could be in any other form. This is what we have to say.

"MAK-PI-YA-KA-HO-TON,
SE-HA-HO-TA."

"In the above statement and demand we, the undersigned, father of the above young men, and father-in-law to one of them, concur.

"WA-KAN-MA-NI.
NON-PA-KIN-YAN."

MAY 21, 1857.

By the action of these young men, we not only got one of the captives, but we learned for the first time definitely, the whereabouts of the marauders, and the assurance that the other women were still alive; as the young men had seen them in RED END's camp. The woman brought in was Mrs. MARBLE.

It will be seen that Mrs. MARBLE was delivered to me on the 21st day of May. The Legislature of the Territory was in session, and the interest in the fate of the captive women was very active at the capital. Of course there was no end of people who knew just how to rescue them, and also exactly how to annihilate the Indians; there always are such people on such occasions. Public sentiment received its expression, however, through the Legislature, which on the 15th day of May passed an act appropriating ten thousand dollars, or so much thereof as was necessary, out of an empty treasury, to be applied to the rescue of the captives. Fortunately the appropriation was not hampered by any conditions, or the adoption of any of the numerous plans suggested to consume it, but the Governor was given *carte blanche* to do what he thought best with it.

At the time I received Mrs. MARBLE, on the 21st of May, from her deliverers, I had not heard of this appropriation; but the way seemed to me open to rescue the remaining captives. I at once called for volunteers from among the Indians to go out and buy them, which I knew was the only way they could be obtained alive. The first difficulty I had to overcome, was to satisfy the demand made by the two brothers for Mrs. MARBLE, as I wanted to use them in my proposed expedition. I had no public funds that could be devoted to such purposes, but I had confidence in the generosity of the people, *especially if I succeeded*; and as every moment might be worth a life, I determined to assume the responsibility of anything that was necessary. I was ably assisted by Mr. RIGGS and Doctor WILLIAMSON, both in the excellent advice they gave and in the exertion of their influence with the Indians. The traders all responded with cheerfulness to my calls upon them. I could not raise a thousand dollars in money in the country, but I had five hundred, and in order to raise the other five hundred to pay the two brothers for Mrs. MARBLE we resorted to a novel mode of financiering. Mr. RIGGS and myself decided to issue a *territorial bond* for the amount, drawn on hope and charity, payable in three months from date. It was the first bond ever issued by the territory, and I am happy to say that although executed without authority, it met with a better fate than some which have followed it under the broad seal of the state. It was paid at maturity.

As it is the first obligation of the Territory, and being rather original in form, I give it in full :

"I, STEPHEN R. RIGGS, Missionary among the Sioux Indians, and I, CHARLES E. FLANDRAU, United States Indian Agent for the Sioux, being satisfied that *Mak-pi-ya-ka-ho-ton* and *Si-ha-ho-ta*, two Sioux Indians, have performed a valuable service to the Territory of Minnesota and humanity, by rescuing from captivity Mrs. MARGARET ANN MARBLE, and delivering her to the Sioux agent; and being further satisfied that the rescue of the two remaining white women who are now in captivity among *Ink-pa-du-ta's* band of Indians, depends much upon the liberality shown towards the said Indians who have recovered Mrs. MARBLE, and having full confidence in the humanity and liberality of the Territory of Minnesota through its government and citizens, have this day paid to

said two above named Indians the sum of five hundred dollars in money, and do hereby pledge to said two Indians that the further sum of five hundred dollars will be paid to them by the Territory of Minnesota or its citizens within three months from the date hereof.

Dated MAY 22d, 1857, at PA-JU-TA-ZI-ZI, M. T.

STEPHEN R. RIGGS, Missionary A. B. C. F. M.

CHAS. E. FLANDRAU, U. S. Indian agent for Sioux.

The cash and this paper, paid for Mrs. MARBLE, and the magnificence of the ransom, produced the effect I had anticipated. Volunteers were not wanting. I selected PAUL MA-ZA-KU-TA-MA-NI, who was one of the pillars of Mr. RIGGS' church, and two others, *An-pe-tu-tok-cha* or OTHER DAY (who was such a friend of the whites in 1862, as to be rewarded by the state with a donation of a quarter section of land for his services) and *Che-tan-maza*.

The question of outfit then presented itself, and I ran my credit with the traders for the following articles, at the prices stated:

Wagon and double harness.....	\$110 00
Four horses.....	600 00
Twelve three-point blankets, four blue and eight white.....	56 00
Twenty-two yards of blue squaw cloth.....	44 00
Thirty-seven and a half yards of calico.....	5 37
Twenty pounds of tobacco.....	10 00
One sack of shot.....	4 00
One dozen shirts.....	13 00
Ribbon.....	4 75
Fifty pounds of powder.....	25 00
Corn.....	4 00
Flour.....	10 00
Coffee.....	1 50
Sugar.....	1 50

With this outfit, and instructions to give as much of it as was necessary for the women, my expedition started on the 23d day of May from Yellow Medicine, and I at once left for Fort Ridgley to consult with Colonel ALEXANDER as to a plan of operations for an attack on the camp of *Ink-pa-du-ta*, the instant we could get word as to the safety of the white women.

The Colonel entered into the spirit of the matter with great zeal. He had four or five companies at the fort, and proposed to put them into the field so as to approach Skunk Lake, where *Ink-pa-du-ta* had his camp, from several different directions, and ensure his destruction. If an event which was wholly unforeseen, had not transpired, the well laid plans of Colonel ALEXANDER would undoubtedly have succeeded; but unfortunately for the cause of justice, just about the time we began to expect information from my expedition, which was to be the signal for moving on the enemy, an order arrived at the fort commanding the Colonel with all his available force to start immediately and join the expedition against the Mormons, which was then moving to Utah under the command of General ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSON. So pre-emptory was the command, that the steamboat which brought the order carried off the entire garrison of the fort, and put an end to all hopes of our being able to punish the enemy.

Hon. SAMUEL MEDARY, of Ohio, was at this time Governor of the Territory. The appropriation of \$10,000, which had been made by the legislature, could only be made available by using it as a basis for borrowing money at an enormous shave, as current rates of interest on good security were from three to five per cent. per month, and an order of this kind on an empty treasury was by no means regarded as satisfactory protection to a lender. The Governor very naturally concluded that from my relations with the Indians I was best situated to advise as to his course concerning the captives, and at the first opportunity placed the whole matter in my hands, but as my expedition was then in the field, nothing more was necessary to be done until we had news from it.

I will now return to the expedition. Skunk Lake was distant about one hundred miles from the Yellow Medicine Agency. As before stated, my party left the Agency on May 23d. On the 29th they found the dead body of Mrs. NOBLES, who had been killed by her captors, because of her being sick and weary, and in consequence becoming a burden to them.

On the 30th of May they arrived at a camp of one hundred and ninety lodges of Yanktons, and three lodges of *Ink-pa-du-ta's* band. Here they learned that Mrs. THATCHER had

been killed on the march from Spirit Lake westward, and that Miss GARDNER had been sold to a Yankton warrior of the name of *Wam-a-dus-ka-i-han-ki*, or the **END-OF-THE-SNAKE**. They succeeded in buying Miss GARDNER for two horses, seven blankets, two kegs of powder, one box of tobacco and some other small articles.

My people were afraid that *Ink-pa-du-ta's* Indians might molest them on their return with Miss GARDNER, and perhaps kill her. So, as a matter of safety, they obtained as an escort, two sons of **END-OF-THE-SNAKE**, who accompanied them to the agency.

The Yanktons were a very warlike and powerful branch of the Sioux nation, and the presence of these two young men of that band, was as perfect a protection, as would have been a regiment of troops; the moral force of their presence being sufficient to keep aloof all enemies.

Having started my expedition on its return, with all that remained of the white captives, I will go back to Mrs. MARBLE. When she arrived under the escort of the two brothers, she was dressed by their mother in the best that the lodge afforded, and with the jaunty squaw costume, very brown cheeks, ear-bobs, short petticoats, trim ankles, and neat moccasins, she made rather an attractive looking woman. The missionaries however, in the goodness of their hearts (which attribute does not necessarily involve good taste) insisted upon rehabilitating her in what they were pleased to call more Christian raiment; so they stripped her of her picturesque heathen attire, and enveloped her in an ill-fitting calico dress, improvised for the occasion, which, although more Christian, was a deadly assault upon beauty, either in nature or art. On viewing the transformation, I thought of the lines of MOORE:

"The heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No; perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Truth, valor or love by a standard like this."

Under these depressing influences, I took her in my wagon and drove her from the Yellow Medicine to St. Paul. When I arrived with my charge at the old Fuller House, which stood

on the northeast corner of Jackson and Seventh streets, and was then the leading hotel in the city, kept by "STEVE LONG & BRO.," the news spread like a prairie fire that one of the captives had arrived. Having the best interest of the poor woman at heart, I concluded that it was legitimate to take advantage of the generous outburst of sympathy on the part of the St. Paul people, so I turned her over to Mrs. LONG, the landlady of the hotel, with instructions to keep her entirely secluded; to procure for her the most effective widows weed's attainable in the market, and to notify me when she would be ready for presentation in her role of rescued captive. As an artist, Mrs. LONG was a success. When she had dressed our subject, no man could look upon her without opening his heart and purse. She was a black statue of woe and grief.

Here I must say, that before I had time to try the effect of Mrs. LONG's art on the public, a meeting was held in the office of the hotel, and one thousand dollars was raised for Mrs. MARBLE, and handed to me to be used for her as I should think best. I turned the woman and the money over to Governor MEDARY. She remained several weeks in St. Paul, and then went down the river; when she left, the Governor gave her \$250 of the money, and deposited the balance in one of our banks, at three per cent. per month, for her benefit. Of course the bank failed, and that was the end of Mrs. MARBLE so far as I know, except that I heard that she exhibited herself at the East, in the role of the rescued captive, and the very last information I had of her, was, that she went up in a balloon at New Orleans. I leave to future historians the solution of the problem, whether she ever came down again?

I was in St. Paul when my expedition arrived at the agency. I cannot state the date exactly, but it must have been about the tenth or twelfth day of June, as they did not bring Miss GARDNER to me at St. Paul, until about June 20. She was accompanied by her rescuers, and one of the Yanktons who came in with the expedition.

On the 23d day of June, she was formally delivered over the governor by the Indians, at the Fuller House, in the presence of quite a large company of ladies and gentlemen,

who assembled to witness the ceremony. The usual amount of speech-making took place, and at the end of the interview, the Yankton Indian presented to Miss GARDNER a head dress composed of thirty splendid eagle feathers, called *W'mdi-wa-pa-ha*, or war cap.

Miss GARDNER was a young woman of about eighteen years of age, good looking, robust, and apparently not much injured in body by her terrible trial. She was sent to her friends in the neighborhood of Fort Dodge, Iowa. Some time afterward I received a pamphlet written by some one in Iowa, giving a history of the family, and the tribulations of this particular member of it. I regret that I did not save it for record in the archives of your society. It would have afforded amusement for future antiquaries who will be digging among your files some of these days.

I returned at once to the Indian country, after disposing of Miss GARDNER, and on the 27th day of June, 1857, settled with my Indians for their services in her rescue. I paid each of the three Indian \$400, and took the following voucher:

TERRITORY OF MINNESOTA.

To *Maza-ku-ta-ma-ni*, *An-pe-tu-tok-cha* and *Che-tan-maza*, debtor.

June 27, 1857.

For rescuing Miss GARDNER from captivity among *Ink-pa-du-ta's* band of Indians, and for services performed in attempting the rescue of Mrs. NOBLE from the same Indians, and for all services performed by them in and about said matter.....\$1,200.00

Received, Sioux Agency, June 27, 1857, of SAMUEL MEDARY, Governor of Minnesota, twelve hundred dollars in full of this account.

Maza-ku-ta-mani, X mark.

An-pe-tu-tok-cha, X mark.

Che-tan-maza, X mark.

I certify on honor that the above account is correct and just, and that I have actually this 27th day of June, 1857, paid the amount thereof.

CHAS. E. FLANDRAU."

We witnessed the payment of the said money and the signatures of said Indians.

STEWART B. GARVIE.

A. J. CAMPBELL, Interpreter.

I also made a good many presents to Indians who had been kind to Mrs. MARBLE, and Miss GARDNER, but not exceed-

ing in amount over one hundred dollars. My advances were all refunded from the appropriation, and the balance "covered into the treasury," to use a modern expression.

I was ordered by the United States Government "to investigate and report the facts in the case, and the measures which in my judgment were best calculated to redress the grievances and prevent their recurrence in the future."

I had become so thoroughly convinced of the imbecility of a military administration, which clothed and equipped its troops exactly in the same manner for duty in the tropical climate of Florida, and the frigid region of Minnesota, that I took advantage of the invitation, to lay before the authorities some of my notions as to what was the proper thing to do, and you will excuse me if I repeat some of them here, I believe twenty years has enlightened that non-progressive institution, to the extent of furnishing the soldiers in this latitude, with buffalo overcoats and snow packs. I can only account for this deviation from the practice of the past hundred years, however, on the theory that the climate is becoming decidedly milder.

I reported on the 27th of August, 1857, and after insisting on a force of not less than four hundred mounted men, to be kept during the summer in the field, between the Big Sioux and the James rivers, and the balance of the season at well selected posts on the frontier. I added as follows:

"All troops in this country should be drilled to travel on snow-shoes, because during the entire winter, it is next to impossible to travel without them, where there are no roads, which will generally be the case where Indians will lead soldiers in a chase. The Indians all have snow-shoes and know how to use them, and will make twenty miles, where a man with shoes or boots on, will become exhausted and fail in five. Without snow-shoes and the accompanying moccasins, and change of dress to adapt a soldier to the climate and country he is to act in, the superiority of the Indian, who is furnished with all these appliances, is so great as to render the soldier, how good so ever he may be, as a man, utterly useless.

The ordinary means of transportation in the army is, as you well know, by heavy wagons drawn by mules. In the winter these wagons are placed upon sleds, and where there are roads for them to go upon, they can do well enough. But, as I have before said, it will be very seldom if

ever, that troops will be called upon to act in a country where there are roads of any kind made in the snow, consequently these sleds and mules are useless.

The mode of transportation in all extreme northern countries in the winter is with dogs and trains; they pass over the surface of the snow, and can be followed by men on snow-shoes anywhere. A party with an outfit of this kind, with provision to correspond, would be efficient in the winter, where the present United States soldier of any arm, with the usual outfit and transportation, would accomplish nothing. Let men be placed here, then, who will at all times and under all circumstances, be *superior* to the enemy they have to contend with, and I would have no fear of a recurrence of the difficulties of last spring.

The pleasantest part of this narrative is yet to come. It treats of vengeance and retribution. Just about the time I had settled up for Miss GARDNER, either the latter part of June or the first of July, I received a note from SAM BROWN, a brother or cousin of JOSEPH R. BROWN, who was a trader at the Yellow Medicine river. The note was written at his trading house, and delivered to me at Red Wood by an Indian. It contained the startling information that *Ink-pa-du-ta* and several of his band were at the Yellow Medicine, and that he thought something should be done to either arrest or destroy them. I held the messenger until I could go to the fort and consult Colonel ALEXANDER, as to the best measures to be taken to meet the emergency. The Colonel agreed with me that an effort should be made to punish these rascals, and he gave me a lieutenant and fifteen men for the duty. It fell to Mr. MURRAY, of Captain BEE's company, to command the squad, the same officer who had been on the Spirit Lake expedition. He marched his men up to the Red Wood Agency, a distance of thirteen miles, where he arrived at about 5, p. m. I was ready for him, and had wagons to transport his men to the Yellow Medicine, a distance of about thirty miles. In the meantime I had raised a little expedition of my own to accompany him. There were several young gentlemen visiting me at the Agency at the time, among whom I remember a son of Professor MORSE, of telegraphic fame, who had been a West Pointer; and a Mr. CHARLES JENNY, a friend of the FULLERS, who was a character in his way. He had been a great traveller; having visited nearly all parts of the world, but

most of his voyaging had been by sea, so he had not learned to ride on horseback. He was bound to go on the expedition, but he absolutely refused to mount a horse, so we had to put him in the wagons with the soldiers. My contribution to the outfit consisted of JOE CAMPBELL, my interpreter; JOHN CAMPBELL, his brother, (who was afterwards hanged at Mankato by the people, for his participation in the murder of the JEWETT family, in that vicinity), HIPPOLYTE CAMPBELL (who was my blacksmith at the time), JAMES MAGNER (who was my chief farmer, a young Irishman of great promise, a splendid horseman and a splendid fellow generally; he was killed in the late war, while leading his company, of which he was Captain, in an engagement, the name of which I cannot now recall), and some half dozen more of white men and half-breeds, together with MORSE, JENNEY and myself. I mounted all my men but JENNEY, and each man had a shot gun and a revolver.

As soon as I had learned that I could get the soldiers, I sent the Indian messenger back to SAM BROWN, with a note telling him that I should leave the Red Wood Agency for the Yellow Medicine river at dark, and that he must send a party to meet me on the road, who could guide the expedition to the camp where *Ink-pa-du-ta* and his people were supposed to be.

With these preparations we set out about dark. The distance from the Red Wood Agency to the Yellow Medicine river is about thirty miles. The Redwood and Yellow Medicine rivers flow into the Minnesota on about parallel lines, from the west, with a distance between them of about twenty miles by the road as traveled in those days. The country between the two rivers is a level prairie, with a curious Butte, or elevation, situated about half way between them. This Butte is famous as being the point where a great battle took place between the Sioux and Chippewas, lasting four days. The rifle pits made by the Sioux on the occasion of this fight, are well defined to this day. From the top of the hill, the timber of both rivers is plainly visible. I might say here, that in the Sioux country, all trails pass over the top of every elevation on the route. These Indians were at war with every tribe around them except the Winnebagoes, and led a life of

vigilant watchfulness. They were constantly on the lookout for an enemy, who was liable to appear at any moment, and when he did appear, somebody had to die. In traveling they always went to the top of every hill, to look out. The habits of these people on a march, always made me think of a wolf whose ears are constantly pricked for sound, and who seems to sleep with one eye open.

When we arrived at the hill, those of us who were mounted of course went to the top of it. There we found *An-pe-tu-tok-cha*, or Mr. OTHER DAY, whom BROWN had sent down to escort us to the camp of *Ink-pa-du-ta*. This was the same man who had formed one of the expedition which ransomed Miss GARDNER. He was seated on the summit of the mound with his pipe in his mouth, and, Indian like, did not show the slightest sign of recognition or interest, but waited to be spoken to. He informed us that there were some of *Ink-pa-du-ta's* people at the Yellow Medicine. How many he did not know, but he knew where the camp was that held them. He described it as a camp of six lodges, standing separate from all the others, and up the river about five miles from the Agency. How, I asked him, are we to distinguish the people we are after, from the rest? His answer was, "you charge down on the camp, and when they see the soldiers, they will know who they are after, and any of *Ink-pa-du-ta's* people that are there, will run or show fight, the rest will remain passive." JOE CAMPBELL confirmed this view, and we decided to seize or kill any one who fled, and take the chances of their being the right ones. With this plan, we started for the Yellow Medicine under the guidance of OTHER DAY. We reached the river at the point where we proposed to cross, just in the gray of the morning. The camp we were after was in plain view on the north side of the river, on a high plateau of land, and about one mile up stream from the point where we were to ford. In approaching the river, we had exercised the utmost stealth—creeping noiselessly along, and keeping between us and the enemy a roll of the prairie. The intense earnestness and nervous anxiety exhibited by OTHER DAY, and his snake-like movements, were a study. I had seen a good deal of Indian life, but this was the first time I had ever

been on the war-path with them, and I saw an exhibition of skill that has furnished me with a key to all the Indian ambuscades I have since read of, and explained those mysterious appearances and disappearances of Indians, that all frontiersmen are so familiar with. No panther ever stole upon its prey with more deadly silence and certainty, than we did on this occasion, under the conduct of this savage.

The six lodges were upon the open prairie, about a quarter of a mile from the bank of the river. To get to the river from the camp, this distance had to be traversed, and the river lay about forty or fifty feet below the level of the prairie by a precipitous descent. The banks of the river were covered with a dense chaparral, forming an excellent cover. We knew that if any Indians ran, they would make for the river. Lieutenant MURRAY was to command the military part of the affair, and the plan of operations was as follows : The soldiers were to take a double-quick up the river on the prairie in the direction of the camp, and endeavor to cut off a retreat to the river, while the mounted men were to take the open prairie outside of the camp, and virtually make a surround. As soon as all was ready, the word of command was given, and off we went. The night had been a hot one, and the lodges were rolled up at the bottom so as to admit a circulation of air, which also gave a person inside an opportunity of seeing what was going on, on the outside. It was not long before our presence was made known to the inmates of the camp. The unusual spectacle of a dozen horsemen furiously charging over the prairie, and a squad of soldiers legging it as fast as they could after them, could not remain long unnoticed. When we had arrived within about half a mile of the camp an Indian having a squaw by the hand, ran from one of the lodges in the direction of the river. They went like the wind. OTHER DAY and JOE. CAMPBELL immediately said, "That's our man," and the rifles began to crack. The soldiers opened on him at long range, and several shots were fired from the party on horseback. Whether he was hit or not, we could not tell, except by the fact that he did not fall, but made the river successfully. He had a double-barreled shot-gun in his hands, and as he could not be seen in the brush by us, and we could

be seen by him on the river bottom, and the top of the bluff outside of it, the situation was not agreeable, and I expected every moment to see a man fall. He fired four shots; one bullet struck the cartridge-box of one of the soldiers, which he had drawn around to his left side for convenience in loading, and turned it inside out, destroying all his ammunition. All his other shots missed. At each discharge of his gun, a volley would be fired into the point where the flash came from, and he was riddled with bullets. A soldier then crawled up and dispatched him with a thrust of his sabre bayonet.

We took the squaw and put her into one of our wagons, and started down the river for the Agency. The object of taking the squaw, was to find out from her who the Indian was whom we had killed, and to get such other information from her as we could; but we had not calculated all the consequences of making her a prisoner, which developed afterwards.

In going from the point where we had killed the Indian to the Agency we had to pass through the camps of from seven to ten thousand Indians. The excitement among them was terrible. The squaw kept up a howling such as a squaw in distress only can make. The Indians swarmed about us, guns in hand, and scowled upon us in the most threatening manner, making demonstrations of hostility that made our little band feel how utterly we were at their mercy had they opened on us. I then began to realize the desperate temerity of the enterprise. Our salvation was simply the moral force of the government that was behind us. We reached the Agency buildings in safety, and took possession of a log house, where we remained several days in a state of sleepless anxiety, until relieved by Major SHERMAN with the famous old Buena Vista battery, who had been ordered up from Fort Snelling to attend the payment.

We felt, while holding our position in this house, very much like the man who was chased by a bear, and finally seized his paws around a tree; he wanted somebody to *help him let go*.

The major had about sixty men with the battery, and we afterward received a reinforcement of several companies

under Major PATTEN, who was on his way to Ridgely from some point on the Missouri, either Pierre or Randall, or Laramie to the west, I do not now remember.

The Indian we killed was the eldest son of *Ink-pa-du-ta*, and one of the head devils in the Spirit Lake and Springfield massacres. He had a wife or a sweetheart among the Indians at the Yellow Medicine river, and had ventured to come over to see her. His visit cost him his life. There were no others of the band at the agency, or probably I would not have been here to tell the story.

Colonel ALEXANDER, who aided me in all these matters so materially, is now a retired officer of the army, residing in St. Paul, esteemed by all who know him, as a gallant soldier and a genial gentleman should be. Captain BEE was by force of circumstances, and against his better judgment, induced to go into the Confederacy, and was killed at the first battle of Bull Run, while gallantly leading his brigade in that action. Lieutenant MURRAY did good service for the Union in the war as a soldier, and I heard that he was retired on account of wounds or of some other disability.

Ink-pa-du-ta is dead, and I am sorry to say, died a natural death, honored by his people as one of the best haters of the whites in the whole Sioux nation. No other member of his band was ever punished for the Spirit-Lake massacre that I ever heard of.

I have penned this narrative largely from memory, having few documents to refer to, so there may be some inaccuracies in the recital; but I can safely say it is substantially correct in all material particulars.

ST. PAUL, December 8, 1879.

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passed by any of the former numbers, for interest and originality, and that they all contain important contributions to Minnesota history, as well as reliable facts concerning our fast-disappearing Indian Tribes. We have not space now to speak of the articles in detail. They are each valuable.

The design of these Collections is to gather up all the historical facts concerning Minnesota, from such writers as will contribute them, and by publishing the same, at once preserve and disseminate the information contained. Our previous volumes have been well received, and we bespeak for this, also, a kind reception.

It is our design to issue a part similar to this at least once a year, if we can secure the material and means. Our members, and other contributors, are again urged to prepare papers on such portions of our history as they are familiar with. Most of our history is yet unwritten, and if not recorded by our pioneers, must perish from knowledge. Do not delay acting on this request until it is too late.

S. Y. McMASTERS,

F. T. BROWN,

J. B. PHILLIPS,

Committee on Publication.

. The 3d and 3d parts of Vol. III will be consecutively pagged, and form a work of about 450 pages. The title page and index to the whole volume will accompany part 5.

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COLLECTIONS
OF THE
MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Vol. III. Part 2.



SAINT PAUL:
SAINT PAUL PRESS COMPANY.
1874.

PREFACE.

The Society takes pleasure in continuing the publication of its Collections by sending out another Part of Vol. III, to its members and patrons—one full as valuable, we think, as any which have preceded it. The favor with which Part I, was received, leads us to conclude that the style of its contents was happily chosen, and that a miscellany of biography, history, reminiscences and incidents of our pioneer days is, perhaps, as appropriate a shape as we could adopt. In contents so varied, every one studying our history can find something to choose from, to aid him in his researches.

The present number contains some very valuable and interesting papers on our early history and the pioneers of this State, from Gen. H. H. SIBLEY. Perhaps no one of our "old settlers" has seen so much of both our earlier and recent history, observed it so closely, bore so large a part in it, and can record it in such a correct and entertaining shape. The only regret of our readers must be, that Gen. S. cannot spare the time from his business to write more than he does, but we are happy to say that he promises several more papers soon.

We had hoped to present several additional articles with this number, especially memoirs of prominent pioneers, and men identified with the history of the State, but parties having them in preparation delayed their completion too late to insert in this number. We hope to issue Part III in a few months, and have been promised valuable and interesting contributions from various sources.

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COLLECTIONS

OF THE

Saint Paul

MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

VOL. III. PART 3.



SAINT PAUL:
PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.
1880.

NOTE.

The Committee on Publication take pleasure in sending out to the members and contributors of the Society, another portion of its Collections, completing the Third Volume.

We believe that it will be found to contain valuable and interesting contributions on the history and biography of Minnesota.

A copious Index to Vol. III, and also the Title-page to the same, will be found in their proper place.

*. Our Collections are sent to all our members and contributors, and to other Societies and institutions which exchange their publications with us. Any one can secure them by giving an equivalent value in other works, suitable for our Library, or, if they prefer, by paying their cost price in money.

A set of our Collections, four volumes, are valued at \$10. (Vol. IV. if sold separately, is priced at \$3.50). These volumes contain from 300 to 500 pages each, of valuable and interesting articles on the history and biography of the State. For copies, address the Librarian of the Society, MR. J. F. WILLIAMS, St. Paul.

St. Paul, July 1, 1880.

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